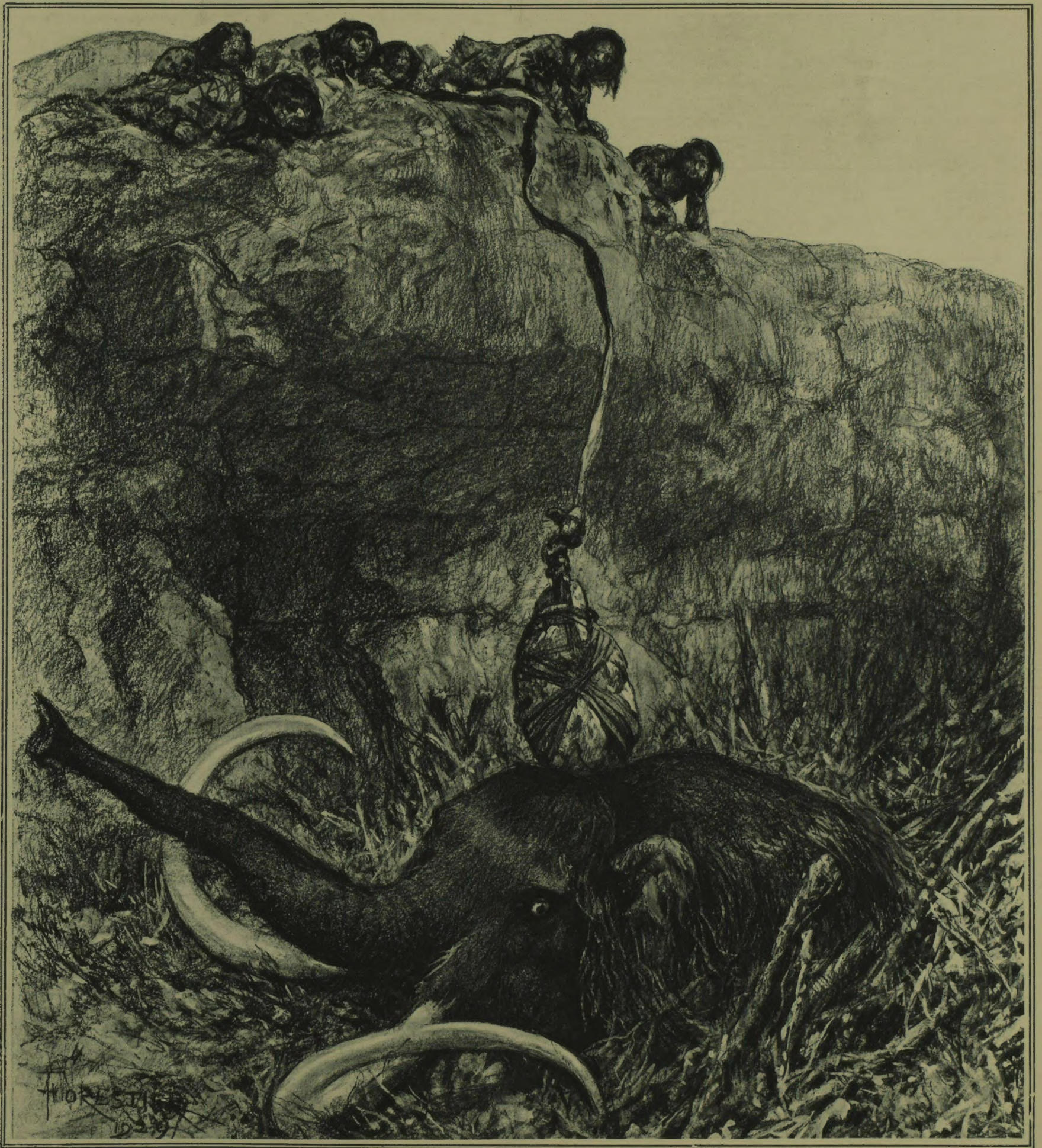


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1929.

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## SLAYING THE TRAPPED MAMMOTH: PREHISTORIC HUNTERS OF MORAVIA DROPPING A "KILLER" STONE ON THEIR HUGE QUARRY AFTER CATCHING IT IN A PITFALL.

Dr. Absolon is satisfied from his discoveries that the Palæolithic mammoth-hunters of Moravia did not kill their huge quarry by meeting them face to face in the open, but caught them in large pitfalls. He deduces this from various "finds," including the abruptly-dipping stratum shown in illustration 16 on page 894. "There can be no doubt," he writes in his article, "that the hunters did not attack these powerful animals 'face to face,' but caught them by cunning, enticing or

driving them into large pitfalls." Mammoths thus lured "were killed by large stones, trimmed to serve such a purpose"; and these stones may have been slung in strong leather straps "and thus let down upon the mammoths by the united efforts of several men, in the same way that navvies drive piles into river-beds by means of rams. I have found one such stone, trimmed like a big pear, or bomb, one metre long, and weighing over 120 lb." (Fig. 11 on double-page, 892-893.)

RECONSTRUCTION-DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY DR. KARL ABSOLON. (COPYRIGHTED.)—SEE OTHER PAGES IN THIS ISSUE.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT would appear that Mr. St. John Ervine and Mr. Hannen Swaffer had recently a difference of opinion, apparently on the subject of Inspiration. Some might think it amusing that it is apparently the critic who does believe in Inspiration, and the creative author, or dramatist, who presumably does not. Anyhow, the dramatist does not believe in it in such a manner as to satisfy the demands of the

devils. But he did not mean that they were bad; he meant something else in a symbolic or cabalistic system of his own, in which words did not mean what they are supposed to mean. He meant, for instance, that devils stood for the divine principle of energy and angels for the divine principle of wisdom. But nobody reading his mystifying but amusing notes can say he was on the side of the angels. He is disposed rather to sniff and even to sneer at angels, preferring the more energetic department; and he refers affectionately to one of his familiar spirits in the phrase: "This angel, who is now a devil, is a great friend of mine." All this occult cryptogram is very interesting in its way to those who like the Gnostic type of theology. But when we talk of a poet being inspired, we imply that he is inspired to poetry. And nobody shall persuade me that this tangle of dogma and doggerel is an improvement on Blake's poetry—

O sunflower weary of time  
That countest the steps of  
the sun.

Those two lines rise with the sweep and curve of a bird; and I doubt whether any Gnostic devil was needed to dictate them. But the reader weary of time, who counteth the steps of reasoning in the densest parts of Blake's more metaphysical volumes, will feel a great deal less like a bird

and a great deal more like a snail. I know well that there are in these books interesting and original ideas, because Blake was an interesting and original man. But such a man, if he is helped, should be helped to express himself. And I fancy that, when the devils left him to himself, he expressed himself much better.

I know that I have against me here, at least apparently, some of the things in which I am most proud to believe. I know that mythology is always true, or at least largely true: a great deal more true than the scientific study of myths. I believe profoundly in tradition; and there certainly is a great tradition of the poet and the Muse. Therefore, I speak tentatively; but even here I would tentatively suggest a correction. There is something that very few modern men understand, which I can only call the Levity of the Classics. The Classics are always treated as heavy, and therefore treated heavily; but there is a sense in which they should always be taken lightly. The men of the older civilisations had a certain subtle and mellow habit of mind, which has largely been lost in the dry earnestness of modern debates. They often dealt with things in which they only half-believed; and they somehow understood how to distinguish them from the things in which they really believed. That is why the men of the Renaissance, and even the men of the Middle Ages, could keep up a

Pagan imagery running parallel to their Christian imagery. Chaucer will make his Knights worship Venus and Mars without the least sense of dislocation with the loftier passage, only a few pages after, in which the Duke of Athens celebrates the Christian Sacrament of Marriage in words that seem to come straight out of St. Thomas Aquinas. Shakespeare will have the same marriage celebrated by Hymen, the heathen goddess, and within a few lines of the same play talk of the sinner having retired to a monastery under the influence of a holy hermit. It is the same with the expression of many philosophical moods or spiritual emotions. These great traditional poets often express an idea of *Vanitas vanitatum* which might be mistaken for despair, and which in a modern writer probably would be despair. Yet in their religion despair was itself a mortal sin. They did not quite mean what they said; and they had some elusive lyrical faculty for suggesting that they did not quite mean what they said. The men of the old European culture could take pessimism lightly. The men of the new American culture can only take optimism heavily.

In this spirit all these poets claimed inspiration by a Muse, and there was something in what they said; but it was not exactly what they meant. It was not exactly meant as it would have been meant by somebody engaged in Psychical Research or claiming to be a Medium under a Control. The two successive ideas of serious Christian belief and serious scientific discovery have sharpened our minds to the definite question of whether a thing is strictly true. I am sure the old poets used the image of a Muse in a vaguer sense. Homer began by invoking the goddess; but I fancy he would have been very much annoyed to be told that he had not really composed the great speech of Sarpedon. And even Milton, though claiming inspiration from the Holy Spirit, would have been distinctly cross with the suggestion that anybody had written the invocation to Light except himself. In this vaguer sense, of an inspiration

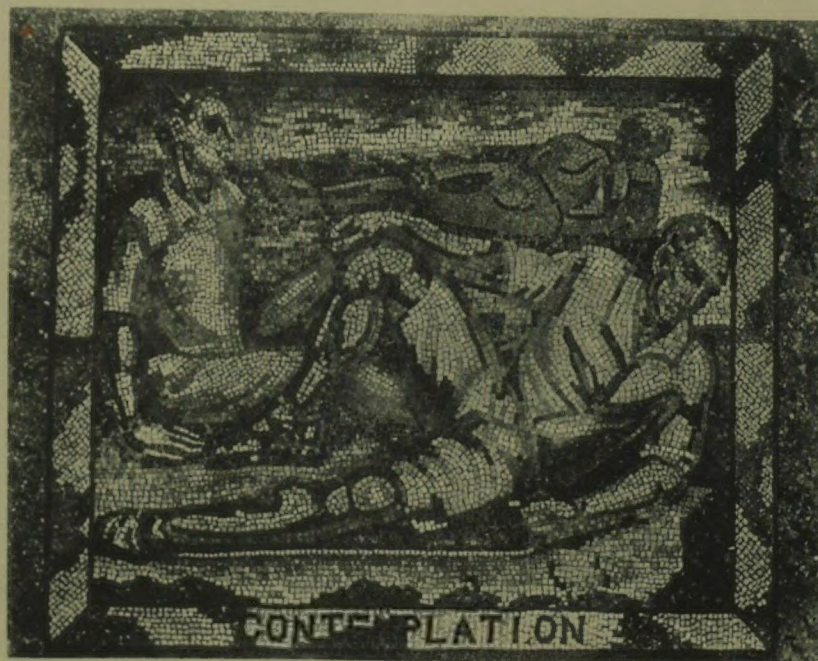


A NEW MOSAIC PAVEMENT AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY, BY BORIS ANREP:  
A PANEL ENTITLED "CONVERSATION."

dramatic critic. Without venturing to intervene between these two eminent men, I am somewhat disposed to meditate on the matter itself, in that unvisited solitude which I occupy upon this page. For much has been said about Inspiration, especially in works of imagination, by authorities whom I profoundly respect and with whom I violently disagree.

For one thing, it is commonly regarded as a religious or spiritual view of art to suppose that it does not come from the artist. It is implied that only a cynical, or at least a mundane view of it, would suggest such a profanity as that it does come from the artist. And this, to begin with, seems to me to be based on a bad religion and philosophy. We are supposed to rejoice unreservedly in the idea that a spirit has inspired what would otherwise be only a man. But it is really a blasphemy to talk about a man being "only a man." And it is really a heresy to talk of it as if a spirit must always be better than a man. A good man might possibly be prompted by a bad spirit; and in any case a man is himself also a spirit. And it seems to me nearer to the true Christian tradition to hold that man creates in his capacity of the image of God; and he is in nothing so much the image of God as in creating images. On the other hand, it is by no means impossible that such direct and all but divine creation might be deflected and confused, if he merely listened to all the loose elemental forces that might be wandering about in the universe. It seems to me that this did, in fact, very often happen, in the actual history of literature. Very great men have certainly talked of being inspired, but I doubt if it was when they were most great.

To take a famous case, William Blake certainly did claim that his works were sometimes dictated by more exalted spirits. But what works did the exalted spirits dictate? With the most polite apologies to them, and with the warmest and even wildest admiration for Blake, I do think that any impartial person, reading steadily through some of his most specially inspired Prophetic Books, will form a rather low opinion of the lucidity and capacity for connected narrative shown by the presiding angels. It is typical of the whole trouble that he was often eager to explain that his favourite angels were really



"CONTEMPLATION"—A GROUP ON A CLIFF-EDGE: ANOTHER OF THE NEW ANREP MOSAICS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

As noted on the opposite page, where further examples are illustrated, Mr. Boris Anrep has recently completed his new pavement mosaics in the East Vestibule of the National Gallery, in a similar style to those in the West Vestibule which he executed last year. The latter symbolised "The Labours of Life," while the new set illustrates "The Pleasures of Life." Of the two here reproduced, "Conversation" has been described as showing "a hearth-rug and brush-and-comb conference between two girls," while "Contemplation" represents three young men reclining on the edge of a cliff. It is very interesting to compare this modern work with the examples of sixth-century pavement mosaics recently discovered at Jerash, in Trans-Jordan, and illustrated in colour on pages 902 and 903 of this number.

from God and Nature flowing into the personality, the conception is, of course, entirely true and valid. But in these days of psychic phenomena, or renewed mythology, it may be well to keep Inspiration within bounds.



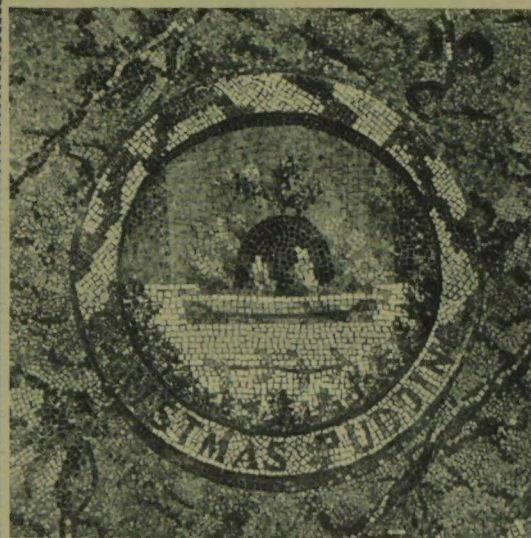
# MOSAICS IN MODERN ART: THE NEW ANREP PAVEMENT AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



"MUD PIES": ONE OF "THE PLEASURES OF LIFE" IN CHILDHOOD.



"SEA-HORSE": THE PLEASURES OF BATHING—A MODERN NAIAD IN MOSAIC.



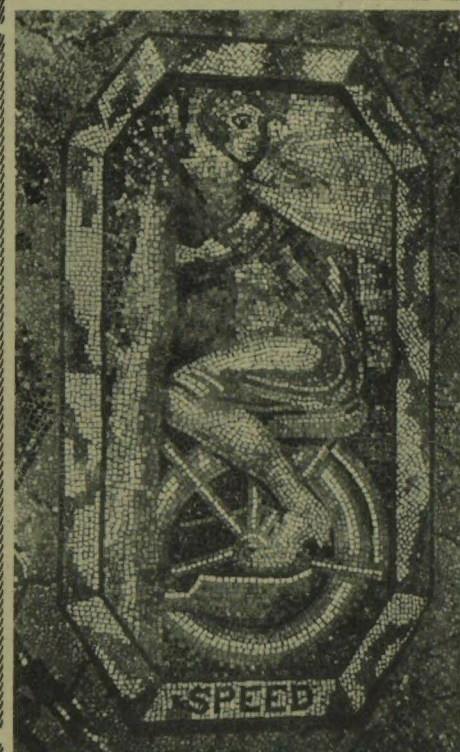
"CHRISTMAS PUDDING": A PANEL SYMBOLISING PLEASURES OF THE TABLE.



"DANCE": A PLEASURE OF THE STAGE AND THE BALL-ROOM.



"REST": THE PLEASURES OF IDLENESS, WITH HAMMOCK, CUSHION, AND NEWSPAPER, PORTRAYED IN MOSAIC.



"SPEED": THE PILLION-GIRL ON THE "FLAPPER-BRACKET" TYPIFIES MOTORING.



"CRICKET": A REALISTIC MOSAIC OF BATSMAN AND WICKET-KEEPER.



"HUNTING": THE PLEASURES OF THE CHASE REPRESENTED IN A MODERN MOSAIC.



"FOOTBALL": THE "SOCCER" GAME CHOSEN TO TYPIFY A NATIONAL BRITISH PASTIME.

The ancient art of mosaic, of which some sixth-century examples from Jerash, in Trans-Jordan, are illustrated in colour in this number, is still practised to-day, and some excellent examples are to be found in the new mosaic pavements by Mr. Boris Anrep at the National Gallery, which provide a very interesting comparison with the early work. Last year Mr. Anrep executed a set of pavement mosaics, entitled "The Labours of Life," in the West Vestibule of the National Gallery, as noted (with an illustration) in our issue of June 9, 1928. Now he has just completed those of the East Vestibule, on similar lines, with the general

title of "The Pleasures of Life," and, in keeping with the more sensuous character of the subject, the colouring is rather brighter than that of the "Labours." The mosaics of both Vestibules are intended to harmonise with one projected for the central pavement—"Apollo and Dionysus awaiting the Muses," the whole scheme representing the relation of art to human activities. We illustrate above, and on the opposite page, some of Mr. Anrep's panels for the East Vestibule, symbolising pleasures of modern life. It was stated last year that the West Vestibule mosaics were a gift from friends and admirers of the artist's work.



## THE REAL STATE OF RUSSIA AFTER TWELVE YEARS OF SOVIET RULE.—III. THE COST OF LIVING.

By R. SOUTHAN, who went to Russia with the Two Miners of the Tilmanstone Collieries.

We publish here the third of the articles written for us by Mr. R. Southan, who, as interpreter, accompanied two miners from the Tilmanstone Collieries, near Dover, when they paid an "unconducted" visit to Russia recently and investigated conditions in Moscow, at Artemovsk, and at certain mining centres.

IN order to arrive at a clear understanding in this matter, it is necessary, first of all, to get a definite idea of the value of a rouble. In countries outside Russia, one can purchase roubles at the rate of thirty-three to the pound sterling. This gives the value of the rouble at, roughly, sevenpence, and this is, in fact, its actual purchasing value in Russia. But if one changes money in a Russian bank or "Bureau de Change," one only receives 9.3 roubles to the pound sterling! This is obviously a ruse on the part of the Soviet Government to serve two purposes—firstly, to make money out of the foreigner, and, secondly,

indigo-blue serge suit. When I told them the price they very quickly and expressively showed their astonishment, and assured me that I should have been charged three times the amount in Russia. A white cotton shirt costs eight to ten roubles, or, roughly, two days' wages for a miner. Boots and shoes are very expensive. A pair of men's shoes, costing eighteen shillings in England, were marked at thirty-two roubles, or seven days' wages for a miner.

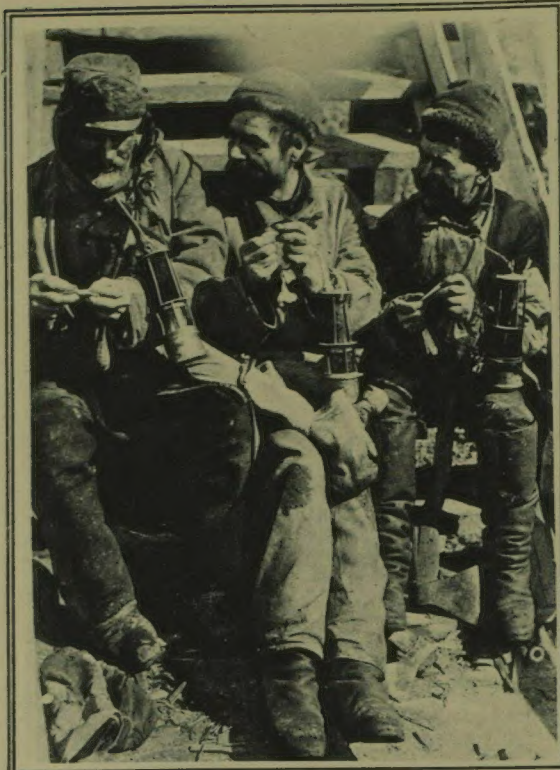
The supply of bread—all black—is rationed at the rate of 800 grammes per day per person, and one kilogramme of sugar per month per person. People who are not actual workers only receive half the above rations. (I was unable to get at the cost of this bread, so that I am unable to quote figures with accuracy.)

Travelling is both expensive and very uncomfortable. For instance, a drive in a droszki, which is a kind of "one-seater" landau,

costs two-and-a-half roubles for a mile, and then, if you give the driver a rouble as a tip, he looks exactly how a London taxi-driver would look if you gave him a penny! Just fancy having to pay over half-a-day's wage to be bumped and jerked along a Russian "road" for a mile! Of course, there are a few taxi-cabs in Moscow, but the charges are prohibitive. Our first experience of this was when we first arrived in the town and hailed a taxi to convey us to our hotel about a mile away. The

fare actually asked was twelve roubles—we paid the man seven, and were sworn at in right good style. This seven represents nearly a day and a-half's pay for a miner!

In Artemovsk, where we spent most of our time, water had to be fetched from a place in the market square. There was an office near the tap, and every bucket of water had to be paid for, the charge being one-eighth of a rouble. Compare again with the miner's wage, and it means that he would be able to buy, for a day's wage, only thirty-six buckets of water. We found matches to be very cheap, but of very poor quality. Any tobacco that we could



RUSSIAN COAL-MINERS: A GROUP AT CHELIABINSK. According to statistics published at the end of 1926, Cheliabinsk has a population of nearly sixty thousand.

possibly smoke was very expensive—in fact, the three of us used a tin per day between us, and the tin cost 1.75 roubles. Beer, of a poor quality, costs three roubles for two bottles, each bottle containing three-quarters of a pint. Can my readers imagine a British miner having to work all day to get enough to buy three bottles of beer? There is no need to wonder why the soldiers in the Red Army get no beer!

I have been looking up the accounts I kept during our tour, and find that the average cost of our dinners was two-and-a-half roubles per person, just less than two roubles for breakfast, and the evening meal slightly over two roubles. Imagine having to work half a day to earn the price of the midday meal! But, of course, the Russian worker could not possibly afford such a meal, generally consisting of a pork cutlet and potatoes, and a glass of tea. The workers generally had a plate of vegetable soup and two thick slices of bread, which cost a rouble, or a quarter of his day's wage.

It may be that Russian people are used to a very rough type of food, and therefore do not have to purchase many of the things we call real necessities. I certainly never saw a worker eating butter, and very few were seen to eat eggs. We had eggs for breakfast one day, and were charged two-and-a-half roubles for seven. These were certainly not fresh eggs, and we returned two—with our compliments. Two others were brought in their place, and one of these went off with a bang when I cracked it! This experience took place in the co-operative restaurant, which was the best place in the town.

From the above figures it is easy to see that the cost of living is extremely high, and that only a mere existence is possible for the workers of Soviet Russia; and, for those who work with their brains, conditions are even worse, for they receive lower wages than the workers, and only half the ration of bread and sugar. I have no interest in politics, and

went to Russia with a perfectly open mind. My experiences there, however, have convinced me that the whole thing is doomed to failure; that, apart from the worker's holiday with pay, Russia has nothing to teach us, is miles behind us, and, at the slow pace at which her officials move, she can never catch us up. I have tried, in these three articles, to put before the public a view of things Russian which is totally different from that of any person who has had a conducted tour. From what we saw of the conducted tour, it would be almost impossible for such a person to get a true understanding of things. Our disclosures have evidently caused a flutter in the dove-cote, for one of the officials has already been sent here to contradict our statements. However, he did not contradict any single statement that I have made in any of my articles.



AN ASPECT OF PASTORAL LIFE IN RUSSIA: A CAMEL CART IN THE STEPPES.

to gull the workers into believing that they are receiving a rouble worth over two shillings.

I am frequently asked the question: "Why didn't you buy roubles in Warsaw, for instance, at thirty-three, and take them into Russia?" The answer to this question is: "Because the Soviet Government will confiscate any Russian money taken into or out of the country." Now, the actual average rate of pay for a coal-miner, working at the coal face, is 4.6 roubles per day. (These are Soviet figures.) On paper this looks like over nine shillings, but is only 2s. 8d.

Now let us see what can be bought for a rouble! A pound of butter costs two roubles, and this means that the miner has to work half a day to buy so much of this food. Compare this with the cost of butter in England, and the amount of work a miner would have to do to obtain that sum. Again, we bought two nice peaches, and were charged one-and-a-half roubles by the man who sold them in the gutter. Now, if the rouble is worth 2s. 2d., as the Soviet would have us believe, then those peaches must have cost us 1s. 7½d. each! Now, wages in Russia are not paid in kind. The workers buy with their wages all goods and food products, chiefly through the co-operative enterprise; but, as many things can be more cheaply obtained from private traders, these private traders still exist in large numbers.

Clothes are very expensive everywhere, and I was always being asked what I paid for my



ONE OF SOVIET RUSSIA'S GREAT PROBLEMS: HOMELESS CHILDREN IN MOSCOW.

The homeless child—in part, at all events, a result of the war—is one of the problems of modern Russia. Central camps have been started for these youngsters, but many of them are "wild," and, in consequence, difficult to deal with.



## SOVIET RUSSIA OF TO-DAY:



A "BANNER" CARRIED IN CELEBRATION OF THE TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOLSHEVIST REVOLUTION: A TRACTOR WITH A WHEEL INSCRIBED: "WE COLLECTED 200 ROUBLES FOR A TRACTOR."

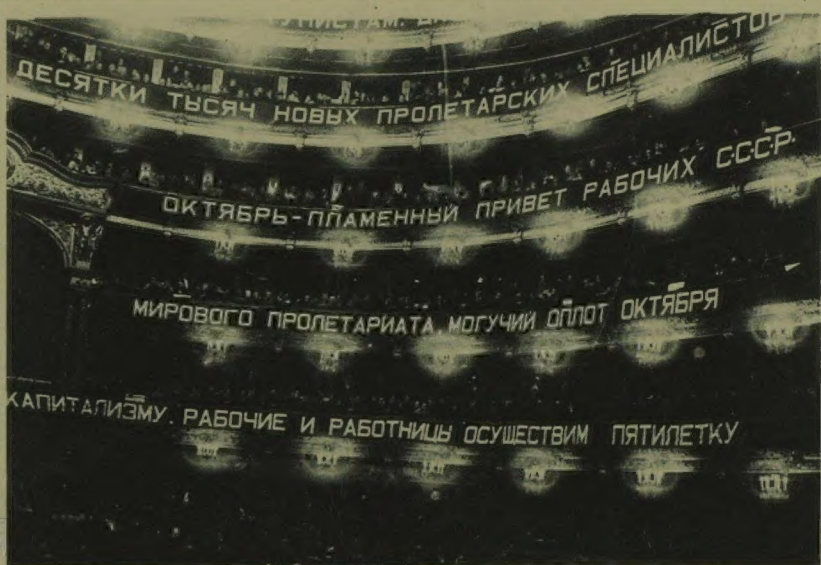


CALCULATED TO DISCOURAGE THE WORK-SHY! A FIGURE OF A "PROGULSTCHIK" (ONE WHO STAYS AWAY FROM WORK WITHOUT GOOD REASON) HUNG FROM A CRANE NEAR MOSCOW.

## THE TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY; AND MENNONITES.



A "BANNER" CONCERNING THE MANCHURIAN FRONTIER SITUATION: A SOLDIER OF THE U.S.S.R. BY THE RAILWAY-LINE; WITH A POST MARKED "U.S.S.R." AND (RIGHT) "CHINA."



PROPAGANDA IN MOSCOW DURING THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOLSHEVIST REVOLUTION: GREAT INSCRIPTIONS IN A THEATRE—AN EXAMPLE OF THE THOROUGHNESS WITH WHICH THE BELIEFS AND HOPES OF THE U.S.S.R. WERE PROCLAIMED.

The topmost inscription reads: "Tens of thousands of new Proletarian specialists." Below that is: "A flaming greeting from the workers of the Soviet Socialist Republic." Under that is: "The great October bulwark of the world proletariat." Under that, the word on the left, which is the last one of an incomplete sentence, is "Capitalism." On the right of this is a sentence which, translated, means "Workmen and workwomen will come into their own in five years."

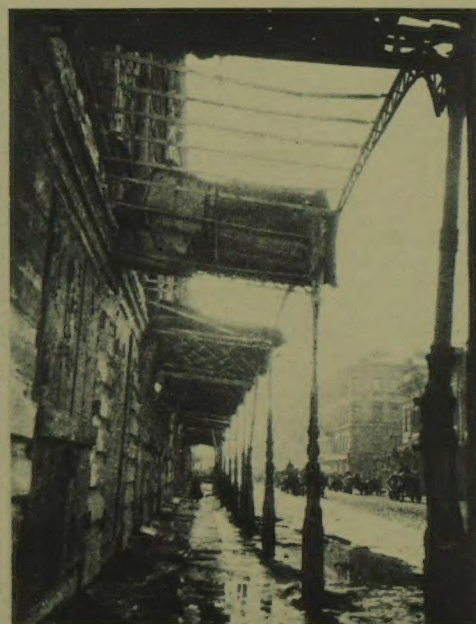


REPRESENTING THE VANGUARD OF TEN THOUSAND DESCENDANTS OF THE ORIGINAL MENNONITE SETTLERS IN RUSSIA WHO HAVE DECIDED TO LEAVE THAT COUNTRY: A PEASANT WOMAN TENDING A SICK CHILD IN A STABLE ON THE RUSSO-GERMAN FRONTIER.

As is noted below, a number of the ten thousand descendants of the original Mennonite Settlers in Russia decided to leave that country some months ago, and a few days ago a number of them reached Kiel. It is stated that, when they arrived at Moscow, they were refused permission to leave Russia; whereupon they encamped in shelters offered them outside the city, and defied the authorities. After some weeks, the necessary passports were handed out.



IN LENINGRAD AFTER TWELVE YEARS OF SOVIET RULE: A BREAD QUEUE OUTSIDE A BAKER'S SHOP ON A RECENT RAINY DAY.

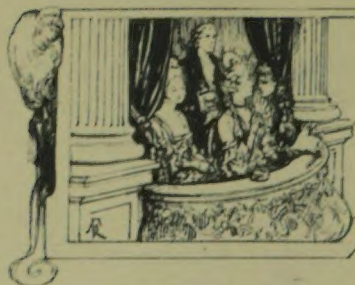


IN THE WORLD-FAMOUS NEVSKI PROSPEKT! THE COLONNADE OF WHAT WAS ONCE A FASHIONABLE STORES.

The official celebration of the twelfth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution began on the night of November 6, and continued throughout the following two days, which were observed as public holidays in the U.S.S.R. One of the many "banners" issued by the Communist Party included, says the "Times" Riga correspondent, one bearing the legend, "Greetings from the U.S.S.R., the genuine fatherland of all revolutionaries, to revolutionary India and to colonies battling with Imperialist oppressors. Hail the Red Army, vanguard of the world's proletariat! Down with Priests! Down with Religion!" To mark the occasion, Stalin published a long article in all the Soviet newspapers, defending his policy and claiming success in industry and agriculture. As to the enlightening photograph showing a peasant woman tending a sick child in a stable, it should be recalled that a few days ago three hundred German peasants arrived in Germany from Russia and were housed temporarily in Kiel, awaiting transport to Canada. They represented the vanguard of ten thousand descendants of the original

Mennonite settlers in Russia, who decided some months ago to leave that country, declaring that they were driven out of it by very heavy taxation, and by the fear that the anti-military bias of their sect would no longer be respected.





# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



## THE WORLD STUDIO CENTRE.

MR. J. D. WILLIAMS, the originator of the Multilingual Production Scheme, has dropped a pebble of considerable size into the pool of the film industry, and one from which ever-widening circles of interest will radiate. Mr. Williams has had the vision to see in London's geographical situation the given centre for multilingual production, and the practical business sense to recognise, as well as to make others recognise, the immense advantage of utilising the same sets, costumes, photographic effects, etc., in order to produce the same picture in several languages. At the present moment the Twickenham Studios are housing two companies, one English and one French, who are engaged on a bilingual version of "At the Villa Rose." Working in day and night shifts, the French producers, Louis Mercanton and M. Hervil, take their turn at "shooting" the mysterious happenings at the Villa Rose, together with Leslie Hiscott, the English producer.

Mr. Williams wants to see this dual activity multiplied by twenty. His plan embraces the erection in or near London—possibly at Elstree—of a minimum of twenty highly equipped stages, up to date in every department, and manned by the best technicians working in conjunction with specialists in all branches of talking, colour, and stereoscopic pictures. Here, then, under very favourable conditions, the English "master-picture" will first be made; after which the production will be repeated in French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Swedish, with only one outlay for the scenario, costumes, and sets. The private company that has been formed to exploit this plan, and to which Sir E. Gordon Craig has allied himself, is called the World Studio Centre, Ltd.—a somewhat ambitious yet attractively descriptive title which opens up vistas of vast possibilities.

There can be no doubt that for a purpose such as this London occupies a unique position, and the idea of capitalising that position is a sound one. If Elstree—or any other locality in which the World Studio Centre finally pitches its camp—can develop into a Mecca of the film-making world, then Britain must gain a pre-eminent position as a provider of cinematographic entertainment, since it will cater, as did the silent picture, for a universal market. The Williams plan aims high. Its path lies in the right direction. The creation of a big new industry, with all its ramifications, the added prestige of the British film trade, the propagandist facilities latent in such a scheme—all these are factors not to be belittled, nor would I underrate the necessity for some such vigorously progressive movement in the deliberate tempo of our film affairs.

But, considered from the point of view of the artistic results, the crux of the matter would seem to rest in that initial English "master-version." Given the necessary capital, there is no real obstacle to the gathering together of several companies of different nationalities with their several producers. Incidentally, I would point out that we have in our midst a good many artists of repute who are bi-, tri-, and even multi-lingual. But that by the way. The advantages of complete and perfect equipment in ready-to-use scenery and ready-to-wear costumes, will assuredly appeal to foreign film-makers, though one apprehends terrible tantrums amongst the leading ladies expected to don the same apparel! But to find the story which is to respond readily to the methods and to the tongues of five different nations, as well as to the demands of a widely-diverging public, presents

a much greater difficulty, and will prove a tax on British imagination. For, say what you will, the British film fails far too often in the quality of its story. We see our finest artists thrown away far too often on penny-noveltie piffle. It will take much bigger stuff than we have hitherto seen to reach the requirements of cosmopolitan appeal.

task with "extraordinary reverence," although I am sure they tried to avoid any "extraordinary liberties" with the text. Rather do I think that Mr. Fairbanks saw himself in the care-free, joyous Petruchio, and he was right. He is a born Petruchio. He plays the part with a gusto, a gaiety, that is positively infectious. The thing is a joke to him, and Shakespeare, fond of a joke himself, will not turn in his grave because Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Pickford and Mr. Taylor between them have turned the point of the joke, though possibly the pedant and earnest playgoer may think it their duty to protest.

The picture opens aptly enough with a Punch and Judy show—just a glimpse of the nagging Judy's fate at the hands of a pugnacious Punch—and proceeds swiftly into the very heart of the matter. Baptista and his gentle daughter Bianca, the ardent Hortensio and the prudent Gremio, tremble in unison as the sounds, and, anon, the visible signs of a human cyclone, issue from the direction of Katherine's chamber. Petruchio's laughing incursion into the scene is admirable. So, too, is his wooing of his tempestuous lady. Their first skirmish, materially aided by a convenient flight of marble steps to the Shrew's noisy nest, is a thoroughly exhilarating affair, and no more rough-and-tumble than it was obviously intended to be. Nor can one quarrel with the translation of Gremio's descriptive speeches into action, since it gives us a chance of witnessing the arrival of Petruchio, as gallant a rogue in rags and tatters as you could wish to see, astride a mighty steed plucked straight from the ploughing. And

the wedding-ceremony, with Kate in a pretty temper, and her bridegroom insolently munching an apple, the core of which seriously embarrasses the circum-spect Gremio, provides a scene of true pictorial comedy. It is to be noted, indeed, that the silent sequences of this light-hearted entertainment à la Shakespeare carry on the story with praiseworthy speed, and justify by their humour the suppression of those portions of the text for which they stand. But in what we may call the last act comes an innovation which, slight in itself, changes the whole flavour of the jest, and not, I think, to its advantage. Katherine, in her night-robes, overhears Petruchio confiding to his hound the plan of his wife-taming campaign. And behold! in that brief second, Kate the Shrew turns into Kate the Shrewd! Let Petruchio shout and brawl, pitch the bedding about, or call the moon the sun (the speech has been incorporated in this new "bed-room scene"), Kate has been transformed, as if by magic, into our own Mary, sweetness itself, smiling, smooth of brow, so that when, in one final burst of temper, she stretches her husband at her feet with a well-directed stool, it is in fact she who has conquered, and not he. In accordance with this mood of *volle-face*, she caps the famous advice to young wives with a portentous wink. I must admit that the comedy of these later scenes—the "cater" comedy, shall we call it?—suits the twinkles and the dimples of Mary Pickford better than the sweeping fury of the Shrew, for which she is not built. Anger and intolerance dwell in her frown, but not in her voice, and the stride of the termagant tries her sorely. It may therefore have been wise to restore her to her sphere as soon as possible, but it is done at the expense of logic.

The famous stars find uncommonly good support from actors whose voices fall pleasantly on the ear, and the whole production is so well knit, so ably put together, that this cheery, rollicking picture comes to an end all too soon.



THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF A VENTRILOQUIST IN A COLOURED "TALKIE" FILM: MR. ERICH VON STROHEIM AS GABBO AND MISS BETTY COMPSON AS HIS GIRL ASSISTANT, WITH "OTTO," HIS DUMMY, IN "THE GREAT GABBO," AT THE NEW GALLERY

"The Great Gabbo," a new coloured sound-film lately produced at the New Gallery Cinema, concerns a famous ventriloquist, whose colossal vanity leads him to treat his girl assistant with subtle brutality. When she leaves him, he begins to talk to his dummy, "Otto," as though it were human, and these conversations reveal his dual nature in conflict with itself. Eventually, the discovery that the girl is married drives him mad; he attacks his puppet and brings disaster on himself.

## "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

I have no doubt that when William Shakespeare wrote the "Taming of the Shrew," he meant it to be jolly and he meant it to be fun. So why should

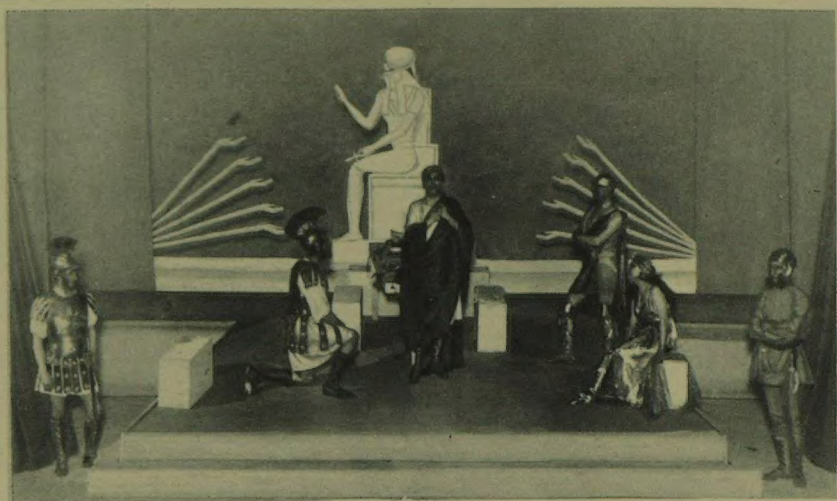


THE DEMENTED VENTRILOQUIST WITH HIS PUPPET "OTTO": MR. ERICH VON STROHEIM IN "THE GREAT GABBO," AT THE NEW GALLERY.

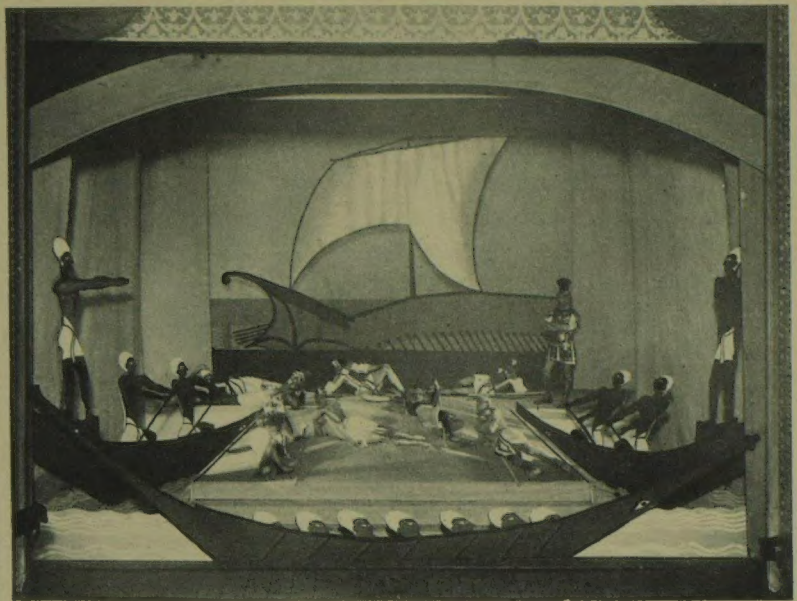
we cavil at the Fairbanks-Pickford version, since it is undeniably jolly good fun? In a somewhat solemn, albeit informative, programme-note, Mr. James Agate refers to Hollywood's "extraordinary reverence" for the play. I cannot think that either Douglas Fairbanks or his producer, Sam Taylor, approached their



## THE MODERN THEATRE: UNUSUAL PRODUCTIONS IN FRANCE AND GERMANY.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA" IN A VERY MODERN SETTING: M. PITOEFF AS CÆSAR AND MME. LUDMILLA PITOEFF AS CLEOPATRA AT THE THÉÂTRE DES ARTS, PARIS—THE SCENE BEFORE THE RETURN OF CÆSAR'S GALLEY TO ROME.



WITH EFFIGIES OF PAINTED EGYPTIANS AT THE OARS: ONE OF THE ULTRA-MODERN SCENES OF THE PITOEFF PRESENTATION OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA" AT THE THÉÂTRE DES ARTS, PARIS, A CENTRE OF NEW STAGINGS.



IN "HISTOIRES DE FRANCE": M. SACHA GUITRY AS FRANÇOIS IER, AT THE THÉÂTRE PIGALLE.



A WINTERHALTER IN "HISTOIRES DE FRANCE" AT THE RECENTLY OPENED THÉÂTRE PIGALLE, WHICH OWES ITS BEING TO BARON HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD: THE "SECOND EMPIRE" TABLEAU.

Many and varied manifestations of modernism have invaded the theatres of all countries and, very properly, are arousing the greatest interest. Two typical examples are illustrated here: one the production of Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" at the Théâtre des Arts, in Paris; the other, a very curious version of "The Beggar's Opera,"

[Continued below.]



IN "HISTOIRES DE FRANCE": Mlle. YVONNE PRINTEMPS (MME. SACHA GUITRY) AS ARMANDE BÉJART.



"THE THREE-FARTHING OPERA," A NEW VERSION OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA": A SCENE FROM THE PRESENTATION AT THE HESSISCHEN LANDESTHEATER, DARMSTADT.



NOT CALCULATED TO MAKE THE SPIRIT OF GAY RICH OR THAT OF RICH GAY! "THE THREE-FARTHING OPERA," A MODERN VERSION OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA," AS GIVEN AT DARMSTADT.

[Continued.]

Opera," which, under the title "The Three-Farthings Opera," was produced recently at Darmstadt, and would seem—to refer to the ancient "tag"—"unlikely to make the spirit of Gay rich, or that of Rich gay"! "Histoires de France" does not fall, of course, into the same category; but it is dealt with here not only that we may record a production that has caused much discussion, but the

opening of France's new great theatre, the "Pigalle," of Paris, which owes its being to the generosity of Baron Henri de Rothschild, himself a dramatist. "Histoires de France" is in four acts and fourteen tableaux, and is the work of M. Sacha Guitry, who appears in it with his wife, Mlle. Yvonne Printemps, and a very large number of other artists. The prologue is entitled "Les Gaulois"; and the tableaux are "Jeanne d'Arc," "Louis XI.," "François Ier," "Henri IV.," "Richelieu," "Louis XIV.," "Le 21 Janvier, 1793," "L'Empire," "La Restauration," "Le Second Empire," "La 111e République," and "Le 11 Novembre, 1918." Mlle. Yvonne Printemps is shown on our page in the "Louis XIV." tableau.



# THE ANIMAL OF A DREAM: THE ELUSIVE BEISHUNG.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"TRAILING THE GIANT PANDA": By THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND KERMIT ROOSEVELT.\*

(PUBLISHED BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

"WHY?" wondered Philip Tao, English-speaking brother of the Saw Bwa; "Why spend much money to get very tired?" The Roosevelts could have told him that the spirits of the heights have sirens' voices; or they could have cited the small cousin who wrote, begging to accompany them, "I am 11 years old and my chief occupation is going to school gee its awful." They could have urged that there is temptation in the white "Unknown" spaces on the map. Each answer would have been true enough. But Tao would not have understood. Of what avail to explain to one of his strictly practical mind, keen and expert sportsman as he is, that there may be triumph in "bagging" museum specimens, that there would assuredly be glory in *sighting*—even in sighting—the mysterious Giant Panda, *Ailuropus melanoleucus*, of the bamboo jungles; the elusive takin of the mountains, half-goat and half-antelope, *Yea gnu*, the wild cow; McNeill's stag, the Shomburgk deer, serow, ghoral, sambhur, burrhel; and the golden monkey that dwells in the chill forest, defying the snow for five months in the twelve.

Such were the quests. Arming to seek them, the expedition garnered many things, from followers to firearms—including .38 Colt automatics with armpit holsters, for "many a man lies buried now because he could not draw his pistol in the split second of time that stood between him and death"; from tents and bed-rolls to iron rations; from cartridges to cash; from permits to presents. Sagely chosen, these last! "Among our purchases," it is chronicled, "were a dozen Homburg soft hats of a bilious green colour, which are greatly prized in Tibet. We got mechanical electric torches that generate their own power, wrist-watches, trick steel measuring-tapes, knives, folding chairs, and a dozen other oddments. As gifts for the most exalted, Suydam bought half-a-dozen turquoise rings. Among the mountain fastnesses of the Himalayas, the turquoise is the most treasured jewel. In some places it is customary for the women to wear a head-dress with a long queue-like strip of cloth hanging down behind, on which they sew the turquoises that represent their dowry."

And there was further provision for "swank." Theodore Roosevelt thought cynically: "If we had been able to stage the initiation ceremonies of certain American secret societies for some of the native chieftains we have met, I am sure they would have given us their daughters and half of their kingdoms. Knowing this, Kermit and I cast about for some means of turning it to account. At last we hit on a plan. We recalled war days when the troops were formed, the band struck up and some officer or man marched forward. We remembered the stiffly approaching French general, resplendent in robin's egg blue and whiskers. We remembered the crimson ribbon that was thrown around the neck of the hero, and the embarrassing kiss on each cheek. Accordingly, I went to a New York theatrical costumer's, and bought a dozen medals hung on ribbons as brilliant and various as a desert sunset."

The precaution was wise; but the gewgaws were minor assistants. The major *aides*, as they must always be in such enterprises, were a willingness to face hardships and disappointments, tough constitutions, authority without aggressiveness, and "hail, fellow; well met" common-sense.

The way from Burma, through the Yunnan and Szechuan Provinces of China—and especially in Sikang, the new Province of Western Szechuan, with Kangting (Kiating) as capital—was by no means easy, and there was much

hair-raising chatter of brigandage borne witness to by "devastated areas" of bandit manufacture. The weather was wild; wind, rain, sleet, hail, snow, ice, fog all resented the "up-going" invaders of their natural haunts; mules were mulish and porters were porters; chieftains were canny; priests were persuasive and passively resisting; villagers were friendly but futile; the promises of trackers were far behind their performances; roads were veritably Chinese—good for one year and bad for ten thousand; news of the beasts that were coveted was infrequent and unreliable, even when the travellers' coloured pictures of their quarry evoked signs of dim recognition.

But, of course, there were compensations. Many queer things were remarked; and things less queer but unanticipated. The first was not calculated to elate any in search of good omens. It was in Burma. Concerning it, it is written: "The Chinese will go to vast expense and surmount great difficulties in order to bury their dead beside their ancestors. A very elaborate coffin had accompanied Stevens and Jack on their river boat, and for the first four or five days it kept pace with our caravan. A Chinese coffin is always expensive. It is built from hard wood, a huge, cumbersome affair, somewhat resembling a deep dugout canoe with a high prow. This was one of the heaviest. Suspended on poles, four men in

front, and two behind, it swung along the bridge path; the coolies chanting antiphonally to the corpse, advising it to lie quiet, and telling it that it was homeward bound. A brilliant barnyard cock was tied to the coffin's lid to keep the spirit of the dead from rising. A few personal objects were also attached to the coffin."

Other sights were less depressing, although, it must be confessed, they comprised much smoking of the forbidden "drowsy syrup" and, on the part of the older women, much hobbling on bound feet. Gods were among them; deities crude, benign, and cruel; deities with votive opium smeared on their grotesque lips; deities of the Butter Festival, made of yak butter and akin to those illustrated in this paper a week or two ago; deities whose straw foundations harboured bees; deities worshipped, deities tolerated, and deities, it would seem, despised. And, of the world, a stew that yielded up a duck's head and a "rooster's

claws; buttered tea; pigs carried to market in baskets; medicine for alleviating "Ghost in the head" and other afflictions; snuff for curing colic in ponies; towering loads of brick tea packed in matting; and, to turn once more to the human, a worthy who, when properly possessed, tied steel sword blades into knots; cemetery-temples; and at least one very "mediæval" belief.

Of the temples, it is recorded: "The first floors were dark and filled with small lumps of dried clay, modelled like squat vases but solid. These were the cremated dead of the village and explained why we saw none of the stone graves that had covered the hillsides in Yunnan. Indeed, these temples were in a literal sense graveyards." And of the belief, which is of those about Tali: "As far as other nations go they live in as fantastic a world as that of Sir John Mandeville. They believe in a nation of women, a race with tails, and, strangest of all, a people with a large hole through the centre of the stomach. When one of these people, who literally might be said to have no bowels, wishes to go somewhere, he gets two coolies who thrust a pole through the hole, take it on their shoulders, and trot off with him suspended between."

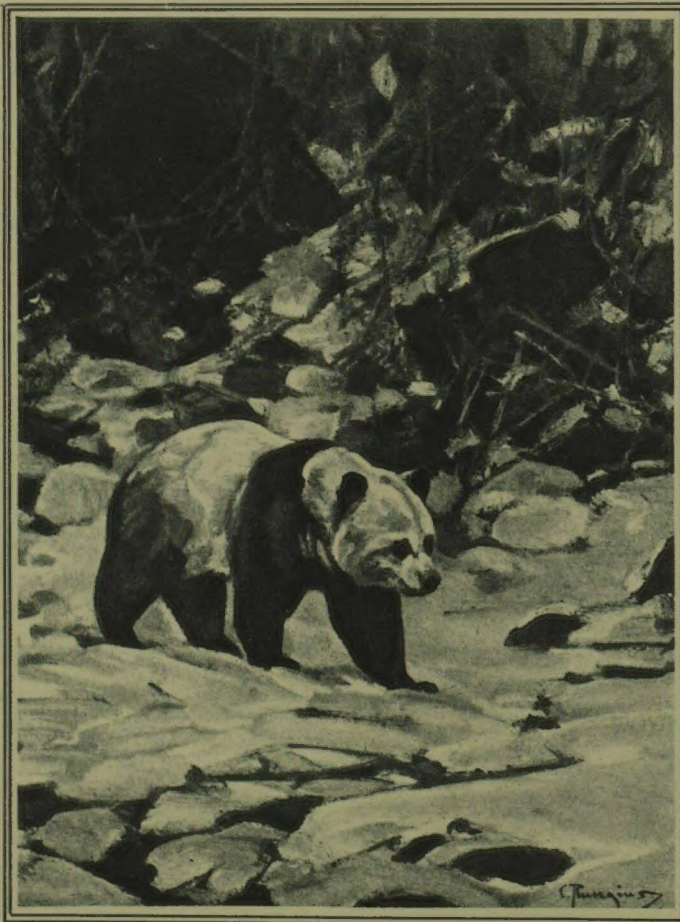
All of which is preliminary to The Great Day. Pelts of the small panda, the *ho hu* or fire fox, had been secured; a serow had been shot; sambhur, burrhel, and golden monkey had been killed and collected; takin had been seen in the form of heads and hides, though not in the flesh; but the quarry seemed unattainable. Then "panda sign" was seen—droppings; tree-trunks furrowed by claws; coarse white hair caught in bark; spoor; a "nest" made dog-fashion. Came effort and frustration, hope and despair, an under-breath cursing of hunters who could not hunt and of dogs who could not trail, bribes and rewards, the native offering of a hen to the gods of the chase, no "European mornings" lying abed until seven: then, the final tracking. "The *beishung* appeared to be travelling along in leisurely fashion, browsing on the bamboos as he went. . . . The bamboo jungle proved a particularly unpleasant form of obstacle

[Continued on page viii.]



A DELICACY ENCOUNTERED IN THE KINGDOM OF MULI: A MULETEER CHURNING BUTTERED TEA. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt writes: "The dinner was excellent—bowls of steaming rice, boiled bacon, strangely fried eggs, bits of broiled chicken, and buttered tea. The last-named I liked, especially when hot; but it in no way suggests our tea. It is more like a soup."

Reproduced from "Trailing the Giant Panda," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.



AS RARE AS IT IS INTERESTING, ONE SPECIMEN ONLY HAVING BEEN "BAGGED" BY A WHITE: THE GIANT PANDA, WHICH LIVES IN THE BAMBOO JUNGLES OF SZECHUAN, IN ALTITUDES VARYING FROM SIX TO FOURTEEN THOUSAND FEET.

The first specimen of the elusive Giant Panda which has been "bagged" by a white man was shot by Messrs. Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt—firing together, in order to share the honour—on April 13, 1929. The Chinese call the beast the *Beishung* (white bear). Its scientific name is *Ailuropus melanoleucus*.

From the Painting by Carl Rungius. Reproduced from "Trailing the Giant Panda," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

\* "Trailing the Giant Panda": By Theodore Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt. With a Frontispiece from a Painting by Carl Rungius and Illustrations from Photographs by Suydam Cutting and K. R. (Charles Scribner's Sons; 16s. net.)



# TRIBAL HEAD-DRESSES IN NATAL: TYPES OF NATIVE FEMININITY.

# CURIOUS FORMS OF COIFFURE, AS DISTINCTIVE AS TARTANS.



**NOKOSHLISA GEBASHE: A ZULU INTOMBAZANA: WITH TRACES OF XOSA AND PROBABLY A DASH OF HOTTENTOT IN HER COMPOSITION.**

This is a type full of mischief and cunning, lighthearted, impudent, and irresponsible. The head is shaven, except for a patch at the back and a small tuft above the forehead. The top band round the head is of grass, and the lower of wool, with coloured tufts. Reeds are stuck through the ears. The coil round the neck is of plaited grass, and a mirror hangs between her breasts on a rope of coloured beads.



**A COIFFURE INDICATING THE MARRIED STATE: MAMSHOTSHANA M'TEMBU, A YOUNG ZULU UMPAZI, (MARRIED WOMAN) OF THE POWERFUL M'TEMBU TRIBE.**

This type is exceedingly adaptable and intelligent, and, though boastful and somewhat quarrelsome, amongst the best of the Zulu nation. The girls make excellent house servants. Where the M'Tembus are, a storm centre is likely. The woolly hair is pulled into straight clumps plaited with string. Red clay mixed with animal fat is worked into each strand. This mop is the *itilisa* head-dress worn by married women.



**OF A PEACEABLE TRIBE: MAFUQANA MADIBA, A ZULU INTOMBI, OR GIRL OF MARRIAGEABLE AGE.**

This type is quite intelligent and trustworthy, but not hardy enough for high altitudes. The hair is done in an elaborate *impiti* style. The foundation is the same as that of the *itilisa* (adjoining). The front part is gathered up and held in position by bands of beads. The highly ornamental necklaces are fastened by clasps made of antelope horns. These horns are hollow and serve also to hold *muti*, medicinal charms of various kinds. Beauty cuts adorn the face and arms.



**READY FOR THE MARRIAGE MARKET: USQENILE MADIBA, A THOROUGH-BRED ZULU INTOMBI.**

The build of this type is heavy and powerful; the features coarse and negroid. The *ipafu* coiffure consists of a thick crest of woolly hair, outlined by a shaven border. The rest is plaited with grass into semi-recumbent rat-tails. Plaited grass rings, studded with beads, *imbishu*, are fastened above and in front of the ears. A short piece of reed keeps the holes in the ear lobes open for further ornamentation. The catch of the necklace of beads is of duiker antelope horn.



**A WOMAN OF A FAMOUS FIGHTING RACE: DUMAZELE NDIMANDE, A FULL-BLOODED ZULU.**

This full-blooded Zulu damsel comes, of course, of a race famous for its fighting capacities. She is wearing a plain *gveluga* head-dress, in which the hair is pinched together in clumps and knotted. The head-band is fashioned of coloured beads worked on plaited grass. The holes in the ear lobes are kept fully distended by means of tightly rolled palm leaves. This type is tall, squarely built, and immensely strong. The skin is glossy and chocolate-brown.



**A REFINED TYPE: UKEKE ZUNGU, AN IMMATURE GIRL OF THE ZUNGU, A HILL TRIBE.**

The lips are of Zulu formation, but the comparatively refined features, slim neck, small bones, and shapely breasts, indicate some softening southern blood. This type, common at fairly high altitudes, is adaptable and intelligent, generally hardy, though somewhat subject to chest troubles. The hair is dressed in the *gusotsika* style, that is, the short curly hair is pinched together in bunches, straightened and bound with grass. The front of the head is shaven. Note the "beauty scars."

The recent disturbances among the natives in Natal lend interest to Captain Blackburn's unique photographs of women belonging to various tribes in that country, and his descriptions obtained from them at first hand. In a general note on the illustrations he writes:

[Continued below.]

[Continued.]

"A transition, at will, from the 'bob,' through the 'shingle' to the 'bingle,' would be beyond the powers of women of the Bantu races of Africa. To compensate for this, however, every branch of the race and every tribe of the branch has a style of head-dress which is always distinctive. To avoid monotony and to allow a certain amount of individuality, certain alterations are allowed for various occasions, various conditions of the wearer, and to differentiate between girls and married women. From the coiffure of the African negroid women, one can

immediately determine the tribe to which they belong as surely as one can a Scottish clan by the tartan. But, whereas a plaid may be worn with comparative impunity by Ikey McDonald and Silas K. Gee, the regulations governing the various native head-dresses are inviolable. The life of the unspoiled native is controlled by very definite customs that are really laws. For a married woman to do without a leather pinafore of at least three hands width would be akin to eating peas with a knife on guest night in the Guards' Mess."



## AN AMAZING PALÆOLITHIC "POMPEII" IN MORAVIA.—I.

### REVELATIONS CONCERNING THE MAMMOTH-HUNTERS OF CENTRAL EUROPE.

By Professor Dr. KARL ABSOLON, of the University of Prague, Curator of the Moravian Government Museum at Brno (Brünn), and Chief Discoverer of the Prehistoric Remains in Moravia.

FOUR years ago Sir Arthur Keith, M. C. Burkitt, and I published in *The Illustrated London News* (Nos. 4515, 4516, 4517, and 4518) extensive reports about important finds of fossil man and his culture, made by various explorers, especially by

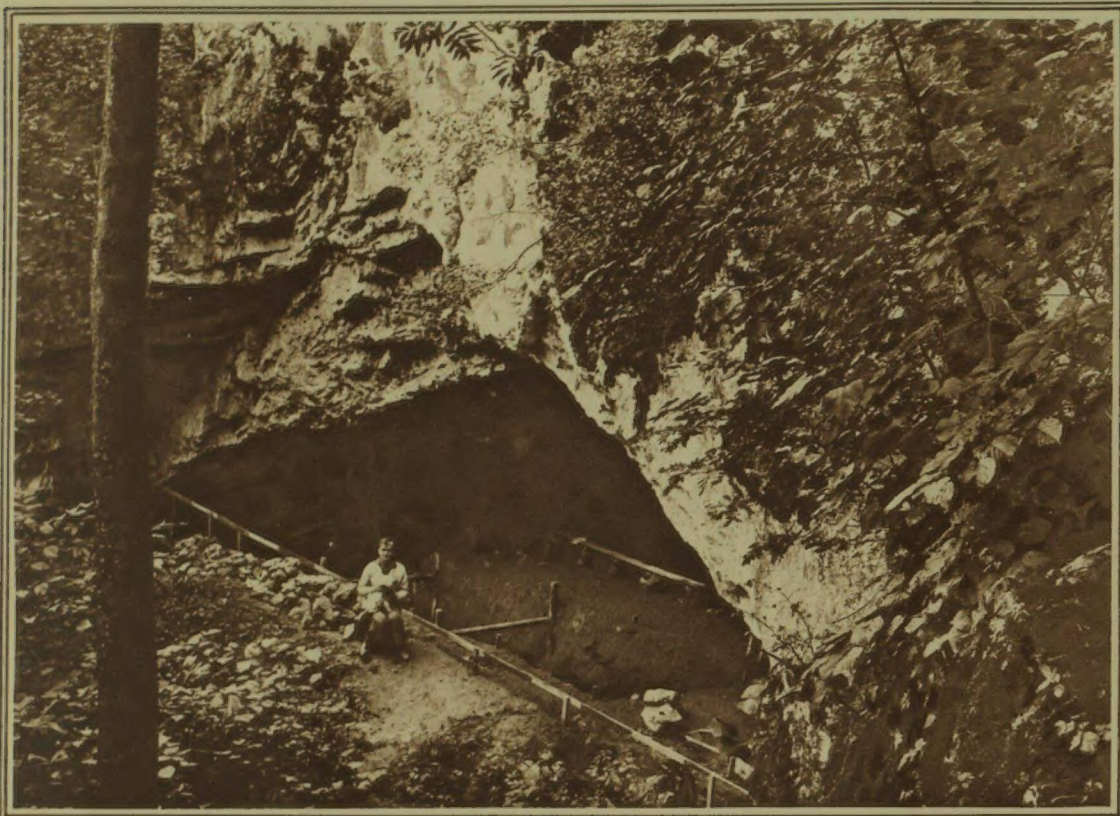
We have not had such a comprehensive section in Central Europe (Fig. 4) before, and this one gives us a firm scientific basis for further research. This stratigraphic revision leads us to a most important result—namely, that there is no older

a pretty strong but seeming likeness with the manual products of West European Older Palæolithic. There is no doubt that in the East of Europe and Asia there is neither Acheulean nor Mousterian, but only this primitive Aurignacian. It is always found in the lowest position, and the stone implements are made, for the most part, of rough quartzite. This was the first culture of the Old Aurignacian invasion of mammoth-hunters coming from Asia, the cradle of mankind.

These stone tools are significant also on account of their big size: in the station of Ondratice I have discovered an entirely new "species" of tools, which I denote as "Gigantoliths," as they are usually from 1 to 6 kilograms in weight. They are triangular (three-sided) wedges, borers, points, scrapers, side-scrapers, gravers, throwing-discs, etc. Their huge size is surprising, and can be explained only by the fact that the old hunters had need of them when hunting such big animals as mammoths, as well as when quartering them, preparing their skins for use, etc. Later on, this primitive Aurignacian developed universally into a perfect Upper Aurignacian industry, boasting an immense variety and perfection of its stone industry. The latter forms the chief product of the famous stations at Předmostí, Ondratice, Věstonice, Petřkovice, and elsewhere, but the same industry (Upper Aurignacian) is to be found also, though to a much smaller extent, in the caves. The mammoth-hunters are, in fact, the outstanding feature of ancient Moravia. Their habitations are of world-wide importance, because at the time of their occupation Moravia was the scene where man passed through important phases in his development.

It is probable that in the wide plains of Russia, and in those of Asia, stations similar to those in Moravia will be found, but as yet none approaching the extent of the Moravian ones is even known, much less explored. The accompanying pictures and sketches will give a better explanation than long descriptions. One thing is certain—namely, that the mammoth-hunters killed these huge pachyderms in hundreds, and that in diluvial Moravia a great tragedy, like the destruction of elephants in Africa, took place.

The Věstonice (Wisternitz) station, which lies halfway between Vienna and Brno (Brünn)—one hour's journey by motor-car from Brno—is close by the main road. It seems almost incredible that, in spite of the



1. THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THE PALÆOLITHIC STATIONS DISCOVERED IN MORAVIA—A HOME OF REINDEER- AND MAMMOTH-HUNTERS: THE PEKÁRNA CAVE—ITS ENTRANCE.

The cave-entrance is 15 metres wide; and the depth of this haunt of reindeer- and mammoth-hunters is 70 metres. In Moravia the Aurignacian culture is represented more in stations unearthed from a mantle of loess than it is in caves. In other words, the Aurignacian mammoth-hunters favoured life in the open, in tents or huts; while the later Magdalenians preferred to shelter in caves.

Wankel, Maška, Kříž, and myself, in Moravia, Czechoslovakia. In the last four years I have organised the research on a larger scale, with the approval of the Czechoslovakian Government, of the Moravian governmental offices, and of the Caroline University of Prague; and, although the means that have been given to me are very inadequate to the task, I have attained such results that Moravia has thereby become one of the most important countries for the study of the origin of man and human culture. We have here, under loess, the largest Palæolithic stations in the world, stations that extend over several square kilometres. It is because Moravia was a kind of passage, by way of which the fossil mankind of the increasing Aurignacian tribe penetrated from Asia through Russia to the West of Europe. Of these stations we now know about one hundred in Moravia, but only a small part of their area is explored as yet. In spite of this, a great light has been thrown on the antiquity of humanity. The extremely rich new material enables us not only to reconstruct the life of prehistoric man, his appearance and culture, but also to revise some older and less correct scientific views concerning him.

I cannot give here a full list and description of these stations, but I shall just mention something about the exploration of the most important among them. They are: Věstonice, Předmostí, Petřkovice, Pekárna, and Ondratice. Pekárna is a cave (Fig. 1); the rest of them are in loess on the slopes of hills. Pekárna is the most important; Věstonice the largest of them. The entrance to Pekárna cave is 15 metres wide; in depth the cave measures 63 metres, and I have divided its whole surface into 67 m.<sup>2</sup>; this area I have for the most part dug with the aid of my fellow-worker, R. Czižek, and we have obtained accurate sections of the layers that lie one on top of the other. There are here ten such layers (4 metres high in all), which have been preserved for us the prehistoric picture of the fate and history that the nations of Central Europe had passed through during a period of 100,000 years.

Palæolithic culture in Moravia, and that strata which have been formerly taken for Acheulean and Mousterian are really primitive Aurignacian, whose numerous types show by means of convergency



2. A PALÆOLITHIC "POMPEII": LOESS-COVERED SLOPES OF THE LIMESTONE HILLS AT VESTONICE, THE BIGGEST OF THE MAMMOTH-HUNTERS' SETTLEMENTS IN MORAVIA.

Thousands of years ago the land here was a camping-ground for mammoth-hunters, prehistoric men and women who left behind them many traces of their culture—ashes, burnt and unburnt bones, and countless objects—which were afterwards buried in the loess blown over them, and so were preserved for us



nearness of two great cities, it remained completely unknown for such a long time. In 1924 I started a systematic research, which will take several decades to complete, and probably will not be finished until the next generation. I have drawn a precise plan of work: the whole area in question has been divided in square metres, which are being dug in long, parallel ditches and the contents of each metre are carefully described, drawn, and photographed. I am fully aware of my great responsibility to future generations. Hence I consider it a great gain to archaeology that an untouched station has been explored from the very beginning methodically and in accordance with modern views. Though the research is expensive enough, it is essentially simple. The limestone hills (Pálava hills) are for the most part covered with loess (Fig. 2) blown there in the diluvial times (by wind), and at varying depth in this loess there stretches a single layer of culture varying in thickness. It lies from 0.1 metre to 5 metres deep below the surface; its thickness varies from 0.2 to

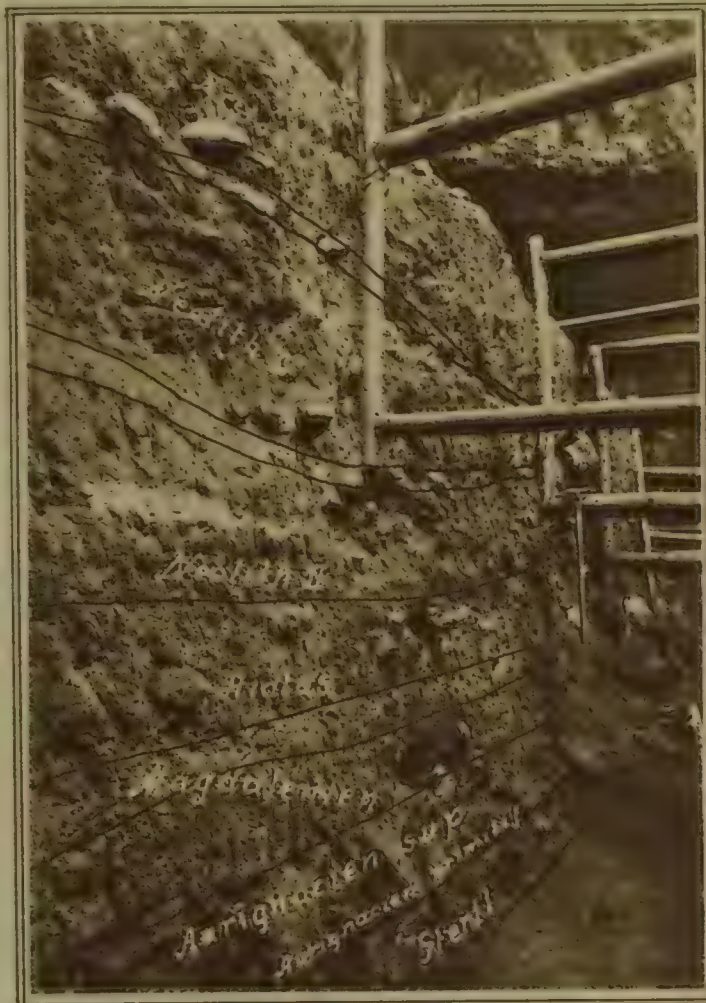
excavation will reveal. We were compelled, unfortunately, by want of money to stop further work in this place, though from the ground-plan (Fig. 6) attached, the direction and manner of its extension is quite evident. The refuse-heaps we have protected from the sun and the rain by means of improvised roofs, and are thus enabled to take photographs of even large areas *in situ* and so record the mode of classification of bones used by the diluvial hunters. In the refuse-heap discovered in 1925, no tusks were found in the whole area of 45 square metres; but in that encountered in 1926, on the other hand, three heaps of tusks were piled one over another, between which was left a narrow path (Figure 13). In the same year an imposing sight opened before our astonished eyes, when we

discovered a field of huge pelvic bones (Fig. 14) of adult mammoths. The skulls are usually broken to pieces, because mammoth-brain was appreciated by primitive hunters as a delicacy. Nevertheless, we found an intact skull of strikingly large proportions in 1928 (Figure 15). Long bones (femurs, tibiae) were found also in strange position forming a half-circle, so that their broken ends all pointed in one direction: evidently the fire

was kept alight by the fat which flowed out of the ends of the burning bones into the flames.

Lower jaw-bones lie generally apart, and the teeth have often been knocked out and piled up in heaps. In 1927 we found at Předmostí a jaw-bone within which was a red-painted stone club (Fig. 9) which might have been used for striking out the teeth from the jaw-bones—a unique discovery. From 1924 to 1929 we counted as many as sixty mammoths, all of them caught and killed by man, on the area of 1600 square metres.

There cannot be the least doubt that the hunters did not attack these powerful animals "face to face," but caught them by cunning,



4. THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE SECTION OF PALÆOLITHIC AND LATER CENTRAL EUROPE: STRATA OF THE PEKÁRNA CAVE—FROM PRIMITIVE AURIGNACIAN AND UPPER AURIGNACIAN TO HISTORICAL TIMES.

There are ten distinct layers, representing a period which Dr. Absolon believes to have extended over 100,000 years.

enticing or driving them into large pitfalls. The picture (Figure 16) shows a stratum dipping abruptly downwards. It must have been purposely made; dug in diluvial times. We intend to try to open this pitfall, for such I take it to be. Mammoths trapped and caught were killed by large stones, trimmed to serve such a purpose. These stones might have been suspended in strong leather straps and thus let down on the animals by the united efforts of several men, in the same way that navvies drive piles into river-beds by means of rams. I have found one such stone, trimmed like a big pear, or bomb, 1 metre long, and weighing over 120 pounds (Fig. 11).

Let me explain at this point the method which we use in the excavation of these kitchen-middens. First of all, the layer of loess covering the refuse-heap is carefully removed from every bone while it still remains *in situ*, but only three-quarters of the bone is so exposed (Fig. 8). At the same time, while still in earth, the bone is sprinkled over with Mollison's tincture, and thus it is hardened; otherwise it would soon fall to pieces, especially the brittle tusks. Single blocks of the loess with their affixed bones are then carefully cut off by means of saws. To lift and pack these in boxes (Figures 7 and 10) is the hardest part of our task. In the museum, whole kitchen-middens are reconstructed as they were in the earth. I should be happy if some larger specimen of these Moravian prehistoric records could become part of the collections of the British Museum of Natural History, as a proof of Czechoslovakia's respect for the great English nation, and also as a token of my own esteem for my English friends and teachers, Keith, Sollas, Smith Woodward, Pearson, Elliot Smith, Burkitt, and others.

(To be continued.)



3. OFFICIAL INTEREST IN THE REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES IN MORAVIA: DR. T. G. MASARYK, PRESIDENT OF THE CZECHOSLOVAK REPUBLIC (LEFT), WITH M. ČERNÝ, THEN THE PRIME MINISTER, AND DR. ABSOLON, THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE HERE GIVEN (CENTRE), INSPECTING AN EXCAVATED KITCHEN-MIDDEN OF THE MAMMOTH-HUNTERS.

1½ metres. It consists of ashes, burned and unburned bones, and countless objects (Fig. 5). Thousands of years ago this layer was a land surface. It has become covered with loess, and has thus been mercifully preserved up to our time.

A systematic labelling of discovered articles, and the recording of their position in the plan, enables us gradually to make a reconstruction of the original settlement. We perceive that certain areas were used by the mammoth-hunters only as living abodes, where the tents stood side by side, with extensive fireplaces and large refuse-pits (kitchen-middens) where the bones of mammoth, lion, rhinoceros, reindeer, horse, Arctic fox, etc., were heaped and classified. Flint tools and bone implements are mostly found near the fireplaces. Bones are generally shattered and arranged in heaps. Refuse-heaps differ in size: 17 square metres (found in 1924), 45 square metres (found in 1925), 57 square metres (found in 1926), 15 square metres (1927). In 1927 and 1928 we discovered, in the presence of our President, T. G. Masaryk (Fig. 3), and of the Prime Minister, Jan Černý, a kitchen-midden of 130 square metres, which, moreover, is not its whole area; how much more only further



5. THE UNEARTHING OF THE PALÆOLITHIC "POMPEII" IN MORAVIA: BONES AND OTHER OBJECTS IN POSITION, AS FOUND BENEATH THE MANTLE OF LOESS AT THE VESTONICE STATION.



**A GREAT STONE-AGE  
TRAGEDY—  
THE SLAYING OF THE  
MAMMOTHS:  
KITCHEN-MIDDEN EVIDENCE;  
A "KILLER"; AND A TOOTH-  
REMOVING CLUB.**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF  
DR. KARL ABSOLON. (COPYRIGHT.)

Chief among the illustrations on this double-page may be ranked those two which are concerned with the mammoth-hunters' great kitchen-midden covering over 130 square metres, which was found in 1927-1928 (6, 12 and 13). Three heaps of tusks (piled one over the other) were a feature of this; and between the heaps was a narrow path. Dr. Absolon says in his article: "We were compelled . . . to stop further work in this place"; but his ground-plan (6) makes evident the direction and the manner of the extension. The heaps in question were protected from the sun and the rain by means of improvised roofs while photographs were taken. This was difficult; but the really hard labour after the preliminary excavations was entailed by the necessity for preserving the remains, and trans-

(Continued below)



9. A UNIQUE DISCOVERY: THE JAW-BONE OF A MAMMOTH WITH (INSIDE IT) A RED-PAINTED STONE CLUB, WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN USED FOR KNOCKING OUT THE BEAST'S TEETH.



11. DOUBTLESS USED FOR KILLING MAMMOTHS TRAPPED IN A PITFALL: A TRIMMED STONE WEIGHING OVER 120 LB. (1 METRE IN LENGTH)—SEE OUR FRONT PAGE.

7. CLEARING  
REMAINS FROM  
A KITCHEN-  
MIDDEN:  
REMOVING THE  
BOXES PACKED  
WITH BLOCKS  
OF LOESS WITH  
THE PREHISTORIC  
BONES IN  
SITU.



8. THE METHOD OF PRESERVING THE BONES FOR TRANSPORT: CUTTING LOESS AWAY FROM THE REMAINS, BUT LEAVING A PART OF IT TO HOLD THE BONES IN SITU—THREE-QUARTERS OF THEM EXPOSED.



10. THE TRANSPORTATION OF A KITCHEN-MIDDEN FOR RECONSTRUCTION IN A MUSEUM: THE CONTENTS OF ONE OF THE HUNTERS' REFUSE-PITS PACKED IN BOXES FOR REMOVAL.

12. BONES BY THE HUNDRED IN A KITCHEN-MIDDEN THAT COVERED OVER 130 SQUARE METRES: REMAINS OF THE PREY OF PALEOLITHIC HUNTERS OF MORAVIA, AS DISCOVERED BY DR. ABSOLON; A PLAN OF THE BIG REFUSE-PIT—EVIDENCE OF A STONE-AGE TRAGEDY OF KILLING.



12. IN THE AMAZING KITCHEN-MIDDEN THAT COVERED OVER 130 SQUARE METRES: A PANORAMIC PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BIG REFUSE-PIT, INCLUDING THREE HEAPS OF THE TUSKS OF MAMMOTHS SLAIN BY THE PALEOLITHIC HUNTERS, ARRANGED IN ORDERLY FASHION AND WITH A PATH BETWEEN THE PILES. (SEE ALSO FIGS. 6 AND 13)

(Continued.)  
porting them. To quote Dr. Absolon: "First of all, the layer of loess covering the refuse-heap is carefully removed from every bone while it remains *in situ*, but only three-quarters of the bone is so exposed (8). At the same time, while still in earth, the bone is sprinkled over with Mellin's siccative, and thus it is hardened; otherwise it would soon fall to pieces, especially the brittle tusks. Single blocks of loess, with their affixed bones, are then carefully cut off with saws. To lift and pack these in boxes is the hardest part of our task. In the Museum, whole kitchen-middens are reconstructed as they were in the earth." As to other pictures here given, it may be remarked, as is noted elsewhere, that it appears to be proved that the Paleolithic hunters did not meet their huge quarry face to face, but trapped it by means of pitfalls, and then killed it with specially prepared stones. In Photograph 11 is shown a stone that was probably used as a "killer." "Mammoths trapped and caught," says Dr. Absolon, "were killed by large stones, trimmed to serve such a purpose." This point is illustrated in a reconstruction-drawing made by Mr. Forester and published on our front page. It is noteworthy, in this connection, that Dr. Absolon discovered, at the Ondraice station, a new "species" of tools which he has called "Gigantoliths," from the fact that most of them weigh from one to six kilogrammes. These include triangular wedges, borers, pointers, scrapers, side-scrapers, gravers, throwing-disks, and so on. "Their huge size is surprising," he adds, "and can be explained only by the fact that the old hunters had need of them when hunting such big animals as mammoths, as well as when quartering them, preparing their skins for use, etc. . . . Later on this primitive Aurignacian industry developed universally into a perfect Upper Aurignacian industry, boasting an immense variety and perfection of its stone industry." The jaw-bone in Photograph 9 is mentioned as follows: "Lower jaw-bones lie generally apart, and the teeth have often been knocked out and piled up in heaps. In 1927, we found at Predmosti a jaw-bone within which was a red-painted stone club which might have been used for striking out the teeth from the jaw-bones—a unique discovery." To give some idea of the amount of hunting that must have been done, it may be recalled that between 1924 and this year the archaeologists counted as many as sixty mammoths, all of them caught and killed by man, in an area of 1600 square metres. The comment is: "One thing is certain—namely, that the mammoth-hunters killed these huge pachyderms in that in diurnal Moravia a great tragedy, like the destruction of elephants in Africa, took place." An interesting, and very topical, point, this, when there is so much discussion as to the destruction of *Elephas africanus* by spear-armed and rifle-armed natives, to say nothing of big game hunters.



## MAMMOTH REMAINS IN MORAVIA: HEAPED BONES IN MIDDENS; AND A MAN-MADE PITFALL.



13. IN ORDERED ARRAY: HEAPS OF MAMMOTH-TUSKS FROM BEASTS SLAIN BY THE PALÆOLITHIC HUNTERS LAID IN A GREAT KITCHEN-MIDDEN WITH A PATH LEFT BETWEEN THE PILES. (SEE ALSO 6 AND 12).



14. REMAINS OF ADULT MAMMOTHS WHICH HAD, NO DOUBT, BEEN KILLED BY TRAPPING, RATHER THAN BY HUNTERS MEETING THEM FACE TO FACE: A STORE OF HUGE PELVIC BONES.



15. A MAMMOTH-SKULL OF STRIKINGLY LARGE SIZE: A RARE DISCOVERY, BECAUSE THE SKULLS OF THE GREAT BEASTS WERE USUALLY FOUND TO HAVE BEEN BROKEN TO PIECES, THE HUNTERS CONSIDERING MAMMOTH-BRAIN A DELICACY.



16. ADVANCED AS PROOF THAT THE MAMMOTHS WERE TRAPPED IN PITFALLS, AND NOT FOUGHT FACE TO FACE: REMAINS IN A STRATUM THAT FALLS ABRUPTLY DOWNWARDS, AND IS, DOUBTLESS, PART OF A MAN-MADE PIT.

Dr. Absolon discovered that certain areas were used by the Palæolithic mammoth-hunters exclusively as dwelling-places. There their tents stood one beside the other, and there were extensive fireplaces and big kitchen-middens. In these latter, the bones of the great beasts that had been slain, and those of smaller beasts—including lion, rhinoceros, reindeer, Arctic fox, horse, etc.—were heaped and classified. The middens found varied in size from 17 square metres. In the middens excavated in 1925 no tusks were found, but in the following year a midden yielded three heaps of mammoth-tusks piled on one another, with a path left between them (6, 12, and 13). Also in that year was unearthed the collection of pelvic bones of adult mammoths which is illustrated in Photograph 14. With regard to the skull shown in 15, Dr. Absolon notes in his article:

"The skulls are usually broken to pieces, because mammoth-brain was appreciated by primitive hunters as a delicacy. Nevertheless, we found a skull of strikingly large proportions in 1928." The evidence would seem to prove, it should be added, that the mammoths were trapped in pitfalls, and not slain by hunters meeting them face to face in the open. Photograph 16 illustrates this point; as does the reconstruction-drawing published on our front page.



## "MIXED MARRIAGES" IN THE ANIMAL WORLD: SOME INTERESTING HYBRIDS.



THE HYBRID FOAL OF A FEMALE MOUNTAIN ZEBRA CROSSED WITH A MALE SOMALI WILD ASS: THE PARTLY STRIPED "BABY" AND ITS MOTHER.



A CROSS BETWEEN THE BROWN BEAR AND THE POLAR BEAR: A TYPE OF HYBRID BRED IN THE "ZOO" AT STUTTGART.



THE OFFSPRING OF A COCK PHEASANT AND A DOMESTIC WHITE WYANDOTTE HEN: A STERILE HYBRID.



A "BLEND" OF MAN-EATERS: THE HYBRID OFFSPRING OF A LIONESS AND A TIGER.



THE OFFSPRING OF A PEACOCK AND A DOMESTIC HEN: A HYBRID BELIEVED TO BE UNIQUE.



A CROSS BETWEEN AN ITALIAN DOMESTIC ASS AND A GREVY'S ZEBRA, OF ABYSSINIA: A HYBRID HIGHLY MARKED WITH THE NARROW STRIPES OF THE LATTER SPECIES.



THE OFFSPRING OF A FEMALE TIMBER WOLF AND A DOMESTIC DOG: A HYBRID SOMEWHAT RESEMBLING THE ALSATIAN BREED.

"Hybrid animals," writes Dr. O. Heinroth, "such as mules, which are perhaps the best known amongst them, are usually sterile. There have been known instances of mules having progeny, but they are exceedingly rare, and in Mediterranean countries such an occurrence is considered a bad omen. Amongst the larger wild beasts the hybrid is the result of different species being together from early childhood in 'Zoos,' but they prove the rule, as they rarely have young ones. In the Stuttgart 'Zoo' a cross between the brown bear and the Polar bear was bred, and these hybrids were fruitful, as has also happened elsewhere. The cock pheasant breeding with the common hen seems to produce sterile progeny. The mixture of peacock and domestic fowl is the same. The zebra can be crossed with the ass, resulting in somewhat long-eared offspring, whose stripes vary considerably. They can be just as marked as the zebra's, or be quite lacking. The one shown in our photograph is highly marked, and comes doubtless from the Grevy's Zebra, an Abyssinian species, which can now

often be seen in 'Zoos,' and is marked by large wide ears, narrow stripes, and heavy build. The zebra can also be crossed with the horse, usually a zebra stallion with a mare. The resulting 'zebroids' also vary considerably; for instance, the stripes can appear on the legs only, or else spread over the whole body. They are strong animals with great powers of endurance, and are used for drawing loads."



# THE SUBMARINE QUESTION.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

*the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.*

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

THE Naval Conference which is to be held in London next January ought to decide the submarine question. It is known that a result of Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald's conversations at Washington was the decision

and more visible colleagues deserve for the same reason. Neither do the submarines differ in any way from other war-ships as instruments of blockade. A submarine can, like a cruiser, stop merchant-vessels, subject them to a visit of inspection, and conduct them to a port. One cannot see why what is permitted to a cruiser should be forbidden to a submarine, merely because she can, at certain moments, render herself invisible by diving.

But, then, why is it that the submarines alone enjoy the sad privilege of being detested as an inhuman arm of

their base, the German submarines could not conduct the enemy merchantmen to their ports. Their coasts, also, were blockaded, and, although the submarines could easily pass the blockade by navigating under water when they were alone, they could not have passed so easily if they had been forced to navigate on the surface in order to bring in the merchant-vessels they had captured. Not being able to make them prizes, they torpedoed them where they were, and the merchant-vessels foundered with all hands. Such barbarous proceedings justly aroused general indignation. The seas, which were the common highways of humanity, were sown with awful ambushes. Europe and the United States, which, in the course of the nineteenth century had nearly suppressed the right of capture, saw suddenly the most powerful State in the world arrogate to itself the right of general extermination on the high seas. Everything that can be done to prevent the repetition of the terrors of submarine warfare will be well done; but it is the destruction of the merchant-vessels themselves that must be avoided, not only their destruction in so far as it is the work of submarines. If a Power arrogated to itself the right of sinking the merchant-vessels of its adversary at sight, it would make itself guilty of the crime of high treason against humanity, the same as if the vessels were sunk by submarines.

But, looked at from this angle, the question of the submarines is no longer more than a particular case of a more general problem: that of the respective rights of belligerents and neutrals in naval warfare. To what extent has a belligerent the right of closing the seas to his adversary; and what pressure can he exercise on neutrals in order to succeed? Those are the questions to which Americans have given the name of "the liberty of the seas." The submarines take us back to the question—one of the gravest ever placed before Western civilisation, a question in which, and with which, the future of that civilisation is probably bound up. I have already explained here how the question was evolved from the unforeseen complications of the World War, but I think it would be useful to recapitulate what I have said. In view of that serious debate upon armaments which will soon begin, it is necessary that the mind of the public, if it does not wish to get lost in technical detail, should know certain facts whose capital importance has not been sufficiently recognised at present.

When the war broke out, one idea spread itself with electrical rapidity in the countries attacked by Germany; they all rallied to it, with the unanimity of certainty. If Germany was stronger on land, the Allies were masters of the sea and were going to strangle her with formidable weapons and by the blockade. That idea supported the Allies' courage during the first months of the war. The public who fortified themselves with this idea were ignorant that the Declaration of Paris, in 1856, and the Declaration of London, in 1909, made the blockade of Germany juridically impossible. If the Declaration of London had not yet been ratified by a certain number of Powers, the



THE SCENE OF DISCOVERY OF SIXTH-CENTURY FLOOR MOSAICS ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR IN THIS NUMBER:  
RUINS OF THREE CHURCHES AT JERASH, IN TRANS-JORDAN.

The above photograph shows a complex of three churches, opening on a common forecourt, built in the reign of Justinian. That in the centre, with two lofty columns, was dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and finished in 531 A.D. In plan this church was a circle in a square. It contained floor mosaics with representations of Alexandria and other Egyptian towns. Left of this (north) is a basilica dedicated to SS. Cosmas and Damianus, 532 A.D., also decorated with fine mosaics. On the right, hardly visible, is another basilica, which was dedicated to St. George, 529 A.D.

Photographs by Courtesy of Mr. John Crowfoot, C.B.E., Leader of the Joint Expedition of Yale University and the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem.

to propose to Japan, France, and Italy the suppression of submarines. Between now and January the question of undersea craft will be much discussed. Let us try to understand how it is that the World War came to propound this question, consideration of which has preoccupied all nations for the last ten years. It is indisputable that there is a hostile undercurrent of feeling towards submarines almost everywhere. That current runs with special strength in Anglo-Saxon countries. Submarines are accused of being inhuman weapons of war. That kind of scruple is rare enough in an epoch which waged the most sanguinary war in history, and, consequently, deserves to be examined with attention on the few occasions on which it manifests itself.

It does not seem that the submarine as an engine of war is either more or less inhuman than many other modern weapons, devices against which no one raises any objections. The submarine is a torpedo-boat which can submerge itself and disappear in the heart of the sea. In actual war-operations, there is no difference between a cruiser being sunk by a submarine or by a vessel on the surface. It is just as cruel in the one case as in the other; it ought to be equally allowed or forbidden in the one case as in the other. Will people say that it is much more difficult to defend oneself against a submarine, and that, therefore, the submarine is still more dangerous, so dangerous that it becomes inhuman? It would then follow logically that all the engines of war invented during the last fifty years—for maritime or land wars—would have to be abolished at the same time as the submarine. They are all so deadly that they should be condemned as inhuman; for all endeavour to strike their opponents without those antagonists being able to reply. That is the most important question to-day in all deliberations with regard to war. "Fire first, Gentlemen of the Guards," is a saying which belongs to the legends of the past, if, indeed, it does not take its place among the sayings of those who are never tired of idealising the past.

As a weapon of war, the submarine may be described as ferocious, but it shares that unsympathetic quality with many other engines of war which no one thinks of abolishing. Personally, I shall consider it as a happy day in the history of the world when men decide to abolish all these weapons; but, as that day seems far distant, one cannot see why the submarines alone should draw down upon themselves a hatred which many of their larger

warfare, at a time which is so indulgent to the ferocity of all other instruments of war? Is that detestation due to a simple illusion, or to an error? No; there is a reason



WHERE SOME OF THE SIXTH-CENTURY PAVEMENT MOSAICS ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR IN THIS NUMBER WERE FOUND: RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL AT JERASH.

This church was in plan a basilica. On the floor of the nave were pictures of Alexandria and Memphis in mosaics. Other features to be noted are (1) well-preserved seats for the Bishop and priests round the central apse; (2) in front of the middle seat a stone reliquary which was built into the altar; (3) remains of the stone chancel screen in the south aisle.

for it. It is a consequence of the destruction that the Imperial German submarines wrought during the World War. This destruction was one of the most atrocious surprises prepared for our epoch by the multiplication of engines of war. Operating at too great a distance from

Declaration of Paris was a treaty which had long been signed and ratified by all the European States, and it ought to have become law. With this absolute confidence in the mastery of the seas, public opinion exercised in all countries such pressure on the Governments that they

[Continued on page 918.]



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**CAPTAIN RICHARD BETHELL.**  
Died suddenly in his sleep on November 15. Born, April, 1883; only child of Lord and Lady Westbury. Formerly Secretary to Mr. Howard Carter, of Tutankhamen Tomb fame.



**DR. CHARLES HOSE.**  
Died on November 14, aged sixty-six. Formerly Divisional Resident and Member of the Supreme Council, Sarawak. An administrator of distinction and high courage.



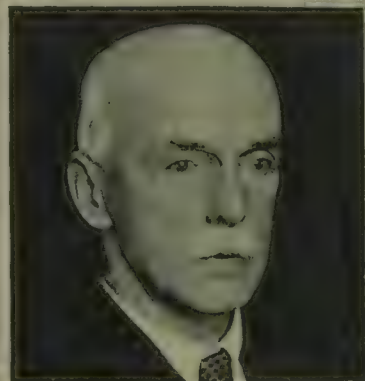
**M. GRIGORII SOKOLNIKOFF.**  
Soviet Ambassador - Designate to Great Britain. Aged forty-one. His real name is Grigorii Yakovlevich Brilliant. An "Old Guard" Russian revolutionary.



**THE TENTH EARL OF HARRINGTON.**  
Killed while hunting on November 16. Born, October 9, 1887. A Staff Captain in France during the Great War. Master of his own foxhounds. Succeeded to the title in 1928.



**DR. O. W. RICHARDSON.**  
Awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics, 1928. Yarrow Research Professor of the Royal Society, and Director of Research in Physics at King's College, London. Discoverer of the "Richardson Law."



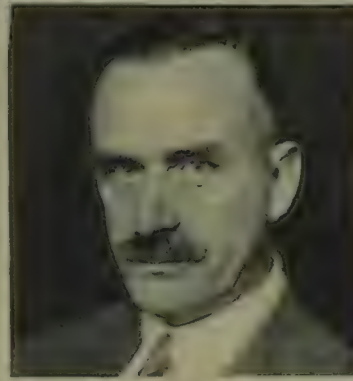
**DR. ARTHUR HARDEN.**  
Divides the Nobel Prize for Chemistry with Professor von Euler, of Stockholm. Head of the Biochemical Department of the Lister Institute. Professor of Biochemistry, London University.



**THE RT. HON. T. P. O'CONNOR, P.C., M.P.**  
Died on November 18. Born, October 5, 1848. The "Father" of the House of Commons. For many years famous as a journalist, an author, and a Parliamentarian. M.P. (Nat.) for the Scotland Division of Liverpool since 1885. First entered Parliament, as Member for Galway, in 1880.



**MR. JUSTICE BENNETT.**  
It was announced on November 16 that Mr. Charles Alan Bennett, K.C., had been appointed a Justice of the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division. He was born in 1877, and was called to the Bar in 1899.



**HERR THOMAS MANN.**  
Awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. The fifth German to receive the prize. Author of the "Buddenbrooks," "Der Kleine Herr Friedemann," etc. Is now writing "Joseph and his Brethren."



**SIR RONALD LINDSAY.**  
To succeed Sir Esme Howard as British Ambassador in Washington when that diplomat retires early next year. Became Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1928. Born, May 3, 1877, fifth son of the twenty-sixth Earl of Crawford. His wife is an American, as was his first wife.



**PRINCESS VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA (FRAU ZOUBKOFF).**  
Died at Bonn on November 13. Born, April 12, 1866, fifth child of the Emperor Frederick and the Princess Royal. First married to Prince Adolphe zu Schaumburg-Lippe.

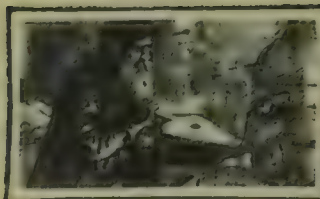


**MRS. LINDSAY-HOGG.**  
Mother of Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, Bt. Accidentally drowned while returning from the hunting-field on November 16. Was the daughter of Captain J. J. Barrow. Married Mr. William Lindsay-Hogg in 1907.



**SIR ROBERT VANSITTART.**  
To succeed Sir Ronald Lindsay as Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Now Principal Private Secretary to the Prime Minister and Under-Secretary of State in the Foreign Office. Born, June 25, 1881. Was Secretary to Lord Curzon when he was Secretary for Foreign Affairs.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### AN ECHO OF RAT WEEK—AND A WARNING.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

"It is surely a little late to discuss 'Rat Week' now," I may be told, "for that event is ancient history, as far as this year goes." Precisely so. And it is just *because* it is "ancient history," so far as

great city. But let us not live in a fool's paradise: the black rat is not only with us yet, but in London, and elsewhere in the country, is rapidly increasing in numbers.

suspected the presence of rats, so he and his son, and a terrier, sat up one night in the kitchen, and they killed—*sixty*! These were brown rats. Our stock of rats, black and brown,



FIG. 1. THE EAR AND FEET OF THE BLACK RAT.

The ear of the black rat is almost translucent, and much larger relatively than that of the brown rat. Its feet also are more adapted to climbing, since the toes can be more widely spread, while its whiskers are longer.

those who took part in it are concerned, that I am reviving the theme now. The institution of "Rat Week" was indeed a wise step, but it seems to tend, almost universally, to beget a sense of duty *done* rather than of duty begun: a sort of feeling of "Thank God, that's over!"

Few seem to realise the urgent need, not merely for a relentless and continuous slaughter, but also the not less emphatic need for a plan of campaign designed to cut off the food supply of these pestiferous rodents, whose presence among us is not merely a drain upon our resources, but a menace to our health. For the sake of a snappy title one talks of "Rat Week," but we should really rather label it "Rat and Mouse Week," for, let there be no mistake about it, the mouse is only a little less formidable than the rat.

The damage done by rats in this country, one way and another, we have recently been told, amounts to something like £15,000,000 a year, while that inflicted by mice runs also into millions! The rat population in any given year is estimated by our greatest expert on this subject, Mr. M. A. C. Hinton, to start with a capital breeding stock of 10,000,000 *pairs* on the 1st of January, giving rise to a population of 41,000,000 *pairs* on December 31st. But for an enormous death-rate and a large number of non-breeding animals, such a prolificness would have appalling results. Of this vast number, only about 1,000,000 are destroyed during "Rat Week"!

One writer to the Press during this week assured us that the black rat was now almost extinct in this country, and this was meant to be a comforting statement, since this animal is the carrier and distributor of that dread disease, the "Plague," whose ravages just before the Great Fire of London wrought such terrible havoc among the inhabitants of our

This formidable beast came over to us from the East in the ships carrying returning Crusaders, and for long centuries enjoyed undisputed possession of the land. Somewhere about 1728 we received the first immigrants of the larger and more destructive, because more numerous, brown rat. The smaller species at once began to decline in numbers, for they could not hold their own against the more powerful new-comers. And so it came about that the black rat was reduced to the verge of extinction—in fact, few people to-day have seen one. But now an unexpected turn of the tide has come, and once more the black rat is becoming a menace. It has only been waiting for an opportunity.

A year or two ago, when the hordes of the brown rat had made themselves a terror in many large public kitchens, the experiment was tried of moving the kitchens to the top of the building. For a time this was a successful move. But presently rats appeared again; but they were the *black* rats! These creatures are great climbers; the brown rat is not. At night black rats climb up stack-pipes, crawl along telegraph and telephone wires, and gain admission through skylights and any other apertures they can find. Even "rat-proof" buildings are infested. I was told, the other day, of some new buildings which are being run up in the City, and are occupied as the floors are ready. Though the upper floors are not yet finished, the occupants of the lower floors have had to have the ledgers rebound, the bindings having been gnawed by rats—and *black* rats at that! They have been induced to take up their quarters in this desirable residence by the smell of scraps of food thrown down by the workmen.

A friend of mine recently moved into another house, not a new one. Before many days he



FIG. 2. THE EAR AND FEET OF THE BROWN RAT.

The ear of the brown rat is shorter and thicker than that of the black rat; the pads on the feet are smaller, and the toes have less freedom of movement, thus making climbing more difficult. The tail is also shorter. A full-grown brown rat may weigh as much as 23 oz., while the black rat does not exceed 5 oz. Our tame white rats are albinos of the brown rat.

is constantly being replenished, as from the days of the Crusaders, by ships entering the docks, though rigid precautions are taken, at least by the Port of London Authority, to reduce this invasion to a minimum. But there is always the danger that ships from the East may bring plague-bearing black rats, when once more we may experience the horrors of the Plague.

It is clear, then, that we want something more than a "Rat Week" to put an end to this menace. Much may be done by cutting off the food-supply not merely in towns, but in the country. All food-scrap should be destroyed. Town-refuse dumps should be prohibited. All corn and hay stacks should be built on a platform standing well off the ground, and the edge of the platform, which should project a foot or more beyond the stack, should be protected by a rat-proof moulding, such as is run round the enclosures at the Zoological Gardens. The saving in corn alone would amount to thousands of pounds a year, while the rat population, deprived of ideal breeding and feeding quarters, would rapidly diminish. All houses should be protected from the invasion of the black rat by means of cones placed on telegraph and telephone wires, as cables to ships are protected by the Port of London Authority. By these means we can materially reduce the number and menace of our rat-invasions. And, finally, we must encourage instead of slaying, as we do at present, the rat's natural enemies, now reduced to owls, kestrels, stoats, and weasels.

I say nothing now of mice and their ravages, for lack of space. But I have surely said enough to justify my having returned to the subject of "Rat Week" after it has passed, for this year at any rate.



FIG. 3. A MENACE TO THE NATION'S FOOD AND HEALTH: HEADS OF THE BROWN RAT (A) AND THE BLACK RAT (B), A POSSIBLE PLAGUE-BEARER; COMPARED WITH THE HARMLESS WATER-RAT (C).

The black rat, or "ship-rat," is a smaller and more delicately built animal than the brown or "Norway rat," and has larger ears and a longer tail. The "water-rat" is really not, strictly speaking, a "rat," but a vole, and is nowhere a nuisance, being confined to the banks of streams and ditches. It has a very short tail, small ears buried in the fur, and a blunt head.



# "SACRED RELICS" OF SCIENCE: HISTORIC APPARATUS FOR DISCOVERIES FUNDAMENTAL TO MODERN INDUSTRY.



JUNE 16, 1825.  
BICARBURET OF HYDROGEN

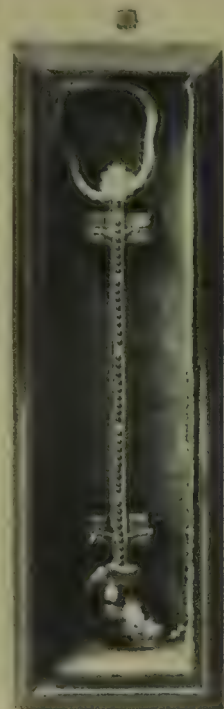
A BASIC DISCOVERY FOR DYES, DRUGS, AND EXPLOSIVES: FARADAY'S ORIGINAL SAMPLE OF BENZENE (THEN CALLED BICARBURET OF HYDROGEN) IN 1825.



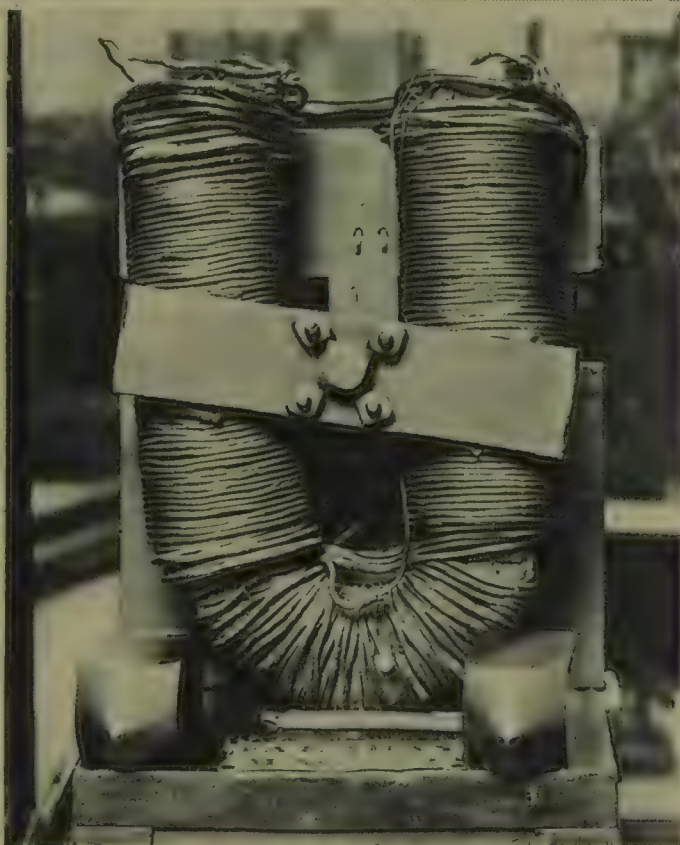
A DISCOVERY THAT SAVED COUNTLESS LIVES IN MINES: DAVY'S FIRST SAFETY LANTERN (1815) AND AN EARLY WIRE-GAUZE SAFETY LAMP.



REPRESENTING MICHAEL FARADAY'S GREAT DISCOVERY OF THE LAWS ON WHICH ALL ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING IS BUILT: HIS WORLD-FAMOUS ELECTRO-MAGNETIC RING OF 1831.



THE FLORENTINE THERMOMETER OF THE ACCADEMIA DEL CIMENTO: AN INSTRUMENT OF 1665.



AN INVENTION OF IMMENSE IMPORTANCE TO THE FUTURE DEVELOPMENT OF "WIRELESS": MICHAEL FARADAY'S ORIGINAL ELECTRO-MAGNET, MADE IN 1845.



DEWAR'S WORK ON LIQUID FILMS: A BOWL IN WHICH HE OFTEN KEPT A LARGE SOAP-BUBBLE MANY WEEKS.



THE GENESIS OF MANY INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENTS: THE SERIES OF VESSELS WHEREBY SIR JAMES DEWAR SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF MAINTAINING A VACUUM—(ON RIGHT) THE FINAL STAGE.



EARLY APPARATUS OF A GREAT SCIENTIST WHOSE DISCOVERIES MADE POSSIBLE MANY MODERN INDUSTRIES: FARADAY'S SPECIFIC INDUCTIVE CAPACITY APPARATUS OF 1837.

A profoundly interesting exhibition of historical scientific apparatus, belonging to the Royal Institution of Great Britain, was opened at the Science Museum, South Kensington, by Sir William Bragg, on November 15, and will remain open, it is expected, throughout the winter. Referring to the work of the Royal Institution, founded 130 years ago, Sir William said: "Probably no place in the world has been the scene of so many great scientific discoveries. While we like to think of the enormous effects of these discoveries on industry and the daily life of the people, we also like to think of the spirit that was behind it all. . . . We handle their apparatus with reverence." In this exhibition, the original apparatus

of such great pioneers as Rumford, Davy, Faraday, Tyndall, Dewar, and others, is for the first time freely shown to the public. Michael Faraday's discoveries laid the foundation of modern electrical engineering. The induction coil and the condenser, essential to the modern "wireless" set, both came from him. In 1845 he turned his attention to the propagation in space of electric "rays and vibrations." His famous "Ring" apparatus, of 1831, comprises two coils of wire wound around an iron ring. Faraday passed an electric current through one of the coils, and found that a separate electric current was induced in the second coil, this current being of sufficient strength to cause a galvanometer-needle to spin.





THE MEN'S DRESS REFORM MOVEMENT: TWO EXAMPLES LATELY DEMONSTRATED AT THE NEW HEALTH SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

New designs for masculine dress, as devised by Dr. Jordan, have been demonstrated in the New Health Society's Exhibition, recently opened at the new Horticultural Hall in Westminster. Our photograph shows two of the designs being inspected by Mr. Gibb McLaughlin (in centre), a well-known film actor.



SCULPTURAL DECORATION FOR THE FRENCH MOROCCAN COLONIES EXHIBITION: A RELIEF. Preparations are actively proceeding, we learn, for the exhibition to be held next year at Vincennes illustrating the French colonies in Morocco. The above relief, by M. Janniot, the French sculptor, is to decorate the façade of the exhibition building.



AN UNUSUAL TYPE OF WAR MEMORIAL: A HOUSE IN A BAVARIAN VILLAGE DECORATED WITH WAR SCENES BY A MUNICH ARTIST.

A novel war memorial was unveiled on November 17 at Barchtesgaden, a well-known summer resort in the Bavarian Alps. The front of an old house in the village square, above the typical colonnade, has been decorated by a Munich artist with life-size paintings, which represent the departure for the front, scenes of fighting, and the final return. In the centre is shown a Crucifix.



POLAND'S FIRST WAR-SHIP: THE NEW 1500-TON DESTROYER "WICHER," LATELY BUILT FOR THE POLISH NAVY.

Poland has not hitherto possessed a Navy, but has lately found it desirable to make such an addition to her armed forces. Her first warship, the destroyer "Wicher," here illustrated, is a vessel of 1500 tons, and carries a crew of 130 men. Her armament includes six torpedo tubes and two anti-aircraft guns.

## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: CURIOSITIES AND INNOVATIONS.



CURIOUS FUNERAL CUSTOMS IN CHINA: PAPER "CAVALRY" (MADE TO BE BURNT AFTER THE CEREMONY) CARRIED IN PROCESSION AT NANKING.

Funerals in the Far East are conducted with many accessories strange to Western eyes. None is more curious, perhaps, than the Chinese custom of carrying in the procession figures of mounted men formed of paper, and destined to be burnt after the ceremony. The idea is said to be to provide a bodyguard for the protection of the deceased in the next world.



AN "UNDERGROUND EYE" FOR OIL-DRILLERS: A NEW CAMERA FOR SUBTERRANEAN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Mr. J. W. Peterson, of Los Angeles, is here seen placing a cinematographic film in a new camera he has invented for subterranean photography. It was designed for oil-drilling in the Californian hills, and produces an accurate record of the progress of a shaft. The bronze tube in which the camera rests protects it against extreme temperatures.



THE LATE "AMIR HABIBULLAH" OF AFGHANISTAN "HANGED" IN EFFIGY: A STREET SCENE AT PESHAWAR. An effigy of Bacha-i-Saqao (the late Amir Habibullah) was "hanged" in Peshawar, during celebrations on the fall of Kabul. The hands are seen tied behind the back, and round the neck are bones and an old pair of shoes. The actual execution of the Amir was recently reported.

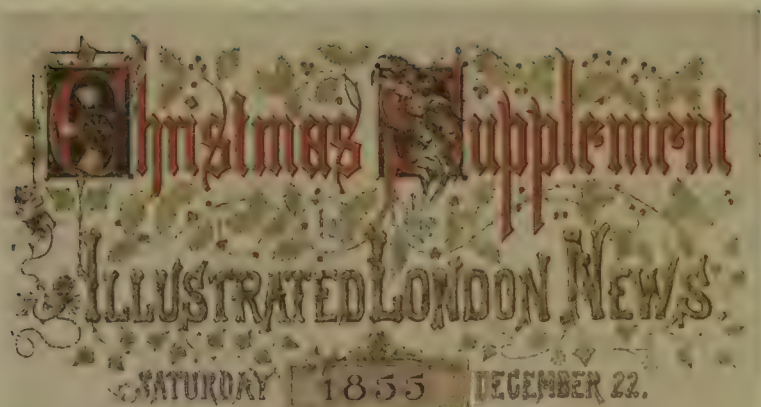


TAKING A SOUND-FILM OF A PRISONER'S CONFESSIONS: AN INNOVATION ADOPTED BY THE AMERICAN POLICE.

The American Police, according to a note supplied with this photograph, have lately adopted the method of making sound-films of prisoners under interrogation. If necessary, it is said, these films are shown in court, and are regarded by the Police, furthermore, as valuable evidence for the purpose of refuting any charges that may be made by defending counsel as to the use of "third degree" methods.



# The First Christmas Number: Our Pioneer Colour-Plates of 1855.



While shepherds watched their flocks by night, all seated on the ground.

"WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT—ALL SEATED ON THE GROUND": A DRAWING BY J. GILBERT.



LONDON: RETURNING FROM CHURCH, CHRISTMAS MORNING. BY G. THOMAS.

"LONDON: . . . RETURNING FROM CHURCH, CHRISTMAS MORNING": A DRAWING BY G. THOMAS.



"A CHRISTMAS CAROL": A DRAWING BY "PHIZ" (HABLOT K. BROWNE).

"The Illustrated London News" was the first paper to institute a Christmas Number and to include in it special plates in colour. The above examples, which each occupied a full page in our issue of December 22, 1855, were the first



"BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD": A DRAWING BY J. GILBERT.

Christmas colour-plates ever published. Our readers will find it interesting to compare them with the finest results of modern colour reproduction in our very elaborate Christmas Number for this year, to appear on November 25.



# Egypt in 6th-Century Trans-Jordan Mosaics: Jerash Discoveries.

FROM PAINTINGS BY IGNAZ REICH, OF THE JOINT EXPEDITION OF YALE UNIVERSITY AND THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHÆOLOGY IN JERUSALEM, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. JOHN CROWFOOT, C.B.E.

THE topographical mosaics representing Egyptian towns (reproduced here and on page 903 in this number) were found in churches which were excavated last spring at Jerash, in Trans-Jordan, by a joint expedition sent by Yale University and the British School of Archæology in Jerusalem, under the direction of Mr. John Crowfoot, C.B.E.

*Continued opposite.*

Our reproductions are from the paintings of Mr. Ignaz Reich, the architect attached to the Expedition. Topographical pictures of this character were probably not uncommon at the period in question—the sixth century A.D.—but these are believed to be the first which have been found on the floors of buildings.



This topographical floor mosaic was found in the nave of a church at Jerash built, according to the Greek inscription in the centre, by a certain Anastasius, no doubt Bishop of the place, in honour of St. Peter and St. Paul. The date of the church is about 540 A.D. The whole picture is nearly 20 ft. long, and originally contained, in the blank space on the extreme left, a view of the famous Alexandrian lighthouse, the Pharos. The word "Pharos," in Greek, is partly visible under the tree on the left, as is also the name, "Alexandria," over the left-hand group of buildings, and part of the name, "Memphis," above those on the right.

ALEXANDRIA LEFT AND MEMPHIS (RIGHT), WITH A GREEK INSCRIPTION: A FLOOR MOSAIC FROM A SIXTH-CENTURY CHURCH AT JERASH.



ALEXANDRIA AND ITS FAMOUS LIGHTHOUSE, THE PHAROS (RIGHT): A SIXTH-CENTURY FLOOR MOSAIC.

The above mosaic, along with that illustrated at the top of page 903 in this number, was found in the north side of a church at Jerash dedicated to St. John the Baptist in 531 A.D. On the left, in the front of the picture shown here, are seen some of the palms, with bunches of red dates, for which the north of Egypt is still famous. The large group of buildings represents the walled city of Alexandria (with its name, in Greek, above), and on the right is the tower and part of the upper octagonal portion of the famous Pharos.



## Topography in Floor Mosaics: 6th-Century "Finds" at Jerash.

FROM PAINTINGS BY IGNAZ REICH, OF THE JOINT EXPEDITION OF YALE UNIVERSITY AND THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHEOLOGY IN JERUSALEM, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. JOHN CROWFOOT, C.B.E.



A FLOOR MOSAIC FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF A CHURCH, DEDICATED TO ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, IN 531 A.D., AT JERASH, IN TRANS-JORDAN: AN EGYPTIAN TOWN, PROBABLY ONE SITUATED ON THE COAST NEAR ALEXANDRIA, AND A TOMB (LEFT) WITH KNOTTED WINDOW-CURTAINS AND A HANGING LAMP IN THE ARCHWAY—COMMON FEATURES IN WALL MOSAICS OF THE PERIOD.



MEMPHIS AND THE NILE: EGYPTIAN TOPOGRAPHY IN A SIXTH-CENTURY FLOOR MOSAIC FROM JERASH.

The above mosaic was discovered on the south side of the Church of St. John the Baptist, at Jerash, which, as already mentioned, dates from 531 A.D. The name of the city has disappeared from this picture, but it obviously represents the same place as that called Memphis in the inscribed mosaic shown in the upper illustration on page 902. In the above picture the Nile is seen flowing past the city walls, and below there was formerly a Nilotic landscape, of which very little now remains.





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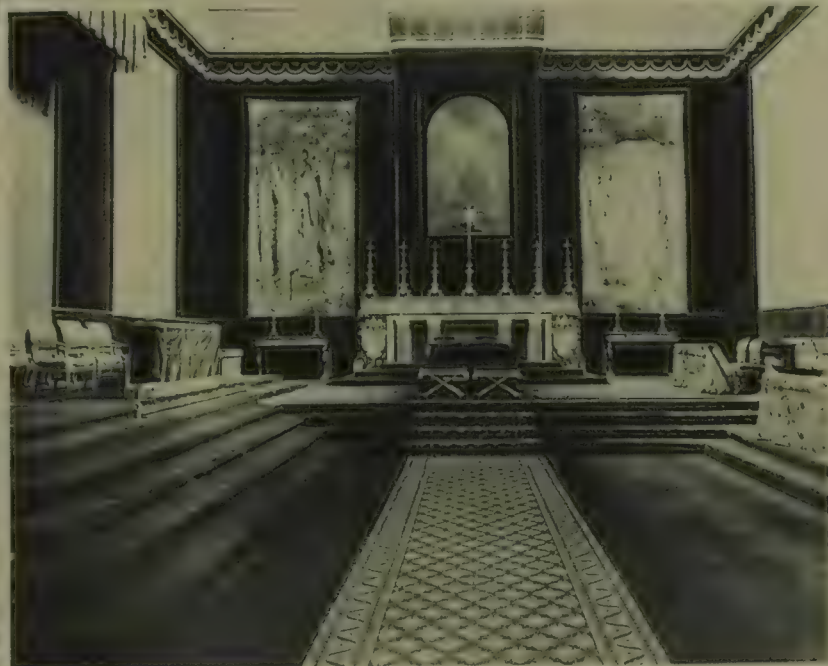
# TOSCA



## ROYAL WEDDING PLANS IN ROME: THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY AND HIS BELGIAN BRIDE-ELECT.



REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN CHOSEN AS THE SCENE OF THE ROYAL WEDDING IN JANUARY: THE PAOLINA CHAPEL AT THE QUIRINAL—THE WEST END.



WHERE, IT IS SAID, PRINCE UMBERTO AND PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ WILL BE MARRIED: THE ALTAR OF THE PAOLINA CHAPEL IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT THE QUIRINAL.



THE HISTORIC VEHICLE IN WHICH THE ROYAL COUPLE WILL RIDE ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR WEDDING: AN ANCIENT ITALIAN STATE COACH.



THE HEIR TO THE ITALIAN THRONE AND HIS BETROTHED: THE PRINCE OF PIEMONTE AND PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ OF BELGIUM—A NEW PORTRAIT.

The announcements about the approaching marriage of the Prince of Piedmont, heir to the throne of Italy, and Princess Marie José of Belgium, have formed a series of notable coincidences. In the first place, their betrothal was made known on the anniversary (October 23) of the wedding of Prince Umberto's parents, King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena. Again, on November 11, which was not only Armistice Day for Italy's Allies, including Belgium, but was also King Victor's sixtieth birthday, it was announced that the wedding is to be celebrated on January 8, the birthday of Queen Elena. Public interest in this coming union of two royal houses, it may be recalled, was increased by Prince Umberto's fortunate escape from an assassin's bullet in Brussels on October 24, the day following the news of the betrothal, and by his calm and courageous bearing under the ordeal. As was mentioned at the time, the Prince and Princess first met, as boy and girl, on the Lido at Venice in 1917, when the King and Queen of the Belgians were paying a private visit to the Italian Court. Prince Umberto is now twenty-five, and Princess Marie José is two years younger. It was stated

in October that the wedding would probably be celebrated at the Church of Santa Maria dell'Angeli in Rome. It is now reported that the ceremony will take place in the Paolina Chapel of the Royal Palace at the Quirinal. Of this chapel Baedeker says: "Adjacent to the Sala Regia is the Cappella Paolina, erected by Carlo Maderna and decorated with gilded stucco-work and copies in grisaille of Raphael's Apostles, and with tapestry of the eighteenth century."



## MOUNTAIN-BUILDINGS! THE EVER-SKY-SCRAPER



CLAIMED TO BE HIGH ENOUGH TO BE CLASSIFIED AS A MOUNTAIN! THE CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK, RISING TO 925 FEET, FROM PAYMENT TO TOP OF LANTERN-TOWER, A THUNDERBOLT TAKEN JUST BEFORE ITS COMPLETION.



TO ACCOMMODATE OVER 1,000 PATIENTS, AND TO BE DEVOTED TO COLLECTIVE EFFORTS TO PREVENT AND TREAT DISEASES, TO MEDICAL EDUCATION, AND TO RESEARCH: THE BUILDING TO BE SET UP FOR THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL CORNELL MEDICAL COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.



SHOWING ITS FINE SQUARE MAIN-TOWER, AND A 'LESSER TOWER' THAT TITANIC STRUCTURE, THE MCKINLUCK CAMPUS BUILDINGS, NORTH-WESTERN UNIVERSITY, CHICAGO.



A 445-FOOT-HIGH STRUCTURE IN GRANITE AND MARBLE: THE NEW 30-STORY FISHER BUILDING AT DETROIT; INCLUDING A 200-SEAT THEATRE.

## UPWARD TREND IN UNITED STATES ARCHITECTURE.



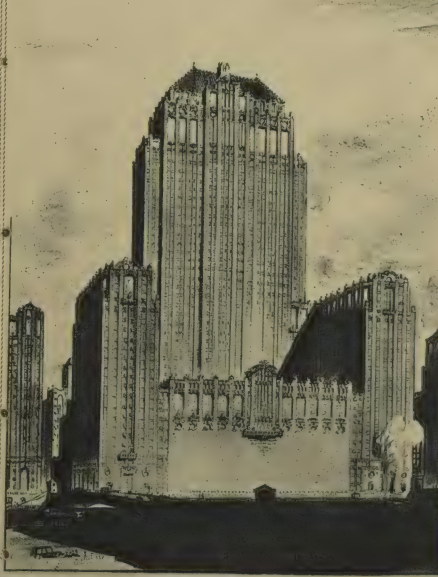
A STRUCTURE DESIGNED TO ACCOMMODATE 20,000 TENANTS: A PROJECTED NEW BUSINESS BUILDING IN BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, WHICH WILL COST 21,000,000 DOLLARS, WILL COVER 125,000 SQUARE FEET IN THE PARK SQUARE DISTRICT, AND WILL HAVE 25 STOREYS.



DESIGNED TO ACCOMMODATE 30,000: THE 100-STORY 'TOWER' BUILDING WHICH THE METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY WILL ERECT IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.



TYPICAL OF THE EVER-UPWARD TREND IN THE BUSINESS AND 'FLAT' ARCHITECTURE OF GREAT CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES: NO. 133, MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO.



"A CATHEDRAL OF MUSIC": THE NEW BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION FOR THE CHICAGO CIVIC OPERA HOUSE, WHICH WILL COST ABOUT 20,000,000 DOLLARS.



THE NEW HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA, NEW YORK, AS IT WILL BE WHEN COMPLETED: THE 600-FOOT-HIGH, 40,000,000-DOLLAR STRUCTURE TOWERING ABOVE THE CITY.

From the United States, the land of tall buildings, comes an amusing and characteristic story concerning that peculiarly American structure, the sky-scraper. It would appear, according to the New York correspondent of the "Daily Mail," that amongst architects in particular rivalry at the moment are Messrs. William van Alen and H. Craig Severance. Each of these received a commission to design the world's highest building. As a result, Mr. van Alen made his plans for the Chrysler Building, in Forty-second Street, New York; and Mr. Craig Severance his plans for the Bank of Manhattan, in Wall Street. The Chrysler Building reached sixty-eight storeys, and then the architect of the Bank of Manhattan concluded that he had won, for his structure had seventy-one storeys! He reckoned, however, without his rival's ingenuity. Suddenly, the American flag was seen flying 165 feet above the topmost storey of the Chrysler sky-scraper. Mr. van Alen had had a slender lantern-tower made in secret, and had had it raised into position with equal secrecy. As a result, the Chrysler Building, at

the moment, is 1030 feet from the pavement to the tip of its lantern-tower (that is to say, 46 feet higher than the Eiffel Tower), while the Manhattan Bank is 925 feet high, including a 50-foot flag-pole. Incidentally—so runs the tale—the architect of the Chrysler Building, arguing that any elevation over one thousand feet is a mountain, is said to have asked the opinion of the National Geographical Society of America as to whether his structure may be called a mountain! This amusing contest apart, it is interesting to note how the tendency of buildings, most notably in the United States, is still upward. The chief reason for this, it may be taken, is the cost of land. As to two of our photographs (some of which, of course, show not the buildings themselves, but architects' drawings), the following notes may be added.—The new Fisher Building includes a score of shops, a 3000-seat theatre, and an 1100-car garage.—The new Hotel Waldorf-Astoria will have, as two very unusual features, a private drive-way running through its base, and a private railroad siding beneath it.



## EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



**A VERY UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH—A LIFEBOAT HELPING A SHIP IN DISTRESS: THE CROMER LIFEBOAT STANDING BY THE SCHOONER "SVENBORG" DURING A RECENT GALE.** It is rare, for obvious reasons, to obtain a photograph of a lifeboat actually engaged in rescue work at sea, and that given above, therefore, is of very exceptional interest. It was taken by Captain Rowbottom, of the steamer "Islington," and shows the schooner "Svenborg" in distress off Cromer during a recent gale, with the Cromer lifeboat almost alongside. The "Islington" stood by until the lifeboat arrived, and it was during the interval of waiting that the photograph was taken.



**AN UNUSUAL AIR VIEW OF A SHIPPING MISHAP: THE ITALIAN STEAMER "NIMBO" STRANDED AT PORTOBELLO, WHERE THE CREW WERE LANDED BY LIFE-LINES.** During a great gale on the night of November 11, the Italian coal steamer "Nimbo" (3800 tons), plying between Hamburg and Cardiff, was driven ashore at Portobello, between Brighton and Newhaven. The Newhaven lifeboat went out, but could not approach the ship in the heavy seas, and the crew were brought ashore by life-lines.



**GOOD NEWS FOR SUFFERING EARS! A COMPARATIVELY QUIET PNEUMATIC DRILL FOR ROAD WORK.**

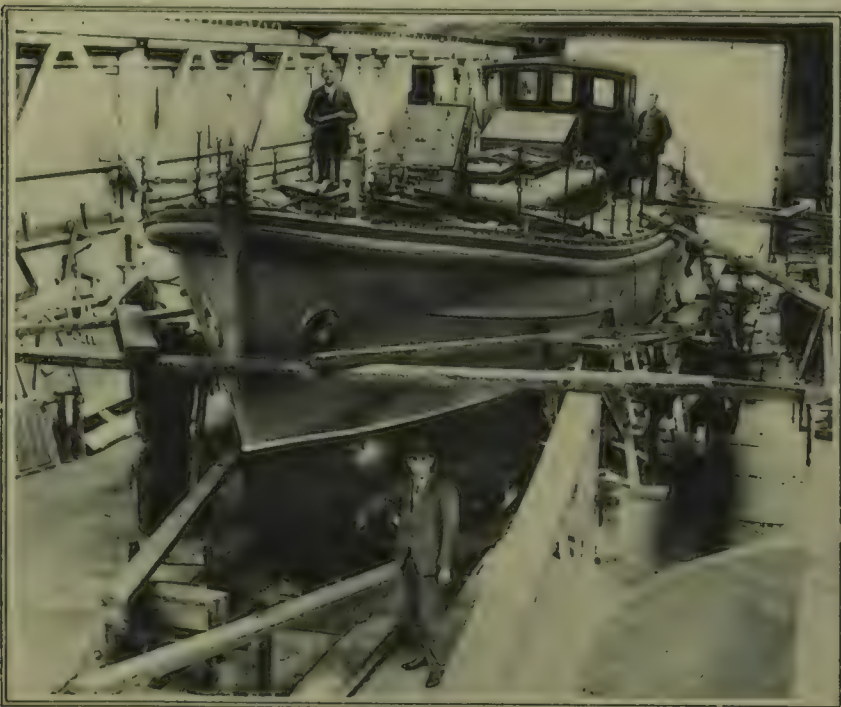
At this year's Public Works, Roads, and Transport Congress and Exhibition, opened on November 18 at the Agricultural Hall, is shown this new type of pneumatic drill, produced by Messrs. Holman Bros. It has been used in London, and is said to eliminate 60 per cent. of the rattle and clatter by means of a silencer and reduction in the movement of the valve.



**BLACK FLAGS IN JERUSALEM ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BALFOUR DECLARATION: THE ARAB STRIKE.** "The Arab one-day strike (on November 2) against the Balfour Declaration (wrote a "Times" correspondent from Jerusalem), which for the most part took the form of closing shops in towns, appeared more effective than the stoppage a fortnight ago, because the anniversary of the Declaration fell on a Saturday, when all premises are normally shut. The Old City had a strangely deserted appearance, with a few loiterers displaying small black badges."



**A MEMORABLE BOXING ENCOUNTER: PRIMO CARNERA (RIGHT), THE ITALIAN GIANT, SHAKING HANDS WITH HIS OPPONENT, YOUNG STRIBLING, BEFORE THE FIGHT.** Enormous interest was taken in the boxing match at the Albert Hall, on Nov. 18, between the Italian giant, Primo Carnera, and his American opponent, Young Stribling. The Prince of Wales was among the spectators. In the fourth round Stribling was disqualified and Carnera declared the winner. Stribling has ambitions as an airman.



**THE FIRST LIFEBOAT SPECIALLY EQUIPPED FOR RESCUING AEROPLANES, AND THE WORLD'S FASTEST AND LARGEST: THE CRAFT UNDER CONSTRUCTION.**

This new motor-lifeboat, the largest and fastest in the world, is here seen under construction in Messrs. Thornycroft's works at Hampton-on-Thames, where it was arranged to launch her on November 21. She is the first lifeboat specially equipped for the rescue of aeroplanes fallen into the sea, and is to be stationed at Dover, where there is now considerable daily traffic by aircraft. The boat is 64 ft. long, and will have two 375-h.p. engines, giving her a speed of 17 to 18 knots.



**THE POPE AS A MOTORIST: HIS HOLINESS LEAVING THE VATICAN FOR HIS FIRST RIDE IN A NEW CAR RECENTLY PRESENTED TO HIM.**

Pope Pius XI., who in his younger days, it may be recalled, was distinguished as a mountaineer, has of late taken to motoring. Now that he is no longer "the prisoner of the Vatican," it may be presumed that he will range further afield. Our photograph shows His Holiness starting for his first trip in a new six-cylinder Graham-Paige car which was recently presented to him by admirers in Rome.



## HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK AT HOME: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF RECENT EVENTS.



**A WELSH MOUNTAIN LANDSLIDE EVICTS TEN FAMILIES: A MASS OF EARTH FALLEN AGAINST HOUSES AT PONTYGWAITH, TO THE TOP OF THE BACK DOORS.**

Heavy rains recently caused floods in the Rhondda Valley, followed, in one place, by a serious landslide. On November 12 a large part of the hillside at Pontygwaith gave way, and rolled down in a mass of mud against the back of Brewery Street, overwhelming walls and outhouses. Fissures 5 ft. wide and 70 ft. long appeared in the slopes of the hill, and thousands of tons of earth slid slowly downward. On the 13th ten families occupying houses

(Continued opposite.)



**THE EFFECT OF THE PONTYGWAITH LANDSLIDE AS SEEN FROM INSIDE A HOUSE: SHOVELLING AWAY MUD FROM A WINDOW.** In the direct path of the landslide were ordered to leave their dwellings immediately, and their furniture was hastily removed in motor-lorries, while the homeless people were accommodated in the houses of neighbours. As our photograph shows, the avalanche of mud was 6 ft. or more in height, reaching to the tops of the back doors.



**A MONSTER EEL FOUND AT A COLLIERY IN THE FOREST OF DEAN: TWO MINERS WITH THEIR CAPTURE.**

This eel was found struggling on a bank at the Cannof Colliery, Forest of Dean. It weighed 4½ lb. and was 38 in. long—the largest ever found in the Forest. How it got there is a mystery, as Cannof Pit is some miles from the Severn or the Wye.



**A PETITION FOR THE BISHOP OF TRURO'S RESIGNATION: A GATHERING OF THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE AND LEAGUE OF LOYAL CHURCHMEN AT THE CATHEDRAL.**

Some 200 demonstrators marched from Truro Cathedral to Lis Escop, the episcopal palace, on November 16, to present a petition calling on the Bishop (Dr. Frere) to resign, because he had authorised the use of the "deposited" Prayer-Book of 1928. Our photograph shows the leaders of the procession—the Rev. C. E. Milnes (holding the petition), hon. clerical secretary of the League of Loyal Churchmen; the Rev. H. O. Barratt, Rector of Landewednack; Mr. Henry Fowler (next), secretary of the Protestant Alliance and League of Loyal Churchmen; and Mr. J. H. Duckham (extreme left in front), who figured in a recent scene in Truro Cathedral.



**A GREAT FUNERAL FOR A LEEDS V.C., WITH EIGHT OTHER LEEDS V.C.'S AS PALL-BEARERS: THE GUN-CARRIAGE WITH THE BODY OF EX-SERGEANT-MAJOR J. C. RAYNES.**

The funeral of ex-Sergeant-Major J. C. Raynes, V.C., of Leeds, took place there on November 16, with full military honours, before a great gathering of nearly 30,000 people. Sergeant-Major Raynes had been paralysed from war wounds, and was unable to come to London for the recent dinner given to V.C.'s by the Prince of Wales and the British Legion at the House of Lords. Eleven V.C.'s attended the funeral, and eight of them, who were Leeds men, acted as pall-bearers.



**CAPTAIN GAGE CARRYING THE DEAD MAN'S V.C. AND MEDALS. ESCORTED BY TWO V.C.'S IN CIVILIAN DRESS.**

The coffin rested on a gun-carriage supplied with a team by the 71st Field Brigade, Royal Artillery, and was followed by Captain W. E. Gage, chairman of the Leeds "Old Contemptibles," bearing on a cushion the dead man's V.C., 1914-15 Star, General Service Medal, and Victory Medal. Among those present were the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Leeds and the Chief Constable. The service was at St. Clement's Church, and the interment at Harefields Cemetery.



# "THE HAND OF THE POTTER": A TIME-HONOURED CRAFT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALBERT RENGIER-PATESCH. REPRODUCED FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNUAL.

THE subject of the potter's art is of topical interest at the moment in view of the exhibition of British china and glass held recently at Chelsea House, Regent Street, the first occasion on which the British pottery industry had united to organise a display of its products in London. Demonstrations were given of the methods by which pottery is made. Among other craftsmen, the "thrower," whose dexterity and efficiency are inherited from past generations in the Potteries, could be seen at work on the clay "body"—made from plastic clay, flint, stone, feldspar, or other material—fashioning it into the desired shape on his wheel. For a technical explanation of the four illustrations given above (showing this process as represented by a German photographer), we are indebted to the courtesy of that famous British firm, Messrs. Doulton and Co., of Lambeth, (Continued opposite)



FIG. 1. THAT MOST ANCIENT CRAFT OF THE POTTER KNOWN TO THE INITIATED AS "THROWING": THE ACT OF "TRUE-ING" THE BALL OF CLAY "THROWN" ON TO THE CENTRE OF THE RAPIDLY REVOLVING WHEEL, AND SHORTLY TO BE FASHIONED INTO A POT.



FIG. 3. ANOTHER PAIR OF HANDS AT WORK ON A POTTER'S WHEEL: A PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATING THE SAME ACTION AS IN FIG. 1 ABOVE—THE ACT OF "TRUE-ING" THE BALL OF CLAY TO BE FURNISHED INTO A POT.

## LATELY DEMONSTRATED AT A LONDON EXHIBITION.

"DAS DEUTSCHE LICHTBILD," PUBLISHED BY ROBERT AND BRUNO SCHULTZ, BERLIN, W.G.



FIG. 2. THE ACT OF "OPENING" THE BALL OF CLAY, THAT HAS BEEN "THROWN" ON TO THE CENTRE OF THE REVOLVING WHEEL: A MOVEMENT PREPARATORY TO SHAPING OR FORMING THE POT, BY THE SAME PAIR OF HANDS AS IN FIG. 1.



FIG. 4. A LATER STAGE IN THE FASHIONING OF A BALL OF CLAY INTO THE REQUIRED FORM: A NEARLY COMPLETED POT TAKING SHAPE UNDER THE SAME PAIR OF HANDS AS SHOWN IN FIG. 3.

(Continued) to whom we had applied for information. "The four beautiful photographs," they write, "illustrate that most ancient craft of the potter known to the initiated as 'throwing.' The word derives from the first act of the potter in throwing on to the centre of his rapidly revolving wheel the ball of clay which is subsequently—and in a few moments—to become a pot. Fig. 1 shows the act of 'true-ing' the ball; Fig. 2 that of 'opening' it preparatory to shaping or forming the pot. Figs. 3 and 4 are photographs of another pair of hands, and illustrate—in the case of Fig. 3—the same action as in Fig. 1; while Fig. 4 shows a nearly completed pot." Further details on the subject in general may be found in a useful little book entitled "The Potter's Craft," A Practical Guide for the Studio and Workshop, By Charles F. Binns, published by Messrs. Constable.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TRAVEL is the oldest of human pursuits, for man was a nomad before he became a settler or a citizen, and he has never lost his taste for wandering. If he cannot wander himself, he likes to hear about the wanderings of other folk, actual or fictitious. The publishers see to it that he does not lack opportunity.

It is a long time since Europe first "heard the East a-calling." Perhaps the most celebrated of all the pioneers was the great thirteenth-century Venetian of whose adventures a new and delightful edition has just appeared—"THE MOST NOBLE AND FAMOUS TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO." Together with the Travels of Nicolo de Conti. Edited from the Elizabethan Translation of John Frampton. With Introduction, Notes, and Appendices, by N. M. Penzer, M.A. (The Argonaut Press; Limited edition of 1050 copies at £2 2s. net). This is a fine example of modern book-production, printed on vellum (at the Cambridge University Press), and bound in vellum and buckram with the Polo crest in colours. The illustrations include a coloured frontispiece—"The Departure from Venice"—from an old manuscript in the Bodleian at Oxford, and eleven maps of Marco Polo's itineraries, revised in the light of modern research and geographical discovery, which has increased our knowledge of Asia since the appearance of Sir Henry Yule's standard edition of the Travels in 1903.

Another special feature of Mr. Penzer's volume is that it reprints, for the first time, the sixteenth-century version of John Frampton, an English merchant of Seville, who on retirement, about 1576, came home and became a busy translator of Spanish works. His Marco Polo translation, of which only three copies are known, was done from the Castilian of Santaella, which, as Mr. Penzer explains, "originates in a manuscript belonging to the Venetian recension, one of the most important of all the Polian recensions. . . . Then again (he adds) the recently issued work of Professor Benedetto has so largely helped to unravel the tangled skein of Polian texts that it is now necessary to reconsider afresh many of our long-accepted theories." Apart from these complicated textual problems, which will fascinate every "Polian" enthusiast, students of Elizabethan literature will be grateful to Mr. Penzer for reviving Frampton's work, which he gives in its original spelling.

Little seems to be known about Frampton beyond the titles of his books, but Mr. Penzer mentions the interesting fact that one of them—"Joyfull Newes out of the Newe Founde Worlde" (published in London in 1577)—contained a description of tobacco "nine years before Raleigh received the 'herba santa' from Drake." John Frampton, therefore, may have been the first to arouse an interest in smoking in England, before the actual importation of "the weed" and the first pipes. Sir James Barrie, it might be suggested, ought to place a tin of Arcadian Mixture on his tomb.

Marco Polo was long regarded, it seems, as something of a romancer, but among those who appreciated him was Christopher Columbus, whose copiously annotated copy of the Travels is now in the Biblioteca Colombiana at Seville. "The marvel of Polo's achievement," writes Mr. Penzer, "lies not only in the fact that he was the man who first drew aside for Western eyes the curtain veiling 'the mysterious East,' but that so many of the places visited and localities described remained unvisited again for over 600 years."

A new book which, I think, covers a good deal of his ground is the work of a famous political correspondent, and has pathetic interest, as the author passed his proofs recently only a few days before his death. This book is called "WITH PEN AND BRUSH IN EASTERN LANDS WHEN I WAS YOUNG." By Sir Valentine Chirol. Illustrated with Sketches by the Author (Jonathan Cape; 21s.). The illustrations, which comprise eight in colour and twenty-four in black and white, prove that Sir Valentine could wield pencil and brush as skilfully as the pen. The volume is, in a sense, a sequel to his book "Fifty Years in a Changing World," but it gives more of his personal experiences and impressions during his early wanderings in the byways of the East. These entertaining reminiscences take us in turn to Egypt, Asia Minor, Persia, India, China, and Japan.

Sir Valentine Chirol figures prominently in a biographical work of great charm and historical value, to which I referred briefly last week—i.e., "THE LETTERS AND FRIENDSHIPS OF SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE." Edited by Stephen Gwynn. Illustrated. 2 Vols. (Constable; 30s.). Enumerating his sources, Mr. Gwynn says: "The most continuous series of letters is that to Ronald Munro Ferguson, now Lord Novar, which began in 1886. . . . Next comes that to Sir Valentine Chirol, which began in 1895. . . . out of either of these latter groups a complete history of Spring-Rice's life for the period covered could be constructed." Sir Valentine published a short memoir of his friend in 1919, the year after his death. For the first half of Sir

Cecil's life, the main source consists of letters to his own family and to his old tutor at Eton, the late Mr. H. E. Luxmoore.

What impresses me most about this record is the quality of the letters. Sir Cecil, who was a born raconteur and excelled in topographical pen-pictures, kept alive, in these days of telephones and typewriters, an art supposed to be lost. The reason was, no doubt, that as a diplomatist he was constantly flitting about the world, from Embassy to Embassy, and putting oceans between himself and his friends, so that letters became their only means of communication. At different dates he was serving in Washington, Tokio, Berlin, Constantinople, Teheran, Cairo, St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and, lastly, again in Washington from 1913 to 1917. His American friendships and correspondence are among the most interesting and important of all, especially that with Senator and Mrs. Lodge and

*Here enter this warlike man to mile and  
No Harry, I say my dear friend, my dear friend.  
Thus speaking his hat he brought off like the wind  
And the porter and catallies followed behind.  
Left alone to reflect having emptied my sheep  
And no body with me at sea but my self.  
That I could not help think; my gentle man happy  
Yet Johnson and Burke and a good number of pretty  
Wise things that I never disliked in my life  
This clogged with a coccomb and left his wife  
So next day in due splendour to make my approach  
I drove to his door in my own Hackney Coach.  
When come to the place where we all were to dine  
A chair lumbered closet, just twelve feet by nine  
My friend sat in a velvet seat, his right hand  
With things that Johnson and Burke could not come  
For I knew it he cried, both eternally fair  
The one with his spectacles the other with Perle  
But no matter the warrant will make up the party  
With two full as clear and ten times as hearty  
The one is a Scotchman the other a jaw  
Play both of them many and wittier like you  
The one writes the papers, the other the foreign  
Some think he writes him, he says to Penurge  
While thus he described them by name and by name  
They entered and dinner was served as they came  
At the top a fried liver and bacon was seen  
At the bottom was tripe in a swinging sauce*

FOUR AND A-HALF PAGES OF GOLDSMITH MANUSCRIPT REALISE £4800: A PAGE OF THE ONLY KNOWN MS. OF "THE HAUNCH OF VENISON," SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN OUT FROM MEMORY BY GOLDSMITH FOR SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Above we reproduce in facsimile one page of the 44-page folio MS. of Oliver Goldsmith's poem "The Haunch of Venison," sold recently at Sotheby's, to Mr. Gabriel Wells, for no less than £4800. Goldsmith manuscripts in verse are very rare, and apparently no other MS. of this poem is known to exist. The poet is believed to have written it out, from memory, for Sir Joshua Reynolds, who is mentioned in the poem, along with Dr. Johnson and Burke. The poem was written for Lord Clare, probably in 1771, but was not printed till 1776. Shortly afterwards it was reprinted from the "Author's last version," which differs from the above MS. in twenty-nine places. The MS. was the property of the Rev. F. B. Hadow, of Woolton Rectory, near Liverpool, a direct descendant of Sir Joshua Reynolds's sister, Mary Palmer.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.

the late President Roosevelt, who, as time goes on, stands out more and more as one of America's greatest men.

A living writer who, as a Scot, does not neglect the moral and religious suggestions of travel, while touching happily on its lighter side, and enriching its romance with literary allusions and poetical quotations, is the author of "THE ROAD TO KASHMIR." By James Milne. With a Gallery of Special Pictures (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.). In traversing the Suez Canal (which recently celebrated its 60th birthday) Mr. Milne saw, as it were, a concrete vision of the flight into Egypt, which led him to philosophise on the contrast between Eastern and Western faiths. "A Western man going East," he says, "passes into a new atmosphere alien

to that of the Sermon on the Mount. . . . That remote pilgrimage of the Infant Christ, with Joseph and Mary, is a great divide between the West and the East; between the Songs of Araby and the Tales of Kashmir."

Mr. Milne had the advantage of Marco Polo in facilities for speedy travel. He writes as a wayfarer, but the impressions of a well-informed wayfarer have their value, and it is interesting to compare them with those of the old Venetian, who, describing "the province called Thassimur" (identified with Kashmir) wrote "They be Idolaters, and great Negromancers, and do call to the Spirits, and make them, to speake in the Idols, and do make their Temples seeme to move. They doe trouble the ayre, and doe many other delivish things. . . . And there be Monasteries, and many Abbeyes, with Monkes, very devout in their Idolatrie and naughtinesse."

The "special pictures" that illustrate Mr. Milne's book are a series of exquisite photographs, mostly of Kashmiri landscape, buildings, and types of character, in keeping with the spirit of the famous song—

Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,  
Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?

With this volume and its predecessor, "Travels in Hope," the author has established himself as one of our most beguiling essayists of the road.

I come now to a book that began as a record of travel and developed, by force of circumstances, into a chronicle of war and revolution. It is a work of singular interest and value, representing, as it does, a considerable addition to the corpus (in the literary sense!) of a celebrated French writer. The title is "ON BOARD THE 'EMMA,'" Adventures with Garibaldi's "Thousand" in Sicily. By Alexandre Dumas. Translated and with an Introduction by R. S. Garnett. Illustrated. (Ernest Benn; 21s.). The historical portion only of this work, of which Mr. Garnett has recently recovered the complete manuscript, was published in France in 1861 as "Les Garibaldiens: Révolution de Sicile et de Naples," and in the same year appeared an English translation (now very scarce) made by a member of the publishing firm of Routledge, and entitled "The Garibaldians in Sicily." Both the French and the English versions, however, were very incomplete; that is, they contained only part of Dumas' original work; and all his personal adventures, not relevant to the Garibaldian campaign, were omitted. It is these adventures that Mr. Garnett has rescued from oblivion, and the extent of the "find" may be gathered from the fact that they form no fewer than twenty-eight out of the fifty-five chapters in the entire work as here available.

In these chapters we get a new and substantial slice of authentic Dumas, with all his joviality and Olympian gusto. His exuberant humour is, I think, more nearly akin to the English spirit than to the rapt wit of his compatriots, and perhaps that is why his novels are so popular with us. The present work reveals, not only his big-hearted personality, but also his devotion to the cause of liberty, which led him to forgo his long-cherished plans for a voyage to the East. That was cut short at Genoa, where, on arriving in the Emma, he received a telegram from Garibaldi to "rally where you hear my guns." The text of the book is supported by interesting appendices, that include the original itinerary prepared by Lamartine and two distinguished colleagues for Dumas' projected travels, and an account of his purchases of arms for Garibaldi. Mr. Garnett, I see, has in hand also a translation of Dumas' edition of Garibaldi's own Memoirs, thus increasing the indebtedness of English readers to his admirable work.

Meanwhile an English version of a French memoir affords further proof that the author of "Monte Cristo" and "The Three Musketeers" has a public in this country—namely, "ALEXANDRE DUMAS: THE FOURTH MUSKETEER." Translated from the French of J. Lucas-Dubreton by Maida Castelhun Darnton. With Portrait. (Thornton Butterworth; 10s. 6d.) M. Dubreton's lively book presents, very attractively, the popular Dumas of the boulevards rather than the more poetic side of his character, but those who would probe deeper are provided with an extensive bibliography. Several pages are given to the Garibaldi adventure, and incidentally discuss a member of the ship's company "aboard the Emma" described by Mr. Garnett as "a charming young lady attired as a midshipman." While M. Dubreton has stressed his hero's flamboyant side, his parting words portray the real man—"a good giant who is not pedantic, not involved, nor complicated—a beneficent genius, harmless and without baseness, who in all of his Bohemian life has never cost his country a drop of blood." Does this imply that Bohemian novelists are usually expected to develop sanguinary propensities? C. E. B.



## EARLY SUBSTITUTES FOR THE FINGERS AT TABLE: ANTIQUE "CUTLERY."

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEBY AND CO.



WITH HANDLES ENAMELLED, ENGRAVED OR INLAID: KNIVES, FORKS, AND A SPOON.

On the extreme left and right are a Charles II. knife and fork (one of two pairs) with cast brass handles, a floral design in enamel, and terminating respectively in busts of a man playing the bagpipes and a woman. Next to them may be seen an early eighteenth-century knife and fork, with silver handles cased in engraved scroll-work. Between these, in the centre, is a late seventeenth-century South German spoon (one of a set with knife and fork), the handle inlaid with scroll-work.

PENKNIVES, SPOONS AND FORK OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: BEAUTIFUL SPECIMENS OF CARVING AND INLAY WORK.

From left to right, beginning at the top, are (1) a rare Stuart penknife, inscribed "Dorothy Turner, 1688," the ivory handle engraved with arabesques; (2) a seventeenth-century ivory spoon, the handle a figure of Cupid (5½ in.); (3) a seventeenth-century penknife, with wooden handle inlaid with ivory and silver; (4 and 6) seventeenth-century spoon and fork, in rock crystal, the handles terminating in hounds' heads; (5) a curious Spanish pocket knife (c. 1700), with back of blade pierced and chased, and horn handle silver-mounted and inlaid.



SUMPTUOUS WEDDING KNIVES AND FORKS IN GOLD AND SILVER-GILT.

On the extreme left and right are seen an early eighteenth-century Dutch wedding knife and fork, of silver-gilt, moulded with Cupids and foliage. Between them may be seen a very fine Venetian sixteenth-century wedding knife and fork, with enamelled gold handles embossed with vines and terminating in a figure seated in a shell and holding a tambourine. In the centre is their velvet sheath, with gold mounts embossed with vines, masks, and enamel figures of child musicians.

We illustrate here some of the best examples from the late Mr. Alfred Trapnell's very fine collection of knives, forks, and spoons, to be sold by auction at Sotheby's on November 28. It comprises early spoons and ladles, penknives and clasp-knives, table knives and forks, with handles of piqué, metal, amber, mother-o'-pearl, porcelain, enamel, carved ivory, or wood, of Italian, French, Dutch, German, and English manufacture. Many of the items, the catalogue mentions, are similar to specimens illustrated in Major C. T. P. Bailey's book, "Knives and Forks."

Some examples from that interesting work, the first on its subject in English, were given, on its appearance, in our issue of September 3, 1927. "Until the eighteenth century (we then noted) most people ate with their fingers, and table knives and forks were luxuries used only by the rich." Spoons, of course, are of very ancient origin, though in the Middle Ages—and later—they were not familiar objects of daily use, as they are now. An article on antique spoons, by the late Lieut.-Col. E. F. Strange, appeared in our issue of December 1, 1928.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS : CHEMISTRY, X-RAYS, AND THE CONNOISSEUR.

"The Scientific Examination of Pictures." Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.\*

THREE-QUARTERS of this highly technical book\* deal with the microscopic examination of the various pigments used by Dutch and Flemish Masters since the time of the Van Eycks. The chemical formula relating to each will, of course, be of little interest to the larger public, but the author's sober and meticulous methods of proving his points are in the highest degree praiseworthy. He takes each pigment in turn, gives its history as far as can be found in documents, and then tests a wide range of pictures in the public collections of Holland. At the end of each section he prints his results in italics—thus: "It is seen from the following list of 23 specimens of vermilion investigated that this pigment has been used throughout all times." "No yellow lake, precipitated on chalk, appeared to be present in the specimens of the yellow pigments examined." His conclusions are summarised at the end of the volume in a chart which shows the date of the discovery of the various paints and the dates of his analysed specimens. The possession of reliable data as to when the various pigments were first used is obviously of great value in determining the

the services of the chemist can be in certain cases, although the chemist, *qua* chemist, can only show the age of a picture: he cannot distinguish between the work of a pupil and his master—that requires a trained eye and great experience. In this connection, it is rather odd that in so soundly scientific a book there seems to be no mention of the admittedly simple and useful device of the enlarged photograph of small details of brushwork, which serve to make plain the characteristic "handwriting" of individual painters.

The very cautious and wise chapters on restoration and X-ray work will doubtless prove the most popular

photograph (Plate 41) showed a long object of uncertain nature in place of the glass, but stretching to the top of the head. Then came the discovery of an etching (Plate 42), a portrait of Verdonck, a friend of Hals, which must have been made from a lost original.

As a method of impressing AUTHORITY, in capital letters, the X-ray photograph was no doubt efficacious; but the author knows, and every competent restorer knows, that the examination of the paint, the discovery of the print, and the visibility of the brush-strokes of the hair were sufficient to

give ample indication of what was beneath the over-painting. The next example in the book (Plates 45 and 46) illustrates a somewhat different problem. A faint trace of another cap was just visible beneath a black head-dress, but no one was prepared for the revelation of the X-ray. Further examination showed that the overpainting probably dated from the seventeenth century, but whether over- and under-painting can be separated has not yet been determined.

Perhaps a word of warning may be added here. As it becomes more and more the vogue for pictures to be X-rayed, owners must be on their guard against too drastic restoration, based upon supposedly

earlier drawing beneath the visible surface. Few artists produce a finished picture without some sort of alteration of the composition, and more than one good



FIG. 1. AFTER REMOVAL OF A VARNISH LAYER THAT SUGGESTED ADDITIONS TO THE UPPER EDGE: "HEAD OF A GIRL," BY RUBENS. (34 CM. DIAMETER.)

"The study by Rubens' 'Head of a Girl,'" writes Dr. Martin de Wild, "here reproduced after the removal of the varnish layer, gave rise to the conjecture that there were some additions at the upper edge which were of recent date. In the X-ray photograph one can see that to the old canvas, which probably formed a fragment of a larger picture, two pieces of modern canvas have been sewed to give the whole a circular shape. The X-ray photograph clearly reproduces the structure of the original canvas, thanks to the priming layer of white lead, which fills up the spaces between the fibres. The nails which fasten the canvas to the stretcher, on account of the fact that they do not lie in the plane of the painting but at some distance therefrom, are in the photograph displaced a little with respect to the circumference of the picture, through the rays falling on them obliquely."—[Photograph by Schwarz, Berlin.]

Illustrations on this Page reproduced from "The Scientific Examination of Pictures." By Dr. A. Martin de Wild. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, Ltd.

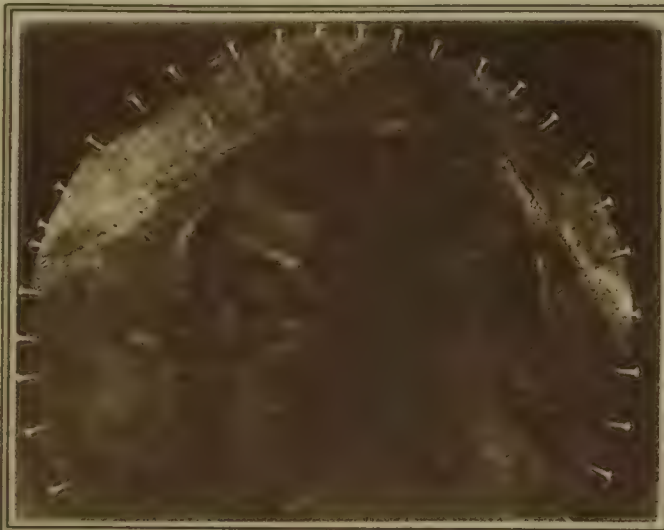


FIG. 2. AN X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RUBENS HEAD IN FIG. 1, REVEALING TWO PIECES OF MODERN CANVAS SEWN ON TO THE ORIGINAL CANVAS, AND SHOWING THE LATTER'S STRUCTURE.

part of the book. Readers who are convinced that the multiplication of scientific gadgets is the solution of all artistic problems will do well to read carefully



FIG. 3. BEFORE REMOVAL (WITH ALCOHOL) OF OLD YELLOW VARNISH IN THE LEFT-HAND TOP CORNER: PART OF A PAINTING BY FRANS HALS (1616)—"BANQUET OF OFFICERS OF THE CIVIC GUARD OF ST. GEORGE," IN THE FRANS HALS MUSEUM AT HAARLEM.

"An over-painting," writes Dr. de Wild, "is usually thin, and . . . easily penetrable by a solvent. If it is much cracked, then it will be still more easily attacked. In this lies the explanation why old paint can actually be removed sometimes by treatment with alcohol. An example is to be found in the drapery in the left-hand top corner of the painting, by Frans Hals, 'Banquet of

authenticity of a picture, for, if a paint known to have been discovered in 1800 is found in large quantities on a picture purporting to be of the seventeenth century, some explanation would seem to be required. This point alone should serve to prove how important

\* "The Scientific Examination of Pictures." By Dr. A. Martin de Wild (G. Bell and Sons: 1928.)



FIG. 4. AFTER REMOVAL OF THE VARNISH HAD REVEALED THE OVER-PAINTED DRAPERY IN THE LEFT-HAND TOP CORNER: THE SAME PORTION OF THE PICTURE SHOWN IN FIG. 3—AN EXAMPLE OF TREATMENT WITH ALCOHOL.

Officers of the Civic Guard of St. George,' which at an earlier time was completely over-painted, as a result of which the folds now visible were entirely hidden. The general opinion that old paint resists the attack of alcohol is thus often not correct without reservation." The painting mentioned is shown above before and after treatment.—[Photographs by Vinkebos and Dewald, The Hague.]

painting has doubtless already been damaged beyond repair by a mistaken reading of an X-ray photograph. There are far too many incompetent restorers at large in the world as it is, and if their number is to be increased by the amateur scientific enthusiast, the world of art will not be the gainer. Dr. de Wild's very clear exposition in Chapter 7 of the problems the restorer has to face should do a great deal towards

[Continued overleaf.]



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## CHEMISTRY, X-RAYS, AND THE CONNOISSEUR.

(Continued from Page 914.)

curbing the ambitions of the man who has somehow become a restorer of Old Masters when Providence intended him to be a house-painter.

The author has brought to his task unusual qualifications. His father, Mr. D. de Wild, is well known all over the world as a restorer of Dutch paintings, and the son has consequently lived all his life in exactly the right artistic atmosphere; at the same time, he has pursued his chemical studies at the Technical University at Delft. The more old-fashioned collector has often been heard to complain that chemistry might be all very well, but that he was not going to have his fine pictures spoilt by experiments. Quite a number of people imagine that, in order to receive adequate examination, a painting must be plunged into a strong solvent, or undergo a process equally drastic. They need have no fears. A circular specimen of paint with a diameter of only 0.1 mm. is all that is required, and this can easily be taken from the outer edge of the painting, which is hidden from sight beneath the frame. Given a microscope with a magnification of 100, the paint specimen will then appear as an image with a diameter of 1 cm., which is ample for experiment.

The ordinary process of removing the old yellow varnish which invariably covers pictures of any age if they have not been disturbed is well illustrated by two photographs (Plates 31 and 32) which show fragments of the large painting at Haarlem by Frans Hals, "The Lady Guardians of the Almshouses for Old Men," in which details of craquelure show up with remarkable distinctness.

This book, as has already been noticed, confines itself entirely to Dutch and Flemish pictures. No doubt other works will appear in the course of the next few years, in which specialists in other schools will publish the result of their investigations. Dr. Laurie, of Edinburgh, has already written much in England, and is still pursuing his experiments into the nature of pigments and their microchemical reactions. Unquestionably the chemist is recognised as the collaborator with, and not the enemy of, the connoisseur: he may not always capture the thrill of æsthetic pleasure, but he is the sure and certain guide in all matters of material construction.

## CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4058. BY NORRIS EASTER (BANSTEAD).

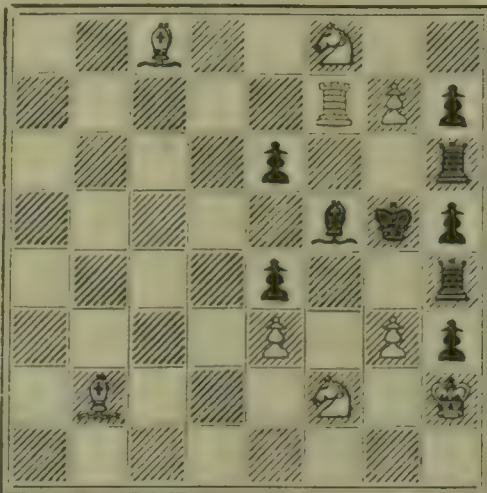
[8; 2p1q3; Kb1p4; p7; p2r1S1; B7; R3P1S1; 3k1bRr; in two.]  
Keymove: KtQ5[S14—d5].

Keymove: KtQ5[S14—d5]; threat, KtB3 mate.

If 1. — RQB5, 2. PK4; if 1. — RQ6, 2. PQ3; if 1. — R×K1, 2. Q×P; if 1. — RR6, 2. R×B; and if 1. — QK6, 2. QKt×Q.

The double unpin of the KP is most dexterously contrived, each of the BR's defences of the mating square obstructing the pinning B. Mr. Easter is always happy with this kind of task.

PROBLEM No. 4060.—BY EDWARD BOSWELL (LANCASTER).  
BLACK (9 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 2B2S2; 5RPp; 4p2r; 5bkr; 4p2r; 4PrPp; 1B3S1K; 8.]

White to play and mate in two moves.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R B COOKE (Portland, Me.).—Thank you for problems. We are glad you find the Game Problems vary in difficulty, as our idea is to suit readers who vary in skill.

H H SHEPHERD (Royapuram).—In Game Problem XXIX., if, 1. QB6ch, KB1; 2. QK67, Black might reply QK1ch, which would be awkward.

A CARINGTON SMITH (Quebec).—In Problem 4056, if 1. Kt×P(Q6), PQ7 is not Black's only move. 1. — KB4 is a more effective alternative.

H E MCFARLAND (St. Louis).—Glad to receive your solutions again. In No. 4056, we presume QK7 is intended, not QK6. We spell the champion's name without a final "e" because he spells it so himself in his book.

L W CAFFERATA and several other correspondents.—In Game Problem XXXIV. (Lloyd), it is impossible that the WB or Q can have been a promoted P from b7, as this involves 10 captures by the White Pawns, and Black has 6 pieces on the board, while the Black KB must have been shot sitting by some piece other than a Pawn, as the KP and KtP are unmoved!

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4055 from George Parbury (Singapore); of No. 4056 from H E McFarland (St. Louis); of No. 4057 from Julio Mond (Seville), A Carington Smith (Quebec), and H E McFarland (St. Louis); of No. 4058 from L W Cafferata (Newark), A Edmeston (Llandudno), F N (Vigo), H Richards (Hove), F James and P Roze (London), and of No. 4059 from L W Cafferata (Newark) and P J Wood (Wakefield).

CORRECT SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XXXI. from C Chapman (Modderfontein); of No. XXXIII. from L W Cafferata (Newark); and of No. XXXIV. from E Pinkney (Driffield), and J Braybon (Croydon). Quite an exceptional number of wrong solutions have been received for XXXIV.

## CASSE-NOISETTE.

While Alekhin and Bogoljubow have been wandering about Europe making an Ordnance Survey of the Queen's Gambit, Capablanca has been enjoying dessert at Barcelona. He won the tournament without losing a game, our Miss Menchik and Mr. Yates finishing about half-way down the list. We give the game between Alpha and Omega; as will be seen, the ex-champion found Dr. Torres rather a soft nut, and cracked him, so to speak, with his fingers.

## (Rdt's Opening.)

WHITE (J. R. Capa- blanca.)	BLACK (Dr. Torres.)	WHITE (J. R. Capa- blanca.)	BLACK (Dr. Torres.)
1. KtKB3	KtKB3	10. BKt2	POR3
2. PB4	PB4	11. KtQ6	QR4
3. PQ4	P×P	12. Castles (K)	RKt1
Black's attempt to gain a tempo by PK4, attacking the Kt, only results in a backward QP.		13. KRQ1	PQKt4
4. Kt×P	PK4	14. P×P	P×P
5. KtKt5	BKt5ch?	15. QKt5!	KtR5
6. BQ2	B×Beh	This is hopeless, but he has no good move. If, for instance, 15. — KtK3, 16. Q×KP, with unanswerable threats.	
The square d6 is now left permanently weak, and Black's game is positionally lost.		16. KtB5	KtK1
7. Q×B	Castles	17. KtR6ch	KR1
8. QKtB3	KtR3	18. QK7	Resigns.
He has no reasonable scheme of development, and the attack through the QKt file is Gallipole.		Of course, 18. — RKt1 would produce the familiar Philidorian self-block. Not a very good game, but a pleasing example of Capablanca's talent in giving elegance even to the obvious.	
9. PKKt3	KtB4		

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## THE SUBMARINE QUESTION.

(Continued from Page 896.)

were forced to brush aside all juridical obstacles established by the Treaties. On March 15, 1915, England declared that she no longer recognised the two Declarations. The principle of the flag covering merchandise was abandoned; the list of objects considered as contraband was going to be considerably lengthened. Germany replied by beginning a war of extermination with her submarines.

But, although the legal obstacles were brushed aside, they found themselves face to face with real obstacles which were much more serious. Germany continued to use the sea in order to arm herself and victual herself through the neutral countries which marched with her borders until the year 1916; that is to say, for as long as she had the money to pay. It was much more economic exhaustion than the blockade which tamed Germany. But the blockade, like all other war-operations, was a complicated mass of machinery, and, caught up in its wheels, the Allies were obliged to curtail the commerce of the neutrals by increasingly severe prohibitions and by more and more strict surveillances. The Germans replied by increasing the ferocity of their submarine warfare; the oceans fell back into a state of complete anarchy, as in barbarous times; the neutrals found themselves without any rights, at the mercy of two adversaries who were then seeking to wound each other mortally by employing every means at their disposal. The disorder became so great that, at a certain moment, the United States were obliged to intervene in the war. They took up arms, announcing to the world that they wanted to have done with this state of anarchy at sea.

But they failed completely. The question for which they had taken up arms was not even discussed at the Peace Congress. Public opinion of the Allied countries did not even know that it existed; America made no serious effort to enlighten them, or to impose her will: it was, therefore, possible at the Congress to put the question aside without anyone noticing that the seas were left without laws or rights, in the anarchy into which the World War had plunged them. What happened then? In order that they should not find themselves exposed a second time to being forced to submit to the will of whatever Power might be strongest at sea, the United States went home and set to work to construct a fleet which should be capable of imposing their conception of the liberty of the seas on any Power. The fleet they were forced to build would be enormous; but they had the means.

That is a short *résumé* of the capital event, and explains the agitated history of the past ten years. Why did not the United States ratify the Treaty of Versailles? Why have they become so hard on the question of the debts? Why do they spend annually on their fleet more than the whole Budget of Italy, and more than half that of France? Is it in order that they may be able to conquer the world, as so many who believe in American Imperialism are afraid? The reason is a simpler one. From the moment that the liberty of the seas was excluded from the Peace treaties, the United States had no longer any reason to preoccupy themselves with the affairs of the Old World, and could not count on any method of defending their maritime interests other than that of force.

The United States has solved the question of the liberty of the seas in so far as it concerns them. But the question is not solved for the other peoples, who are just as much interested as the United States, without being able to spend the enormous sums on their Navies which the United States are able to do. The sea is the common highway of humanity; how can the use of that highway remain for all generations without any rule or law to protect it against the use of force? Besides, the solution which the Americans have found is a very costly one, even for the richest people in the world, and carries with it the ultimate, inevitable outbreak of an immense war. A struggle of armaments like that in which Europe and America engaged after 1919 cannot last indefinitely; if nothing intervenes (such as an agreement about the struggle of armaments which took place in Germany and France after 1870), it will mean an immense war.

To prepare plans for the reduction of armaments is a meritorious work. But if we want to go to the root of the evil we must put an end to that anarchy of the seas which was bequeathed to us by the World War. That anarchy will always be a cause of distrust and annoyance between the peoples, and, like all anarchies, it will engender war. It is, therefore, necessary to re-establish on the common highway of humanity a just law which will be respected. But how can we re-establish it? By returning to principles and doctrines which the Declarations of Paris and London had codified with so much care and so little success?

It is always difficult to re-establish a law after it has been too open a proof of its powerlessness to make itself respected. Besides, we must not forget that during the last ten years, and especially in 1923, a new factor arose in the history of the world: fifty-six Powers signed the Kellogg-Briand Pact which outlaws war. A system of rules, like those which were codified in the Declarations of Paris and of London presupposed that two nations stood facing each other with equal rights which did not concern neutrals. If the Kellogg-Briand Pact is not destined to remain a simple theoretical declaration of praiseworthy intentions, the future will be different; in any future war there will be an aggressor who will have violated the pact, and an attacked party who will have respected it. It would be absurd, after having outlawed war, to make laws to regulate it by recognising the same rights for the State which violates the pact as for the one which respects it! The Kellogg-Briand Pact carries with it, as a natural consequence, the fact that the sea will be closed to the aggressor, and that all facilities shall be conceded to the victim.

The Kellogg-Briand Pact as it exists to-day, however, is reduced to a declaration of principles and an exchange of promises without any practical sanction. The loyalty of the contracting parties is still the only guarantee of its being respected. In these circumstances, I have several times had the opportunity of remarking here that it would be imprudent to expect miracles from it. We should be living in too easy and too happy a world if the signing of a solemn document by fifty-six Foreign Ministers were sufficient to end for ever all wars in all parts of the world. The problem of Peace or War is, alas! more complex.

The Kellogg-Briand Pact, in fact, excludes a codification of the rules of maritime war, such as existed before 1914, as contrary to its spirit, although at the same time it cannot guarantee peace in face of a revival of the ancient war-like spirit, or against the artful machinations of bad faith. The world has found itself faced with that contradiction ever since the Kellogg-Briand Pact was signed. Is there a way out of the difficulty? In certain circles they have begun to hope that this is so; for they prefer to fix their eyes on the future rather than turn towards the past. It is thought in those circles that the double problem would be solved if the European Powers came to an agreement with the United States to subject the aggressive State to a total blockade, without exceptions or distinctions, and to help in every way the State which was attacked and had kept the rules of the pact. This new understanding would form the new Statute of the sea, would replace the Declarations of 1856 and 1909, and would make the Kellogg-Briand pact a real active measure.

Do the President of the United States and the British Prime Minister intend to engage themselves in this policy? Certain comments published in Washington at the time of the conversations there would make one think so. The *communiqué* issued by the two statesmen was very vague. Certain sentences, however, seemed to confirm those American Press comments: for example—"We approach the old historical problems from a new angle and in a new atmosphere. On the assumption that war between us has been banished, and that conflicts between our military or naval forces cannot take place, those problems have changed their meaning and character, and their solution, so satisfactory to both countries, has become possible."

The future will tell us how much is true in the deductions we can draw. Meanwhile, it will be useful if public opinion in all countries does not forget that the seas belong to the common life of humanity; that, before the World War, laws existed which protected the rights over those highways against force, that those laws no longer exist, that if a war broke out force alone would decide the rights of belligerents and of neutrals, and that all the questions of naval armaments, including that of the submarines, are bound up with this question. The conclusion of an agreement of the Powers arising from the Kellogg-Briand Pact would give a new Statute to the seas, and all the questions of armament would be simplified.

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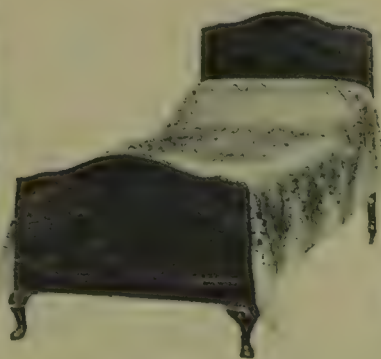
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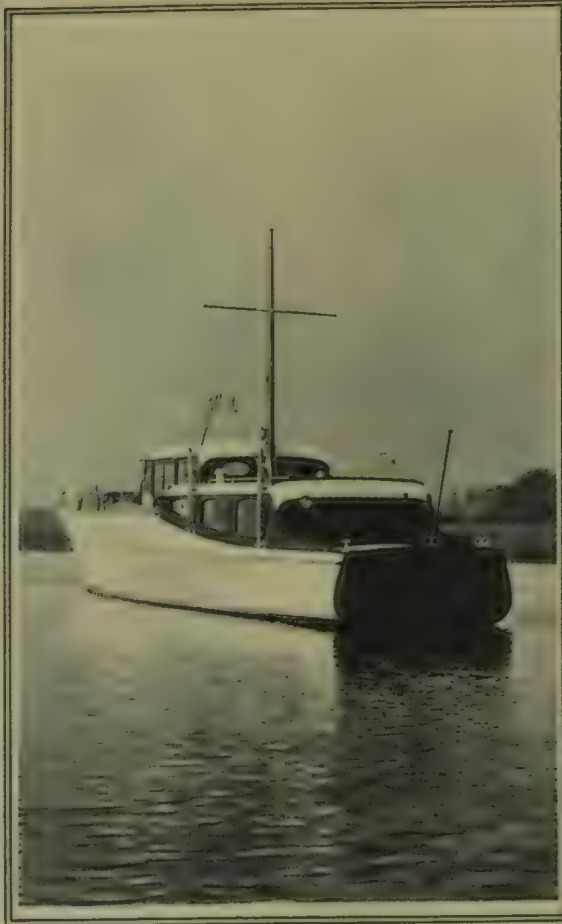
## MARINE CARAVANNING.—LVIII.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

THERE are many motor-cruisers in this country that float on the water like walnut-shells, and have correspondingly light draughts. I know owners who are proud of their boats because they draw so little water, but, when they ask me to spend a week-end afloat with them on salt water, I plead other engagements. A boat that is able to cruise in shallow water is essential, of course, for the "mud-crawler," or for places like the Norfolk Broads, but it is little more than an affliction to its occupants when employed on coastal cruising.

It is common practice on the sheltered waters of America to give motor-cruisers light draughts and to build up their superstructures in order to obtain sufficient head-room. The fact that such craft fill requirements over there, however, does not imply that they are suitable for our own waters. There has been a tendency recently in this country towards light draughts on the part of certain designers who wish to obtain the maximum speed with a minimum power. The amount gained by this means, however, is not so great as might be imagined. With fast craft a considerable gain will result, but at the low speeds of motor-cruisers it is hardly worth troubling about. To take an extreme case, the difference in the speed of an eight-knot tramp steamer, when loaded and when light, seldom exceeds one knot, whilst the variation in draught between the two states is several feet. As regards comfort, the light-draught motor-cruisers cannot compare with those with draughts that measure approximately forty per cent. of their maximum beam measurement. This is well known by experienced owners; but, as there must be many novices at this season of the year who are in the throes of ordering their first boat, a little timely warning may not be out of place.

Apart from comfort at sea, it is also important to study it in harbour. Nothing is more annoying, when moored in a crowded anchorage, than to find oneself in a vessel that responds to the slightest ripple and that buries an opened porthole at the smallest provocation. I do not imply that the deep-draught vessel in quite immune from these troubles, for such is not the case, but she undoubtedly suffers less than her lighter sister.



AN IMPROVEMENT IN LINES BY ROUNDED CORNERS ON THE DECK-HOUSE: A MOTOR-CRUISER BY BROOKE, OF LOWESTOFT.

The craft here illustrated is a 49-ft. cruiser designed and built by Messrs. J. W. Brooke and Co., of Lowestoft, and powered with one of the firm's 100-h.p. engines. The rounding-off of all corners on the deck-house will be noted as a serious and successful effort to improve the vessel's looks. She is a teak-built boat, panelled internally with Haldu wood, and she has accommodation for five passengers.

I admit an undimmed affection for the sailing-vessel, but I do not urge its advantages for that reason or because my first sea experience was in one and it was my first love; but the fact remains that no motor-cruiser can compare with a sailing-boat as regards comfort, either at sea or in harbour. It is because of the deeper draught, and, though good sailing-vessel lines make an inefficient power-driven boat, the 90 per cent. sailing-craft with an auxiliary motor still constitutes the best all-round cruising craft, in my opinion. Like all boats, it has its drawbacks, of course. For example, its draught, in many cases, may be one of them, whilst it costs more to build and cannot provide such roomy after-cabins as those possible in motor-cruisers; and, finally, it requires more nautical knowledge in those who handle it. It may be looked upon, however, as the next step above the motor-cruiser for those who wish to become real yachtsmen.

I suppose everyone knows by sight the large modern power-driven yachts with their "steam-tug-like" bows and sterns that are copies of those of war-ships. They compare very unfavourably in appearance with the old and graceful steam-yachts, and their ugliness has been copied largely by the designers of motor-cruisers, chiefly, I fancy, because such a craft is cheaper to build. If my information is correct, they will die out shortly and be replaced once again with the old counter sterns and graceful bows. The return to the old form will not be purely for the sake of appearance, but because it provides more comfort in a seaway. This makes me wonder whether motor-cruiser design would not be improved if it followed the same lines, thus making them into miniature counter and schooner-bowed yachts. They would cost more, but, as their deck space, seaworthiness, and comfort, both at sea and in harbour, would be increased, the extra price would be worth it. I will not deny indirect responsibility for the production of several of the "motor-tug" type cruisers, and shall probably recommend them often again, because, for certain requirements, they will remain supreme.

In my article on the 9th inst. I inadvertently, when mentioning the Snercold safety device, stated the name and address of the suppliers as Messrs. Spencers, Ltd., 3, London Road, W.2. This should have read Messrs. Spencers, Ltd., 6, London Road, W.2.



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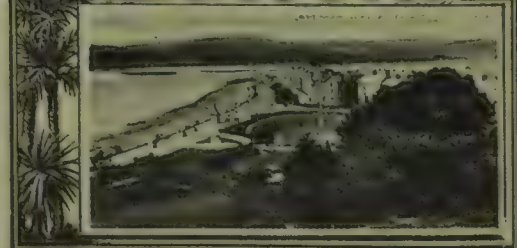


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## FIRESIDE AND KITCHEN COMFORT.

By Jessie J. Williams, M.C.A.

## ATTRACTIVE INNOVATIONS IN GAS FIRES.

FEW people, comparatively, realise the enormous demand for gas fires during the cold months of the year, and to speak of the advantages of this mode of heating a room is—at this time of day—surely superfluous. Most of us have had some experience of the joy of being able at a moment's notice, and without any effort or trouble, to ensure a fireside of cheery warmth and brightness. Even the idea of the Yule log, as seen in our illustration, is maintained by means of gas. But attractive innovations, both on the decorative and the useful sides, in this method of warming the home are to be noted. In a charmingly illustrated book on the subject, recently published, Sir Lawrence Weaver points out that gas-fire design deserves more attention from manufacturers and architects alike, since gas offers the real solution of smoke abatement, labour-saving, and heating associated with ventilation.

Then the new type of gas-fire radiants as the best means of yielding the infra-red rays is important. Tests have proved what a pleasant warmth is experienced by the adoption of the "Thermo XX Beam" radiants, which give much of the soft heat we experience when sitting in the sun. The adoption of this wonderful radiant offers a softer heat, a brighter fire, and a fire that heats up more rapidly. Gas as the spirit of coal is in the home to stay, and we know not what further wonders may yet be revealed in this respect in the fairyland of Science. Certain it is that fireside comfort provided by gas is most satisfactory and economical.

Modern gas-cookers have made the preparation of meals an easier and much less dreaded task than in the days of the coal range; even preparation for the festive season of Christmas is considerably lightened in kitchens which are equipped with gas. If you have not already made your mincemeat—that fruity, spicy filling for the little Christmas pies, against which Puritans railed so fiercely and so foolishly in their day, calling them "Idolatrie in

currants, stoned raisins, sultanas, chopped dried figs, chopped sour apples—Northern Greens are the best fruit for this—and beef suet, weighed after chopping. To these add one pound of sugar, three ounces each of lemon, citron, and orange peel, the grated rind and strained juice of two small lemons, two tablespoonfuls of orange marmalade, and two wine-glassfuls of rum. When these are all well mixed, let them stand in a cool place for twenty-four hours before being packed in air-tight jars against the time for baking pies. Puff pastry, rough puff, or flaky pastry may be used for the covering.

Spiced cake—the spices, we are told, being intended to be a symbol of the frankincense and myrrh brought to Bethlehem by the Three Wise Men—was in mediæval days general at Christmas-time. Modern taste, as a rule, prefers little or no spice, and, if you would have a cake that keeps moist, try the following. It is not so rich as many mixtures, though in appearance and flavour it equals the best of them, and its good keeping properties are undeniable.

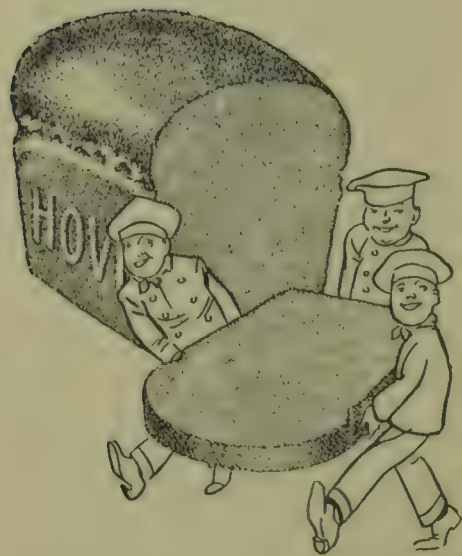
Rub half a pound of butter into a pound of fine flour, and to them add half a pound each of currants and sultanas, four ounces of shredded candied citron, three-quarters of a pound of Demarara sugar, and the grated rind of one lemon. Warm half a pint of stout in a pan over the fire, and into it stir a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; when frothing up, use this and four well-beaten eggs to moisten the mixture. Pour it into a cake-tin that has been greased and lined with greased paper, and bake in a steady oven. Baked as one large cake

this will take about three hours, for the oven must be a moderately hot one. When cold, wrap it in grease-proof paper and keep it in an air-tight tin until needed for icing, a few days before Christmas.



THE YULE LOG IS AS POSSIBLE WITH A GAS FIRE AS IN THE OPEN COAL GRATES OF LONG AGO.

Crust"—try this, which gives a mincemeat that will keep good for months. All that it needs when one comes towards the bottom of the jar is a little more spirit to moisten it. Take half a pound each of



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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

### GADGETS AND ACCESSORIES: THEIR INCREASING IMPORTANCE.

If there was one outstanding feature of the late Motor Show, it was the vast improvement in the equipment of cars of all prices, from the dearest to the cheapest. All kinds of gadgets form part of the 1930 cars, priced at £500 and under, which would have been regarded as almost indefensible luxuries a few years ago. That is wholly as it should be. "Nothing is good enough for us" is a far more wholesome maxim for owner and manufacturer alike than any other. No standard is really high enough for either, if stagnation is to be escaped. It is the buyer, quite as much as the maker, who improves the breed of cars and their outfit.

#### From Bare Boards—

It is an odd circumstance that as the design of cars becomes progressively more simple, and their performance more efficient, more accessories become necessary. The 1930 car is as far ahead of the 1920 model as the 1920 was in advance of the 1910. It is better in every conceivable way, and, considering what it does, is incredibly cheaper. Yet no one who cares for cars as they should be cared for could endure the dash-boards of, say, 1912—practically naked expanses of polished wood, unbroken save for a switch or an oil-gauge. We must know that every part of the engine and its assistants and dependents is doing its work properly, and a proper complement of dials and tell-tales is essential to our peace of mind.

The simplicity and reliability and efficiency of our new cars have brought into existence a host of delightful instruments which are as much an essential part of the car as are the ignition and the carburetter. Fifteen years ago we should probably have regarded a 1930 battery of dials with horror, suspicion, and, in the end, contempt. They would have been dismissed as useless junk, after giving us hours of anxiety. Nowadays, I believe it would be impossible to sell the finest car built, designed on absolutely fool-proof, reliable, and "automatic" lines, if its dash carried nothing but a speed indicator.

#### What Needs Watching.

Nobody would believe that a modern engine, even of the most expensive sort, would run without incessant supervision. I am not sure that I believe it myself. I know that my own car (luckily for me, one of a very high grade, made by a firm which believes, rightly or wrongly, that it is better to build a few very good cars than a great many indifferent ones) is designed to withstand the hardest work and the cruellest neglect. Yet I could not drive her a mile unless I had that clear-faced oil-gauge to watch. I might not worry very much about the little red light which glows when the dynamo is not charging properly, because that is an annoyance rather than a trouble, but I should have no peace if I thought that the engine was perhaps not getting every drop of oil it wanted. The ingenious petrol-gauge, which sometimes goes wrong, is not necessary to my calm, nor is the speedometer; but I should be unhappy if I did not know that the revolutions were up to the mark, uneasy if I had to guess whether the temperature of the water was at the right figure.

#### In Days Gone By.

In the old days we never gave a thought to the water temperature, unless it was so high that it boiled in the radiator, or so low that the engine ran poorly. And even then we used to point out with satisfaction that you could keep your hand on any part of the radiator after an Alpine climb. Odd times! We suffered agonies from overheated engines, which were, in their cooler moments, efficient, and unknown losses of efficiency from cold-running ones which were things of pride to us. We had oil-drippers, "sight-feeds" which told us that the oil had left on its voyage, but nothing to tell us whether it ever reached the bearings. We remained calm in circumstances which are inconceivable to-day. A batch of accessories sent to me for trial reminds me anew of the responsibilities thrust upon us by efficiency, performance, and economy, as we understand them to-day, to say nothing of safety and comfort. They are the products of firms which specialise in gadgets of practical utility rather than in things of the cigar-lighter or ash-tray type, things to be submitted to searching test. It will be a dull day when nobody can think of any way of making his car go better or himself more comfortable in the driving of it; but it is a long way off as yet.

#### A Very Good Wiper-Blade.

The first on my list is the cheapest and, in its own way, the most efficient. It is a screen-wiper blade of, to me, entirely novel design. The average blade usually works properly in one direction only, leaving its work only half-done. The swept space is only absolutely clear after the blade has crossed it twice. This new blade, which is made by Messrs. Brown Brothers, Ltd., Great Eastern Street, E.C.2, consists of three broad rubber strips and two narrow ones, the latter being the stiffer. It is entirely successful, keeping the screen perfectly free from wet spots the whole time it is in motion. Further, it is noiseless, which is more than can be said for some types. The idea of the five strips is distinctly ingenious, and the only possible drawback I foresee is that a spell of warm weather might rot them. It costs 2s.

#### A New Type of Glare-Visor.

The second gadget is the new "Nitaglass" visor, made by Safetex Safety Glass, Ltd., designed to obviate glare from both head-lamps and sun. It is a small auxiliary screen, to be attached to the roof of a saloon, hinged so that it can be set at any angle. It is of a curious blue tint, rather like diluted ink, and has the remarkable quality of being nearly as easy to see through at night as in daylight. This is important, as most glare-guards do their work by complete blotting-out. You can see on either side of them, but not through them. The "Nitaglass" allows you, within reasonable limits, to look straight ahead when a pair of scorching beams are bearing down on you, and to distinguish things in your path. My tests of this promising device are not yet complete, but I have verified the claim that the direct rays of powerful head-lights are considerably neutralised, and that the "general visibility" is good. I am testing it on a saloon at present, but, if it proves as successful as seems likely, I shall give it a trial on an open car, where conditions are, to my shrinking eyes, very different. It is finely finished, and in no way "bazaar stuff."

#### The Stadium Thermometer.

The third gadget is an engine-thermometer, made by Stadium, Ltd., of 75, Paul Street, Great Eastern Street, E.C.2. This is of the usual type, with a heating element designed to be fitted into the rubber water-connection between the cylinder-head

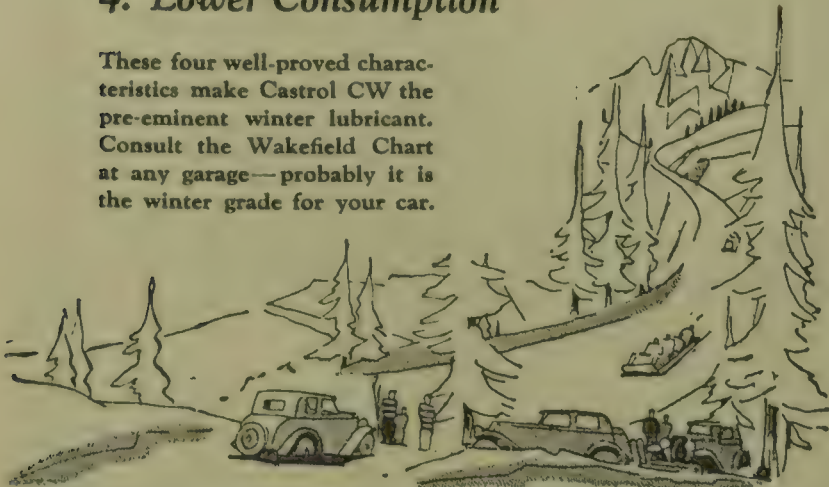
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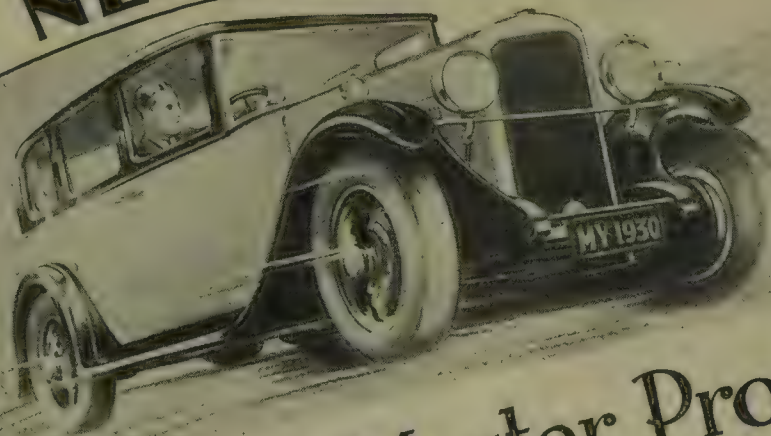
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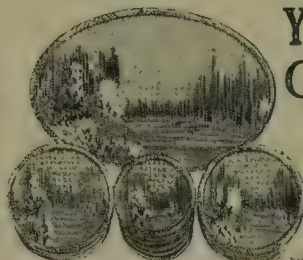
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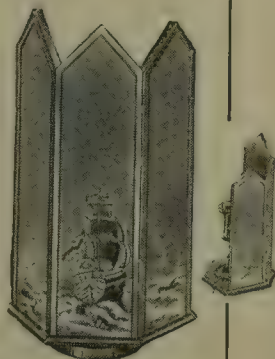


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and the radiator. But it differs from any other I have seen in having a particularly neat clamp-on dash-board attachment. It can be neatly fastened on to the lower edge of the dash, projecting only some 2½ to 3 inches below the bottom. It looks as nearly as possible part of the general scheme, and as little as possible an afterthought. To those who have the new dial-faces this form of an essential instrument will be very welcome. I hope to be able accurately to check its records of heat, and, by adjusting the thermostat accordingly, the results on performance and fuel consumption. (JOHN PRIOR)

#### OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

**D**ISTINCTION and beauty have always been the keystones of our Christmas Number, and in the 1929 issue, on sale on Monday next, Nov. 25, our readers will agree that the lovely colour pages and interesting reading matter which we offer make it a real addition to the home library. The Presentation Plate, "For What We Are about to Receive," is a reproduction of a characteristic Cecil Aldin picture of three terriers begging for their supper; while lovers of childhood and art will be able to satisfy their tastes to the full by means of our Christmas Garland of Children—by Old Masters; pictures by Hoppner, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Botticelli, and Chardin. The coloured pages of Segrelles' illustrations to "Don Quixote" are richly imaginative; and the Calendar for 1930, consisting of twelve miniatures from a Flemish sixteenth-century Book of Hours, will delight our readers throughout the year. "The Hindu Gods and Nature Myth in Indian Art" is a most interesting article by James H. Cousins, illustrated by a series of reproductions of paintings by Indian artists. The fiction includes a notable story by H. M. F. Prescott, the historical novelist, with illustrations in colour; a ghost story by H.R. Wakefield, and tales by two well-known young writers, Ianthe Jerrold and Alan Thomas, while Laurence Kirk contributes an original murder yarn.

## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### ORCHESTRAS AND CONDUCTORS.

**T**HE extensive range of symphony concerts planned by the B.B.C. for its 1929-30 season brings once more into the foreground the problem of providing London with a first-rate permanent orchestra. The present B.B.C. orchestral season is preliminary, we are told, to the National Orchestral Concerts of the following year; but the present personnel has been carefully chosen, is excellently led by Mr. Arthur Catterall, and is an experimental body which is playing in twenty-one concerts, of which Sir Thomas Beecham is conducting ten, Sir Henry Wood six, and Sir Landon Ronald two.

Of course, the material for a first-rate permanent orchestra exists here; but our great difficulty is to find native conductors of sufficient talent and experience to train such an orchestra and conduct it. The best of our conductors make a poor showing compared with the best Continental conductors. There is, I fear, no possible doubt about this. Even Sir Thomas Beecham, for all his gifts, has not had the prolonged severe training which the Continental conductor of equal gifts gets. As an example of the truth of this statement I need only point to the recent concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society on Nov. 14—when a Hungarian conductor unknown in England, Eugen Szenkar, took the place at short notice of another comparatively unknown conductor, Václav Talich, and conducted the original programme, with the exception of one item of Suk, for which Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture was substituted. The other items on the programme were Liszt's Concert in A major for pianoforte and orchestra, Kodály's Suite "Háry János," and Tchaikovsky's sixth Symphony. Now Mr. Szenkar's conducting was a display of the highest kind of virtuosity, a virtuosity which not even Sir Thomas Beecham commands; and when one gets a professional conductor of this class over from the Continent, he makes the

conducting of our English conductors seem absolutely amateurish. The gulf between Eugen Szenkar and any of our conductors, from the more experienced Sir Henry Wood to the younger men like Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron, or John Barbirolli, is as big as the gulf between the professional billiard-player and the best amateurs.

Now what is the secret of this gulf between our English and foreign conductors? It lies—apart from individual gifts—in the far greater opportunities for training and experience which the Continent—especially Germany—offers. Mr. Szenkar, for example, comes from Cologne, where, I believe, he succeeded Otto Klemperer as conductor of the Opera House. Klemperer is now one of the principal Berlin Opera conductors, and we shall have our first opportunity of hearing him on Nov. 20 at the second of the Courtauld-Sargent concerts. We shall, no doubt, find that he also is on a different plane from our native conductors, for I have heard him very highly spoken of by reliable musicians. But these men, Klemperer and Szenkar, however much they may vary in individual gifts—and no doubt they are both gifted above the average good conductor in Germany—owe their virtuosity, their professional technique, which is what distinguishes them so markedly from our own conductors, to their experience.

There is only one way for a conductor to get the real incessant practice and experience which will make the first-class professional conductor, and that is in a permanent opera house. All the finest Continental conductors, from Von Bülow and Richter down to Mahler and his successors of to-day, have got their experience and training in an opera house. As promising young musicians they get a job as one of the assistants under some famous conductor at Vienna or Munich, or Stuttgart or Cologne, or Berlin or Hamburg, or some other of the numerous great German opera houses, and then they begin by taking minor rehearsals of orchestra, of chorus, of principals. Frequently when the conductor-in-chief wants to

(Continued overleaf.)

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RACECOURSE executives point out that better and cheaper racing, greater comfort for visitors, reduced entry fees and improved stable accommodation are among the most important improvements dependent upon finance.

It is in this direction that the Totalisator benefits all associated with racing. As everybody knows, the surplus from the working of the "Tote" will be applied to the improvement of racing and horse-breeding, while Charities also will benefit.

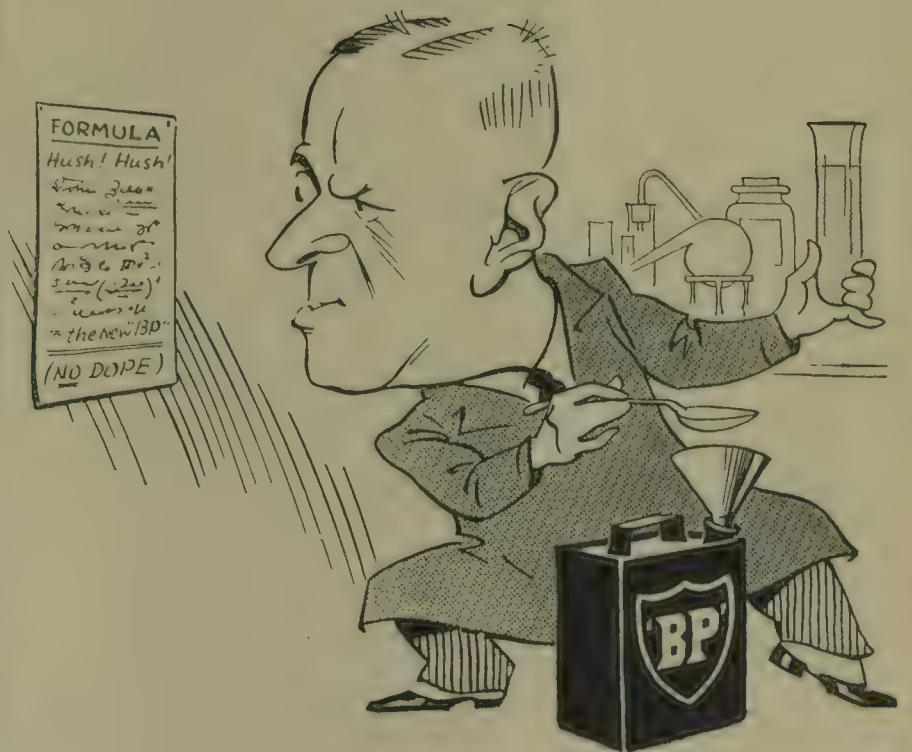
It follows that steeplechase patrons who bet with the "Tote" will be assisting materially in bringing about the improvements so greatly needed. Those who cannot get to the course can arrange for a friend to place their bets with the "Tote" and so contribute to the benefit of the sport.

The Totalisator has already been operated successfully at meetings held under National Hunt Rules at Folkestone, Hexham, Perth, Fontwell Park, Kelso, Stratford-on-Avon, Wetherby, Towcester and Sedgfield.

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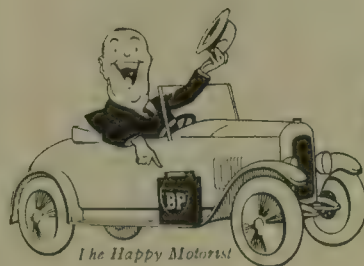
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## THE BETTER PETROL



(Continued.)

hear the effect of what is being done, and to judge the balance of orchestra and singers, etc., he will hand the bâton to one of his young deputies, and go into the auditorium and criticise. Frequently his deputies take his place at actual performances once the opera has been launched. In German opera houses, which are all repertory opera houses, there is a constant production of operas, old works being revived and new ones freshly produced. The work is terrific and unceasing. Most English conductors would break down under the strain if they were suddenly thrown into the frenzied activity of a German opera house. But it is in this manner that the young Continental musicians get that solid foundation of experience and practice upon which they build up their astonishing technique.

Now if the B.B.C. were to engage such a conductor as Eugen Szenkar as the permanent conductor and trainer of their new orchestra, it would soon be made into a magnificent instrument equal to any orchestra in Europe; but what would Sir Thomas Beecham say to this? Perhaps, after all, we must give our English conductors the chance of training our orchestras, and certainly if Sir Thomas Beecham would concentrate seriously his whole energies on the job he has the natural gifts to do it well. But he must eschew all appeals to the gallery and all dubious sensationalism. For example, he would do well to conduct occasionally with a score. It is very impressive to conduct without a score,

and it particularly impresses the musically ignorant; but it only has value when the conductor actually knows without doubt every bar of the music and can give his whole attention to directing the playing. It is quite possible to keep one's place with the orchestra without knowing every bar; but in that case, however, one cannot effectively direct the expression or attack. At the last B.B.C. concert, when Sir Thomas conducted the whole programme without a score, it was quite obvious that he did not know César Franck's "Symphonic Variations" with the requisite certainty of detail to dispense with a score; or, if he did, then he conducted it without the certainty and forcefulness that it needed in some of the variations.

I should like to see Sir Thomas Beecham abandon speechifying in all its forms and concentrate upon music. He has opportunities such as no English musician has ever had. He will, no doubt, have with the B.B.C. the opportunity of training a permanent orchestra; he will have soon, I hope, an opera company, and eventually, if he deserves it, a permanent opera house. He has the chance of laying the foundations of a magnificent musical culture in England if he is serious and concentrated, if he gathers around him all the most gifted young English musicians and trains them without jealousy or pettiness—if, in other words, he remains a servant of music, an entirely devoted, hard-working, completely unselfish servant. All this demands high ideals and

strength of character. Sir Thomas Beecham often gives us glimpses of his genius, love of music, and of his capacity for persistence, for sticking to his job; but every now and then he seems to be possessed by some mischievous frivolity that makes him say and do the most disappointing things.

The final test of Sir Thomas Beecham will come when he has his opera company in being, and a permanent orchestra. Then we shall see, once and for all, whether he will be big enough and free enough from the desire to scintillate alone to invite the co-operation of any experienced foreign conductor such as Eugen Szenkar to be guest-conductor and produce operas occasionally for him. If Sir Thomas's chief desire is to raise musical standards, to give the best operatic performances possible, he will certainly invite first-class foreign conductors to show us what they can do, and to help to train our own orchestras, choruses, and conductors. In the meantime I hope the B.B.C. will take a note of the name of Eugen Szenkar, and engage him to conduct several of their symphony concerts next year. This year far too many of the twenty-one concerts are being conducted by our native conductors. It is a great mistake to give more than half of these concerts to our own conductors, because we need to be kept in touch with Continental methods, and to be careful not to sink below Continental standards, but to learn all we can from them and try to surpass them.

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### "TRAILING THE GIANT PANDA."

(Continued from Page 888.)

course, where many of the feathery tops were weighed down by snow and frozen fast in the ground. Drenched by rain and soaked by snow, whenever a moment's halt was called we alternately shivered and panted. . . . It was difficult to straighten out the trail. We cast first in one direction, then in another. Unexpectedly close I heard a clicking chirp. . . . I remembered the eager interest of the Muping hunters at hearing just such a sound. . . . One of the Lolo hunters was now close to Mokhta Lone and me. Noiselessly he darted forward. He had not got forty yards before he turned back to eagerly motion to us to hurry. As I gained his side he pointed to a giant spruce thirty yards away. The bole was hollowed, and from it emerged the head and fore-quarters of a beishung. He looked sleepily from side to side as he sauntered forth. He seemed very large, and like the animal of a dream, for we had given up whatever small hopes we had ever had of seeing one. And now he appeared much larger than life with his white head with black spectacles, his black collar and white saddle." The Roosevelts had arranged that in case of such fortune as this they would share the honours and shoot simultaneously, so Kermit waited for Theodore. Then both fired and hit. The "Golden Fleece" lay at the feet of the Jasons from Oyster Bay. Right worthily had they won it.

Now, what of the Giant Panda? A picture—a picture from the pages that tell of its taking—is reproduced. Here is the official description of it, from the same authority: "*Ailuropus melanoleucus* is its scientific name. It lives in the dense bamboo jungles in Szechuan. . . . Père David, the French missionary scientist, discovered it sixty years ago when he got skins from the natives of Muping. The animal is of the size of a bear and strikingly colored. Around its eyes are black spectacles. Its ears are black and there is a heavy band of black over its shoulders and front legs. The rest of its body is white. No one knew exactly how it should be classified, whether it was a bear, a panda, or an entirely new species." To which may be added the points that the Giant Panda flourishes in altitudes varying from six to fourteen thousand feet; that it does not hibernate; that, in the opinion of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, it is not a bear; that it has "a fairly wide area of distribution but is to be found only in pockets, and is never abundant, even in these pockets," although it may not be quite as scarce as it has been reckoned to be; and that it is not savage. A Giant Panda has fallen. As fitting memorial is a most excellent book, the work of "fore-loopers" of courage and knowledge, mighty hunters who are without the aura of doubt! E. H. G.





I also noticed an old man, with a beard, of unknown nationality. It was an aggressive square beard, and as soon as I saw it, I registered a hope that he would not turn out to be my travelling companion in the *wagon-lit*. . . . Then the train came in.

## MURDER DE LUXE

By LAURENCE KIRK (Author of "Dangerous Cross Roads" and "One More River").

Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK.

**I**T is a few odd-thousand years since the Pharaohs first began to send their slave gangs to Assouan for the black granite which they required to work into statues of their majesty. The gangs that go there now are gangs of tourists, earnestly doing the dam and the temples; and they have the choice of going either by one of Mr. Cook's excellent steamboats or by rail in the *train de luxe*, with sleeping-cars and abundant meals to save them from the boredom of their own company.

I was one of these. It was the middle of March, and so hot that I had scamped most of the sight-seeing that I ought to have done, and spent the greater part of my time lazing about in a sailing-boat on the Nile. That was a delightful occupation. However, the time had come for me to return to Cairo, and it wasn't nearly so delightful sitting in the blazing heat of the railway station at two in the afternoon, waiting for the train to come in. I had found a seat in the shade and passed the time in studying my fellow-passengers. There were plenty of them: fat Egyptians in fezes, slim brown Englishmen in grey flannels, Germans with binoculars and sun-helmets and lots of flesh, and several Americans who had apparently obtained their ideas of suitable costume for Egypt from the movies. Some of their men had actually gone so far as to dress themselves up as Bedouins, the only Bedouins I had seen since I came to Egypt; and the women, regardless of the fact that their figures made the costume unsuitable, almost invariably wore riding breeches of a brilliant hue.

I also noticed an old man, with a beard, of unknown nationality. It was an aggressive square beard, and as soon as I saw it I registered a hope that he would not turn out to be my travelling companion in the *wagon-lit*. I dislike any companions in the *wagon-lit*, but one with a beard in that heat seemed particularly objectionable. Then the train came in. Dragomen started shouting, porters began heaving boxes about, and hands were extended for baksheesh. Then, when the tumult had partially died down, and my own luggage had been put into the train, I found my carriage, and began to walk along the corridor over numerous human and other obstacles, looking for my compartment—No. 4. Here it was. . . . I looked inside, and there in the window seat which I hoped to obtain for myself was the beard already firmly established.

The venerable owner of the beard did not even look up when I came in; and, after seeing that my luggage was all in order, I sat down at the other end of the seat and began wishing that I was at the end of the journey instead of the beginning. The railway line ran along the edge of the desert, a grim, grey desert covered with loose stones, and there was nothing of interest to see out of the window, even if the view hadn't been obstructed by that abundant, flowing beard. It was, moreover, insufferably hot, and when the train began to move, volumes of dust managed to creep into the carriage, although it was impossible to let in any air. After a while I let my eye wander round to my companion's luggage. The label was upside down, but without appearing to take too much interest in the same, I managed to decipher the name, Joannides. Joannides, I thought: a Greek. And, being a Greek, he was presumably on business and not a tourist; and also, being a Greek, he was probably a good linguist. I decided to be civil. I mentioned in English that it was extremely hot, and was rewarded with a cold stare. Slightly daunted, I waited a moment, then observed in French that the heat was insupportable, and as that produced no result, I continued in my best German words to the same effect. But he was not to be drawn. He didn't even look at me, and with a sigh I picked up a book and began to read.

I read off and on for two hours, by which time I had to admit that the silent old gentleman beside me was getting on my nerves. I've never met a man who lived so entirely inwardly. He just was. External things, such as my remarks about the weather, produced no reaction in him at all. He never moved the whole time, he never looked out of the window, he didn't do anything; he didn't read, he didn't smoke, he didn't even yawn. He just was. And, in spite of this inactivity, I noticed that his little beady black eyes were intensely and unpleasantly alive, and that they entirely belied the venerable aspect created by his beard.

Tea provided a few minutes' relief to the monotony of the journey, and after tea I again settled down to read until dinner-time. It seemed to get hotter and dustier as the sun went down, and the old man at the window continued to get on my nerves. I escaped at frequent intervals into the corridor to smoke cigarettes, and tried not to look at him when I came back again. It grew dark, and at length dinner was served. My companion had not taken tea. Neither did he dine; his body as well



as his brain seemed to be nourished entirely from within. However, I dined. I dined rather well, and the train seemed to be rocking more than usual as I walked back to my carriage from the restaurant-car. There I found that Mr. Joannides had at last changed his position. He had, in fact, gone to bed. And there he was, lying in state in the lower bunk, with his eyes open and his beard flowing all over the counterpane. Now these *wagons-lits* are so arranged that, if one occupant goes to bed, there is nothing left for the other one to do except go to bed too; for there is no longer anywhere to sit. I therefore reluctantly began to undress myself, and tried not to think of those two beady little eyes that never seemed to shut. Then, having put on my pyjamas, I heaved myself and my book into the upper berth and once more began to read. I read for an hour or so; then the attendant, probably also a Greek, came in and asked if I wanted anything to drink before going to sleep.

I asked for a whisky-and-soda, a bad drink in that stilling atmosphere, but I thought it would make me sleep. He returned with it in a moment or two and I drank it off. It was bad whisky, very bad whisky, and tepid as well; and I knew as I drank it that I was going to regret it later.



I read off and on for two hours, by which time I had to admit that the silent old gentleman beside me was getting on my nerves. I've never met a man who lived so entirely inwardly.

However, I put the glass down, turned out the light, and prepared for the night's rest, such as it was. I didn't hope for much in that suffocating atmosphere.

However, almost immediately I fell into a heavy, sodden sleep. I dreamed violently and woke up with a start. My watch told me I had only slept an hour, and I lay down again. And again I dreamed. Strange beasts with the heads of Egyptian gods were pursuing me over a burning desert; then I was a slave at the building of the Great Pyramid; and, again, I was being sacrificed at the Temple of Amon. My brain must have been a mixture of bad whisky and guide-books. Then, again, at some dim hour of the early morning, I woke up, or seemed to. It was really more like the first coming-to after an anæsthetic, when one is conscious of a strange blank world around one which is yet too vague to be reality. I had a splitting headache, and felt that I couldn't breathe. Gasping for air, I leaned out over the side of my bunk, and by accident looked down. The compartment was filled with a strange blue light which seemed to be coming from outside, and I saw my companion lying just as I had last seen him, with his eyes open. But there was a new expression in his eyes. . . . a new. . . . Suddenly I saw it. The

[Continued overleaf.]

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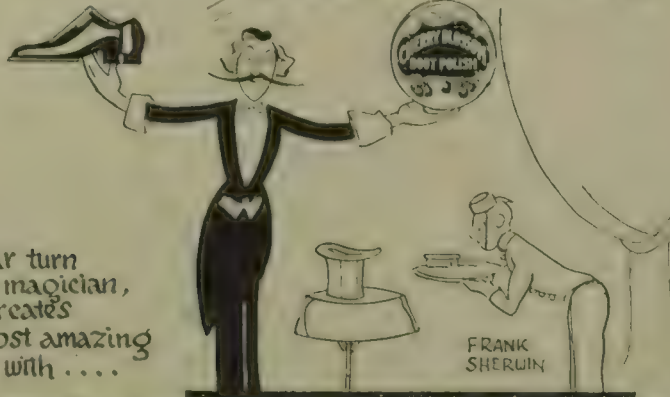
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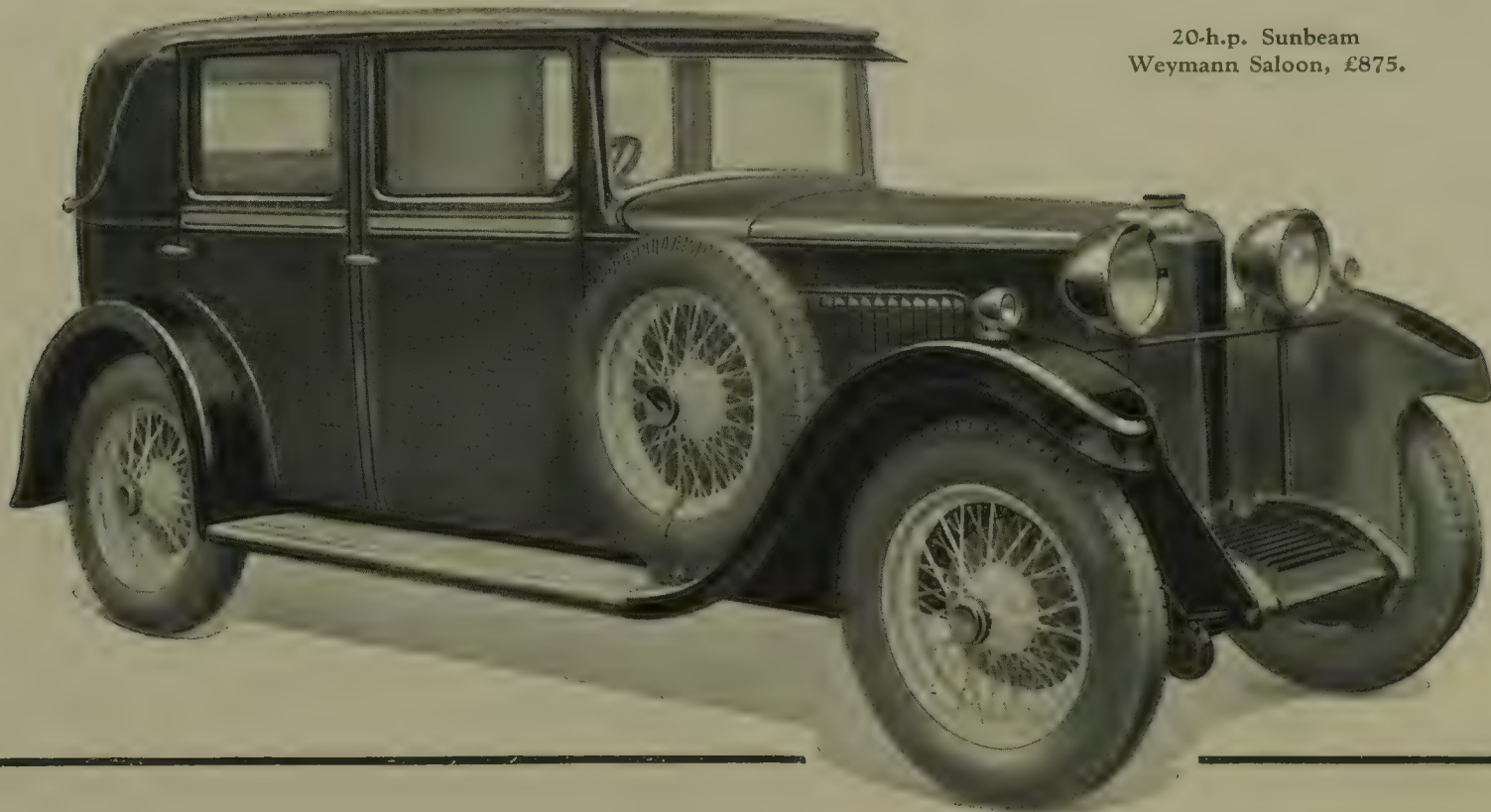
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ivory hilt of a dagger sticking out above his heart, and his night-clothes and his beard both smeared with blood.

I stared stupidly for a moment, trying to shake myself out of the sodden state I was in. It was murder. I ought to do something: stop the train, raise the alarm. Pulling myself together, I looked for the communication-cord, but there didn't seem to be one. And then, suddenly, the blue light went out, and I could see nothing. I groped for the switch, but I had forgotten where it was. I groped for my matches, but I couldn't find them, and the effort exhausted me. I fell back weakly in my bunk and lay still. I didn't know what was the matter with me, but I simply couldn't move. In another moment I was asleep again.

The sun was shining the next time I woke up. I still had a splitting headache, but I felt more like myself, and I remembered most vividly that strange moment in the middle of the night. Cautiously, very cautiously, I peered over the edge of my bunk and looked down. The old man was there in his bunk, lying a little more on one side than before, and his eyes were still open. But there was no sign of a dagger in his heart, nor was there any suggestion of blood either on his beard or the bed-clothes. And as I stared, his eyes suddenly looked at mine and blinked. I hurriedly rolled over in my bunk and lay still.



Gasping for air, I leaned out over the side of my bunk . . . Suddenly I saw it. The ivory hilt of a dagger sticking out above his heart, and his night-clothes and his beard both smeared with blood.

So it was only a dream after all! What a blessing I hadn't found the communication-cord and pulled it! That would have been five pounds and a strong suspicion of lunacy. And yet it was very odd. That strange blue light had not been like the illumination in a dream, and I could tell every detail of the picture I had seen, down to the carving on the ivory handle of the knife. I lay thinking over it all,

and in the meantime heard my companion getting up. Now and then I stole a glance at him, for I was still wondering whether I could believe my own eyes. But they seemed to be telling me the truth this time, whatever they had done in the small hours. The beard was unmistakable, and, though his eyes didn't have the same beady expression as they had the evening before, I put that down to the effect of a night's rest. Anyhow, he was certainly alive. As for an interpretation of the phenomenon, Freud would have probably put it down to a repressed desire on my own part to murder him, or, if not that, something worse. Personally I was able to explain it by a combination of bad whisky and bad air.

When he had finished—he didn't wash, by the way—he sat down on his bed in his old position by the window, and there was room for me to get up and dress. The train was already on the outskirts of Cairo, and I wondered, as I buttoned up my clothes, whether we were going to

[Continued overleaf.]

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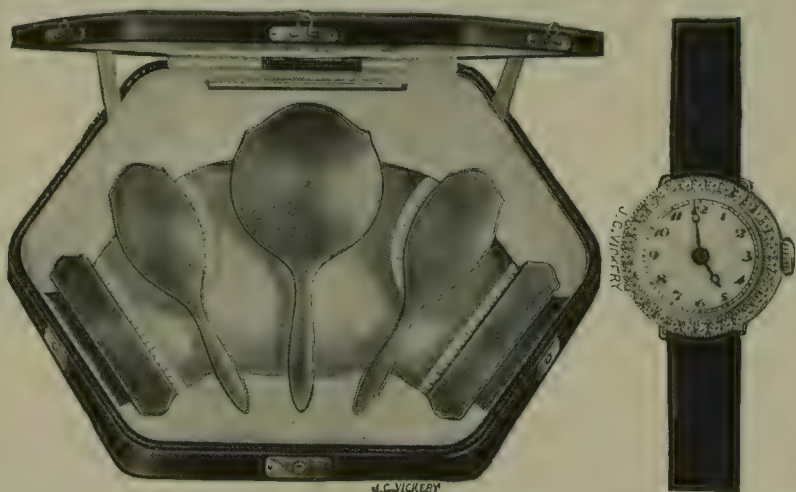
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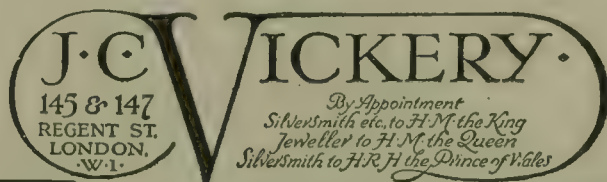
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part, as we had met, without a word of recognition. As it happened, however, we didn't. I had just finished my dressing, when my keys fell out of my pocket and rolled partially under his bunk. I was stooping to pick them up, when suddenly, with an agility that was surprising for a man of his years, he more or less pushed me aside, picked them up himself and handed them to me.

Slightly taken aback, I began to murmur some thanks.

"Not at all," said he, in excellent English.

At that I felt inclined, seeing that he could speak English, to ask why the devil he hadn't answered me the evening before, but I refrained. I contented myself with remarking what a beastly journey it had been.

"It was warm, yes," he admitted. "But for my part, I passed a very good night."

That ended our conversation. When we reached Cairo we solemnly took off our hats to each other, and went about our respective affairs.

The day after that I was lunching with John Harvey, who had some job in the Agricultural Department of the Sudan. We lunched at Shepherd's, which was about as restful as lunching on the platform at Charing Cross on an August Bank Holiday;

but it was amusing to sit outside on the verandah afterwards, watching the tourists and the dragomans, and we were out of reach of all the insistent pedlars who make one's life a burden in any Eastern city.

I went across to another table for a moment to talk to some fellow-travellers I had met at Assouan, and when I returned I found that Harvey had bought a newspaper, which he was studying with great interest. As a rule, there is nothing in the local paper except the price of cotton, and I wondered what it was he found so absorbing.

"Any news?" I asked, when he put it down.

"No," he said. "It was just a case that interested me. I happened to know the man."

He stopped, and I went on: "Well, what was it?"

"Ever heard of anybody called Joannides?"

"I travelled down from Assouan with one of the breed," I replied.

"Did you? With a patriarchal beard?"

"Yes, and beady, greedy eyes."

"That's the man. How very curious! Did you talk to him at all?"

"I tried to, but he wouldn't utter. . . . Tell me about him. The man interested me in an objectionable kind of way."

Harvey paused for a moment. "Well," he began, "as this paper remarks,

[Continued overleaf.]



I had just finished my dressing, when my keys fell out of my pocket...I was stooping to pick them up, when suddenly, with an agility that was surprising for a man of his years...he picked them up himself.

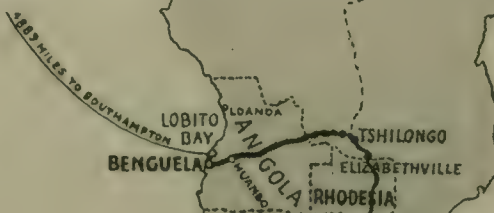
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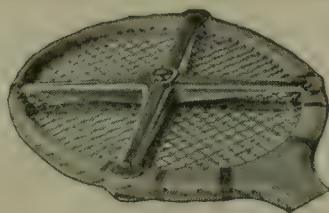
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## TOFFEE DE LUXE

*Mackintosh's make good chocolates too!*



Mr. Joannides was not a very popular man. And that's putting it mildly. He was, I imagine, the best-hated man in Egypt since the days of Pharaoh—which isn't saying nothing. He was a money-lender—a moneylender of the kind that's a villain in almost every melodrama. I never knew they existed till I met Joannides. But he was a super-example. You know the idea—mortgages, and that sort of thing. You lend a peasant money on the security of the coming crop, and when the crop fails you take everything he has, including his daughter, if she's pretty. That, roughly speaking, was Joannides' business, and he was absolutely merciless, a real spider. Some men are heartless because the greed for money makes them heartless, but he went one better than that. He wasn't after the money, although he got it all right, he was after the man. He wanted to ruin him, and he wasn't satisfied until he'd deprived him of every means of livelihood, and made sure that he would starve. Oh, he really was a perfect gentleman!"

I was quite ready to believe all this after what I'd seen of my companion in the train, and I waited anxiously for Harvey to go on.

"Now this is the odd part," he continued, after a further glance at the paper. "As you know, Joannides travelled down the night before last to Cairo, and as you probably didn't know, he was coming expressly

to see his solicitor so as to foreclose on a new bunch of miserable creatures he had got into his toils. They knew that, because the papers were all ready for him when he arrived. However, he must have had a stroke or something, for he behaved oddly when he came to the lawyer's office, and, instead of signing the papers, he tore them up and threw them into the waste-paper basket.

And, not satisfied with that, he then proceeds to write cheques for about fifty thousand pounds in favour of various charities and other people he had tried to ruin in the past. . . . The lawyer, who is also a Greek, seems to think that he was off his head, but he appears to have been perfectly sane in other respects, for he visited other people while he was in Cairo, and it was no doubt merely a belated attack of conscience."

"It makes quite a pretty little story," I observed.

"Quite, but that's not the end of it," said Harvey. "Here you have him, having performed the one good action of his life, returning with a clear conscience to enjoy the remainder of his days; and then, if you please,

he goes and falls out of his sleeping compartment and gets run over by a goods-train coming in the other direction."

This piece of news thoroughly woke me up. "He's dead!"

"Of course he's dead. You try getting run over by a goods-train!"

[Continued on page xiv.]



The story that Harvey had read out of the newspaper made me regard the strange vision I had had in the middle of the night in a new light altogether.

## MEN ENTHUSIASTICALLY WELCOME THIS THOUGHTFUL GIFT

50

*finely-tempered, double-edged  
blades in a velvet-  
lined case*

Year after year that old problem — what to give your men-folk for Christmas — how to choose something they really want!

But this Christmas the New Fifty Box of Gillette blades solves your problem for you — a handsome and compact coloured box containing fifty finely-tempered double-edged Gillette blades, each one sealed in waxed paper to keep it fresh for use.

This is a present that a man will be truly grateful for! Morning after morning when Christmas has long since come and gone, they will give him a smooth, refreshing, satisfying shave.

Gillette blades are manufactured from Sheffield steel, with the finest edge that steel will take. And every blade is perfect. For

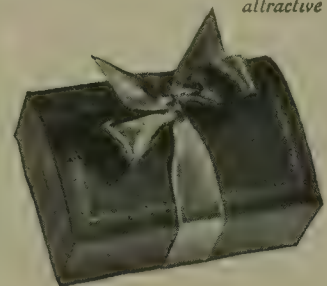


out of every nine Gillette employees at the blade factory, four spend their entire time inspecting blades. No defect can escape so rigid a scrutiny.

Responsive to every turn of the holder, these fifty keen, reliable blades will shave a man closely and evenly for many months to come. And when the blades are finished he will keep the handsome box itself — the very thing for his studs and cuff-links.

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*A gift that will delight your men-folk — the attractive New Fifty Box*



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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

1929



THE NEW FROCK FOR A COLD CHRISTMAS.

FROM THE DRAWING BY CECIL ALDIN.



## The Christmas Prayer.



"HER EYES ARE HOMES OF SILENT PRAYER."

FROM THE PAINTING ENTITLED "RECUEILLEMENT," BY EDGARD MAXENCE, EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON.





"Several times I have had a visitor in the study here after dinner, an uninvited guest. . . . It seems to me sometimes as if I actually assist in evoking and materialising these appearances."

# THE FRONTIER GUARDS

By H. R. WAKEFIELD

Illustrated by FRANK OLDHAM.

(Author of "They Return at Evening" and "Old Man's Beard").

"**T**HAT'S a charming little house," said Brinton, as he was walking home from a round of golf at Ellesborough with Lander.

"Yes, from the outside," replied Lander.

"What's the matter with the inside—Eozoic plumbing?"

"No; the 'usual offices' are neat, if not gaudy. Spengler would probably describe them as 'contemporary with the death of Lincoln,' but it's not that—it's haunted."

"Is it, by Jove!" said Brinton, gazing up at it. "Fancy such a dear little Queen Anne piece having such a nasty reputation. I see it's unoccupied."

"It usually is," replied Lander.

"Tell me about it."

"During dinner I will. But you seem to find something of interest about those windows on the second floor." Brinton gazed up for a moment or two longer, and then started to walk back in silence beside his host.

In a few minutes they reached Lander's cottage—it was rather more pretentious than that—an engaging two-storeyed structure added to and modernised from time to time, formerly known as "The Old Vicarage," and rechristened "Laymer's." Black and white and creeper-lined, with a trim little garden of rose-trees and mellow turf, two fine limes, and a great yew, impenetrable and secret. This little garden melted into an arable expanse, and there was a lovely view over to some high Chiltern spurs. The whole place just suited Lander, who was—or it might be more accurate to say, wanted to be—a novelist: a commonplace and ill-advised ambition, but he had money of his own and could afford to wait.

James Brinton, his guest for a week and a very old friend, occupied himself with a picture gallery in Mayfair. A very small gallery—one rather small room, to be exact—but he had admirable taste and made it pay.

Two hours later they sat down to dinner. "Now then," said Brinton, as Mrs. Dunkley brought in the soup, "tell me about that house."

"Well," replied Lander, "I have had, as you know, much more experience of such places than most people, and I consider Pailton the worst or the best specimen I have heard or read of or experienced. For one thing, it is a 'killer.' The majority of haunted houses are harmless, the peculiar energy they have absorbed and radiate forth is not hostile to life. But in others the radiation is malignant and fatal. Pailton has been rented five times in the last twelve years; in each case the tenancy has been marked by a violent death within its walls. For my

part, I have no two opinions concerning the morality of letting it at all. It should be razed to the ground."

"How long do its occupants stick it out as a rule?"

"Six weeks is the record, and that was made by some people called Pendexter. That was three years ago. I knew Pendexter père, and he was a courageous and determined person. His daughter was hurled down the stairs one night and killed, and I shall never forget the mingled fury and grief with which he told me about it. Previous to that he had detected eighteen different examples of psychic action—appearances and sounds—several definitely malignant. The family had not enjoyed one single day of freedom from abnormal phenomena."

"How long since it was last occupied?" asked Brinton.

"It has been empty for a year, and I am inclined to think it will remain so. Anyone who comes down to look at it is given a pretty straight tip by one or other of us to keep away."

"Does it affect you violently?"

"I have never set foot in it."

"What? You, of all people!"

"My dear Jim, just for that very reason. When I first discovered I was psychic, I felt flattered and anxious to experience all I could. I soon changed my mind. I found I experienced quite enough without any need for *making* opportunities. I do to this day. Several times I have had a visitor in the study here after dinner, an uninvited guest. And it has always been so. I have many times seen and heard things which could not be explained in places with perfectly clean bills of psychic health. And one never gets quite used to it. Terror may pass, but some distress of mind is invariable. Any person gifted or afflicted like myself will tell you the same. It seems to me sometimes as if I actually assist in evoking and materialising these appearances, that I help to establish a connection between them and the place I inhabit, that I am a most unpleasant kind of Lightning Conductor."

"Is there any possible explanation for that?"

"Well, I have formed one, but it would take rather a long time to explain, and may be quite fallacious. Anyhow, there has never been any need for me to visit such places as Pailton, and I keep away from them if I can."

"Would you very much object to going in for a minute or two?"

"Why?"

"Well, I have been bothered all my life about this business of ghosts. I have never seen one; in a sense I 'don't believe in them,' yet I am convinced you have known many. It is a maddening dualism of mind. I feel if I could just once come in contact with something of the kind I should feel a sense of enormous relief."

"And you'd like me to conduct you over Pailton?"



"Not if it would really upset you."

"It would be at your own risk," said Lander, smiling.

"I'll risk it!"

"You mustn't imagine that you can go into a disturbed spot such as this and expect to see about ten ghosts in as many minutes. Even in the case of such a busy hive as Pailton there are many quiet periods, and some people simply cannot 'see ghosts.' The odds are very much against your desire being granted, though, if you *are* psychic, the atmosphere of the place would affect you at once."

"How?"

"Well, you've often heard of people who know by some obscure but infallible instinct that there's a cat in the room. Just so. However, I'll certainly give you the chance. It won't seriously disturb me. I can get the key in the morning from the woman who looks after it, though I need hardly say she doesn't sleep there. There is no need for a caretaker. It was broken into once, but the burglar was found dead in the dining-room, and since then the crooks have given it a wide berth."

"It really is dangerous, then?"

"Beginning to feel a bit prudent?"

"No, I shall feel safe with you."

"Very well, then. After coming back from golf we'll pay it a visit. It will be dark by five, and we'll make the excursion about six. The chances of gratifying your curiosity will be better after dark. I'd better

It was exactly five o'clock as they reached Laymer's. Tea was ready. "Do you still want to go, Jim?" asked Lander abruptly.

"Sure, Bo!" replied Brinton lightly.

"Here's the key," said Lander, smiling, "the Open Sesame to the Chamber of Horrors. The electric light is turned off, so all the light we shall have will be produced by my torch. One last word of advice—if you want to get the best chance of a thrill, try to keep your mind quite empty—don't talk as I personally conduct this tour. Concentrate on *not* concentrating."

"I understand what you mean," said Brinton.

"Well, then, let's get a move on," said Lander.

An idea suddenly occurred to Brinton: "How will you be able to show me over it if you've never been inside it?"

"You needn't worry about that," replied Lander.

The fog was thick by now, and they wavered slightly as they groped their way down the lane, compressed by high hedges, which led to Pailton. When they reached it, Brinton's eyes turned up to observe the windows on the second floor. And then Lander stepped forward and placed the key in the lock.

As the door swung open the fog, which seemed to have been crouching at his heels, leapt forward and entered with him and inundated the passage down which he moved. The moment he was inside, something



As the figure still remained motionless, Jim Brinton lit a match and peered forward. . . . And then he reeled back. "Who, in God's name are you?" he cried.

tell you something else. I never quite know how these places are going to affect me. Before now I have gone off into a kind of trance and been decidedly weird, my dear Jim. My sense of time and space becomes distorted, though for your assurance I may say," he added smiling, "I am never dangerous when in this condition. Furthermore, you must be prepared to make acquaintance with a mode of existence in which the ordinary laws of existence which you have always known abdicate themselves. Bierce called his famous book of ghost stories, 'Can These Things Be?' Assuredly they can. Now I'm sounding pompous and pontifical, but some such warning is necessary. When I touch that front door to-morrow I may become in a sense a stranger to you; once inside we shall have crossed a frontier into a region with its own laws of time and space, and where the seemingly impossible can happen. . . . Do you understand what I mean and still want to go?"

"Yes," replied Brinton, "to all your questions."

"Very well, then," said Lander, "I will now get out the chess-men and discover a complete answer to Reti's opening which you sprang on me last night; so you shall have the white pieces."

November 21 was a lazy, drowsy, cloudless day, starting with a sharp ground frost which, thawing unresistingly as the sun climbed, made the tees at Ellesborough like tiny slides. In consequence, neither Brinton nor Lander played very good golf. This upset Brinton not at all, for he was thinking much more of that which was beginning to impress him as a possible ordeal, the crossing of the threshold of Pailton a few hours later. As they finished their second round a mist, spreading like a gigantic spider's web, was beginning to raise the level of the Buckinghamshire fields. As they walked homewards it climbed with them, keeping pace with them like a dog; sometimes hurrying ahead, then dropping back, but always with them.

advanced to meet him. He opened a door on the left of the passage and flashed his torch round it. The fog was in there, too. Jim, he could feel, was at his elbow.

"This is where they found the burglar—it's the dining-room."

His voice was not quite under control. "Quite a pleasant room, smells a bit frowsty." The little beam wandered from chair to desk, settling for a moment here and there. Then he shut the door and stepped along the passage till the little beam revealed a flight of stairs which he began to climb. He still heard Brinton's steps coming up behind him. Up on the first floor he opened another door. "This is the drawing-room," he said. "The Proctors' cook was found dead here in 1921." Round swung the tiny beam, fastening on chairs, tables, desks, curtains. He shut the door and began to climb another flight of stairs. He could hear Jim's feet pattering up behind him. On the second floor he opened still another door. "This, my dear Jim, is the nasty one; it was from here Amy Pendexter fell and broke her neck."

His voice had risen slightly, and he was speaking quickly. Once again he flashed his torch over chairs, tables, curtains, and ahead.

"Well, Jim, do you get any reaction? Do you? You can speak now." As there was no answer, he turned, and swung the beam of his torch on to the person just behind him. But it wasn't Brinton who was standing at his elbow—

"What's the matter, Willie?" asked Brinton, "can't you find the keyhole?" The figure in front of him remained motionless.

"Can't you find the keyhole?" asked Brinton more urgently.

As the figure still remained motionless, Jim Brinton lit a match and peered forward. . . . And then he reeled back.

"Who, in God's name, are you?" he cried.

THE END.



## In the Heyday of the High Gods.



KRISHNA AS THE SHEPHERD OF SOULS: "THE DIVINE COWHERD."

BY ANANDA MOHAN SASTRI, MADRAS.  
(Lent by the Artist.)Hindu Gods and Nature  
Myth in Indian Art.

By JAMES H. COUSINS, D.Lit.

The pictures reproduced here and on the three pages following were shown at the Faculty of Arts Gallery, Piccadilly, in 1928. They belong to a collection of sixty pictures brought from India by Dr. J. H. Cousins (author of this article), and since exhibited by him in America.

WHEN Rabindranath Tagore, in 1912, fled from the distractions of literary popularity in his native Bengal to find peace in obscurity in London, and got it in the form of an English translation of his poetry, a British knighthood and the Nobel Prize! he achieved much more than a personal success. To Europe Tagore was something new. In India he was something old in his expression of an ancient tradition, albeit in modern moods and forms, and something established among the high triumphs of a vividly national culture. The recognition of Tagore by Europe became a recognition of India, and gave assurance to a number of renaissance movements, particularly to the then young effort to restore the almost lost art of Indian painting.

Four years before the opening of the new century an Englishman, Mr. E. B. Havell, was appointed to the Principalship of the Government School of Art in Calcutta. He promptly told the Dying Gladiator to go and die, or at least get out of the way as a model for living art in India. Ructions followed, but artistic sense prevailed. "The Bengal School of



THE HINDU COUNTERPART OF ORPHEUS: "KRISHNA'S FLUTE."

BY RANODA UKIL, DELHI.  
(Lent by Mr. T. Mitchell Hastings, New York.)

Painting" emerged; and in 1914 an exhibition of paintings by artists of the new movement used up the commendatory adjectives of the art-critics of Paris and London.

The handful of painters of 1914 have grown to sixty or more to-day, and have carried the impulse of the movement all over the country. The two leaders, Abanindranath Tagore and Gogonendranath Tagore, are as certain of remembrance as masters in their realm as Hiroshige and Hokusai of Japan in theirs. And the slopes of attainment are populous with unforgettable achievement and inspiring promise by artists, a mere list of whom would overload this necessarily general account.

When painting in India, after A.D. 600, came off its original walls in the excavated temples of Ajanta and elsewhere, it preserved certain ancestral characteristics, such as flat colouring, the elevated point of view, which is re-entering world art under the title of airplane perspective, expressive line, æsthetic delicacy, and a convention in figure and posture which gives Indian art a peculiarly attractive flavour. With the passing of Buddhism and the revival of Hinduism from the seventh century onwards, a passionate devotion created numerous images of divinity, and a keen metaphysical sense endowed them with dispassionate mental significances. These two elements, the objective and the esoteric, entered together into mediæval Hindu painting.

Continued on a later page.



# The Indian "Neptune" and "Aurora": Sea-God and Dawn-Goddess.

(SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 23)



THE SEA-GOD, VARUNA, MAKING OBEISANCE TO THE GODDESS OF THE DAWN: "USHAS AND VARUNA"—  
BY PROMODE KUMAR CHATTERJEE.

(Lent by Marchesa Clara Vitelleschi, Rome.)



# "Jupiter Pluvius" in Indian Nature Myth: Spirits of the Monsoon.

(SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 7.)



EXPRESSING THE SENSE OF PERSONALITY IN NATURE, WHICH IS A PERPETUAL ELEMENT  
IN THE MIND OF INDIA: "LIGHTNING AND RAIN"—BY SARADA UKIL, DELHI.

(Lent by the Artist.)



## Queen of Heaven in Hindu Legend: The Consort of Brahma.

SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 7.



PLAYING THE VINA ("HER TYPICAL EXPRESSIVE INSTRUMENT") AND SEATED ON HER SYMBOLIC SWAN:  
"SARASWATI, THE HINDU CULTURE-GODDESS,"—BY RANODA UKIL, DELHI.

(Lent by Mr. T. Mitchell Hastings, New York.)



## In the Realm of Fantasy: Tales in the Eastern Manner.

POEMS BY MISS RUMER GODDEN. PAINTINGS BY MISS JON GODDEN. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

## THE DEATH-DEALING BUT WELL-INTENTIONED MONSTER.

IN the curve of my back I carry a lake,  
Silk-green with floating water-flowers,  
And a laddered house with pink-tiled  
towers.

I turn my tail and the towers quake,  
The pink tiles fall and the ladders shake.  
I breathe, the boats are swamped, the sails

Hang drooping. The fierce wind impales  
Poor wretched whimpering wriggling souls  
Upon tall pointed bamboo poles.  
Dead gardeners in scarlet coats,  
Dead fishermen in fishing boats.

Cries and confusion, death and tears,  
Best hold my breath for a thousand years.

## THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

(He comes to town and finds himself not elegant  
enough.)

STREETS filled with sun and drinking  
wells,  
Wheelbarrows and rickshaw bells,  
Catsmeat and twisted fishing lines,  
Sweetshops with painted market signs,  
Flags and dogs and wooden towers,  
And girls with faces like white flowers  
On sturdy stalks; with lingering eye  
They glance, and, glancing, pass me by.

The wicker sandals that I wear hang heavy  
on my feet,  
For all the world is elegant who walks this  
crowded street.

(He tells of his voyage.)

A fishing boat with peasant crew  
And sails in stripes of red and blue:  
We sailed by little islands set  
With pink-walled huts and rice-fields wet  
With summer rains. The gardens laid  
With water pools where willows shade  
Tea-roses set in china jars.  
By night below a sky of stars  
We spread the nets and set the darts  
And fished till dawn. By seamen's charts  
We read our course; and, steering south,  
We crossed the Yellow River's mouth  
Where many boats from foreign seas  
With banners dragging on the breeze  
Were anchored and unloading on the  
crowded cargo quays.

(He feels a longing for home and determines to  
return.)

. . . Town-scented moonbeams steal  
On street doors shut and barred. I feel

And white goats flick indifferent tails  
While milk froths into wooden pails.

I must go home; but in this street  
There is a maiden strangely sweet  
With fragile hands, gay silken clothes  
And tinsel sandals. One of those  
Who paint their nostrils, lips and eyes  
And fingertips with gaudy dyes;  
Who giggle and gesticulate  
And study music. I will wait  
Upon her father, press my suit  
And with my poems and tender flute  
Songs woo her, take her as my wife  
To lead a simple country life.  
At night-time, when the house is lit  
With yellow lanterns, I will sit  
Gazing on the stars that dream  
Of mirrored stars drowned in the stream,  
And she, her zither on her knees,  
Singing beside the cherry trees.



"In the curve of my back I carry a lake,  
Silk-green with floating water flowers,  
And a laddered house with pink-tiled towers."



"We sailed by little islands set  
With pink-walled huts,"



"Gazing on the stars that dream  
Of mirrored stars drowned in the stream."



# Adventures in Cherry Blossom Land: Tempest and Enchanted Island.

POEMS BY MISS RUMER GODDEN. PAINTINGS BY MISS JON GODDEN. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

## WIND STORM IN THE CHERRY FLOWERS.

THE wind unshut his lidless eye  
And drew a cyclone in the sky.

From roof to roof with pointed foot and flapping clothes extended wide  
He elegantly stepped and took a temple by its sacred side,  
He tossed it and it turned and spun, and when it fell the prayerful died.  
He lashed the lake with tongues of white, rough-streaked on swollen storm-  
filled blue,  
He struck the boats and took the nets and tore the garments of the crew,  
And on the land the trees were bent and black-railed bridges snapped  
in two.

The heron flies on flat green skies in a silent afternoon.  
Tilted faces in lovers' places are lit by a lemon moon.  
Cherry flowers white and red;  
Fifty labourers are dead;  
Many fishermen are drowned.  
Cherry trees with branches spread,  
Flower-laden, flower-crowned.  
Knee-deep in flowers on the ground.  
Cherry flowers white and red.



"They sail past islands bound with spells  
And dragons, where a Princess dwells."

## SHIPS.

DARK-SIDED ships with sails that lift  
To straining winds. Sharp prows that rift  
The bursting waves, where sea-flowers drift  
With star-eyed eels and seaweed trails  
And dolphin-fish with purple tails.

They sail past islands bound with spells  
And dragons, where a Princess dwells  
In turrets built of tinted shells,  
Set high above the green-washed flood,  
And seas fire-dyed in red sun-blood.



"The wind unshut his lidless eye  
And drew a cyclone in the sky.  
From roof to roof with pointed foot and flapping clothes extended wide  
He elegantly stepped."



"And on the land the trees were bent."





# Romance

By  
Lanthe Jerrold.

Illustrated by  
A.K. Macdonald.

"The wedding-cake has arrived," said Viola . . . perching herself on the arm of her grandmother's chair. She added gloomily, "It looks like a mausoleum."

**T**HE wedding-cake has arrived," said Viola, lounging into the morning-room and perching herself on the arm of her grandmother's chair. She added gloomily, "It looks like a mausoleum." Grandma's crochet-hook paused, as if astonished. "A what, my dear?"

"A mausoleum."

The crochet-hook resumed its gentle and rhythmic jabbing. "Surely not. I never saw a mausoleum that looked in the least like a wedding-cake."

In the opinion of her grandchildren, Grandma, like most Victorians, had a regrettably literal mind. She did not understand slang, allusiveness, nor the poetry of conversation.

"This one does," said Viola vaguely; and added: "Oh, I do hate the whole business! If there is a rig-out that makes a girl look a perfect idiot, it's a wedding-dress."

"I thought your dress charming, my dear, when I saw it fitted on. Although, of course, white is a little trying to nearly all complexions. But probably the excitement will make you blush a little, and that will improve matters."

"I shall blush all right. I shall feel such a fool. I do wish we could just elope, Reggie and I. All this business is so tiresome."

"I eloped once," observed Grandma placidly. "Put a little more coal on the fire, will you please, Viola? Eloping is tiresome too, you know."

"Did you, Grandma?" Viola slid to her feet and looked in surprise at this aged relative, whom, it seemed, she had never before properly appreciated. "Well, I never knew that!"

"It was before your time, my dear," said Grandma, with a faint smile. "Who with?"

"With your grandfather, of course. Thank you. I do hope this frost won't last till Wednesday. I always feel so sorry for the poor little bridesmaids in their thin dresses."

"What about the poor little bride?" Grandma smiled.

"At least she's getting something out of it, my dear."

"So are they. Reggie's giving them pearl and turquoise necklets. Rather sweet. But about this elopement, Grandma?"

"Well—I wish you would sit down, my love. It makes me fidget to see you standing on the fender like that. Well, I had been engaged for some time to Edward. We were engaged when I was seventeen, and when he found himself in a position to marry I was still very young—between nineteen and twenty. And I was extremely romantic, just as you are, my dear."

Viola smiled. How sweet and Victorian of Grandma to talk of being romantic! "Did you wear a crinoline in those days, Grandma?"

"Good gracious, no! This was in 1879. Crinolines went out of fashion long before I was grown up. We wore long gowns ruched round the front, and caught up at the back. A very becoming fashion it was, though not so convenient as the fashions nowadays. Well, of course, in my young days nobody dreamt of anything but a proper wedding, with invitations and carriages and a reception. Anything else would have been thought very odd, unless there was some special reason for a quiet wedding, such as a death in the family. People sometimes married at the Registrar's, of course, but generally for religious reasons, and it was thought very advanced and not at all the thing. It was taken for granted that Edward and I would be married at the parish church, and that my aunt would give a reception for us at her house in Kensington. (I was an orphan, my dear, and lived with my aunt and uncle, as I dare say you know.) Even my uncle, who was not very well-off and hated wasting money on what he called frivolities, never considered any other possibility."

"But you did?"

"Well, I was romantic, my dear. And I suppose every girl when she becomes engaged has a feeling that nobody has ever been engaged and married before. I wanted a romantic wedding. I didn't want a wedding in front of a crowd of people, with a breakfast and speeches afterwards, and my Cousin Adela for bridesmaid. (Truth to tell, I didn't get on very well with my Cousin Adela in those days.) I had read a lot of romantic novels, and got the idea that a proper wedding would be stuffy. Yes, we used the word in those days, my dear, nearly as often as you young people do now. I half hoped that my uncle would disapprove of the engagement, so that we might have difficulties to contend with. But, of course, he was only too delighted to get me off his hands, Edward being a very eligible suitor."



"I woke with a start, to hear rain pouring down the windows. Oh, how I wished I had never thought of such a mad thing as an elopement! I jumped out of bed and ran to the window. It was pouring."



"How sweet!"

"What, my love?"

"'Eligible suitor.'" Grandma wrinkled her placid brow.

"Well, but he *was* an eligible suitor," she said mildly. "He had an extremely good position with Norton's, the tea-merchants. Where was I? Oh, yes! I hated the idea of a fashionable wedding, and as I knew that my aunt would never consent to a quiet one—a hole-and-corner wedding, as it was called in those days—I determined to elope."

"You determined to elope! Didn't Grandpa have any say in the matter?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! He said a great deal. He was strongly against the idea. And that made me more determined than ever, silly little thing that I was. You see, as I said, I was very young and very romantic, and it quite shocked me to find that Edward did not agree with me on every possible matter. But in the end he gave in. You see, he was more than ten years older than I was."

"Couldn't you have gone to Chiswick the next morning without all this dirty work at the cross-roads business?"

"Of course I could. But it wouldn't have been a proper elopement. It would have been too easy. Well, it was raining a little when I went upstairs, and I was disappointed when I looked out of my bedroom window and saw there was no moon. I had hoped for a moon. However, I wrote my little note, and packed my little bag. It wouldn't hold very much. Oh, dear, it nearly broke my heart to leave behind so many of the pretty things I'd made! But I thought that my aunt would be sure to forgive me in time, and send them on. Well, when I'd packed my bag and got everything ready, it was still only twenty minutes to eleven. More than two hours to wait, and it was so cold in my bedroom! I slipped on a cloak and sat down to read through the little packet of Edward's letters to me. There weren't very many of them, because we lived so close to one another, and when I'd read them through again and again it wasn't much after eleven, and my



"Poor Edward! He meant to cheer me, but in my wretched state it seemed too dreadful that he should call our elopement 'this horrible journey.' He kissed me and tried to comfort me, but his face was so cold, and the rain poured off the brim of his hat."

"I should have thought that would have made him all the keener on law and order," Grandma smiled.

"Well, of course it did. But young men in love are very sensitive and very ready to feel their shortcomings. He did not want me to think him middle-aged and staid. He regarded his extra twelve years as a disadvantage, and was anxious that there should never be any barrier between us owing to difference in age. Like most people over the age of thirty, he liked to be thought younger than he was."

"Reggie likes to be thought older."

"Yes, my dear; he is only twenty-six—not yet old enough to appreciate the advantages of youth. Well, we arranged our elopement, and Edward bought the ring and the licence. We chose—or rather, I chose—the seventh of February for our elopement, because it was the anniversary of our engagement-day. I was to go upstairs as usual at ten o'clock (my uncle liked us to keep early hours), but, instead of going to bed, I was to pack the few things I needed in a little bag and write a note to leave on my dressing-table. Edward was to come with a cab and whistle outside my window at one o'clock . . ."

"Were you going to Gretna Green in a post-chaise?"

"Dear child, I am your grandmother, not your great-great-grandmother. No. Edward was to take me to his married sister, who lived in Chiswick, and was a great friend of mine and as rattle-pated as myself. And we were to be married next morning."

feet were freezing. So I lay down on my bed under the quilt with a book—'Ivanhoe,' it was, I remember, a great favourite of mine. It sounds a terribly prosaic way of preparing for an elopement, I know, my dear. I should have spent the time in thinking about the serious step I was taking and making good resolutions for my new life. But it's impossible to be romantic when one is feeling cold—I daresay you have noticed it. And the next thing I did was more prosaic still."

"You didn't go to sleep?"

"I did. I kept looking at the clock, but the time went so slowly. And I kept reading bits of 'Ivanhoe,' but I knew it almost by heart, and the print tired my eyes. And with the quilt and my coat over me I soon grew so warm and comfortable that I went fast asleep. I woke with a start to hear rain pouring down the windows. I looked at the clock—it was twenty-five minutes past one! Oh, how I wished I had never thought of such a mad thing as an elopement! There is something about waking in the early hours of the morning that takes all the glamour out of life. I jumped out of bed and ran to the window. It was *pouring*! But I could dimly see Edward sheltering under the acacia-tree below. I put on my shoes and bonnet. I had a glimpse of myself in the glass looking so flushed and untidy that I was quite glad there was no moon, after all. I slipped downstairs and out of the front door.

(Continued on a later page.)



## A Painter's Vision of Don Quixote; Segrelles Interprets Cervantes.

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### "HE PASSED HIS TIME IN READING BOOKS OF KNIGHT-ERRANTRY": DON QUIXOTE IN HIS LIBRARY.

That fine imaginative painter, M. José Segrelles, has once more provided for us a set of "visions" in colour illustrating a famous classic. In our last Christmas Number his subject was Dante's "Inferno," and in that of 1927 he interpreted Beethoven's music. Now (on this and the three following pages) he depicts incidents from the immortal comic romance of Cervantes, "Don Quixote," to which we append appropriate extracts

from Motteux's translation (Dent's "Everyman" edition). The above scene is described thus:— "He gave himself up wholly to the reading of romances . . . and thus, by sleeping little and reading much . . . at last he lost the use of his reason . . . his head was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges . . . He unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy . . . to turn knight-errant."



# The "Knight of the Woeful Countenance" in Quest of Adventure: Don Quixote Depicted by Segrelles.

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"THIS NIGHT I WILL WATCH MY ARMOUR."

"He began to walk about by the horse-trough . . . They saw him . . . sometimes lean on his lance, with his eyes all the while fixed upon his arms. It was now undoubted night, but yet the moon did shine."



AN OFFICER MISTAKEN FOR AN ENCHANTED MOOR.

"Sancho, seeing him enter in his shirt, a napkin wrapped about his head like a turban, and the lamp in his hand: 'Sir,' quoth the squire to his master, 'pray see whether this be not the enchanted Moor.'"



DON QUIXOTE HEARDS THE LION IN HIS CAGE.

"The keeper . . . set the door of the foremost cage quite open, where the male lion lay, who appeared of a monstrous bigness, and of a hideous frightful aspect. . . . He gazed and yawned for a good while, and showed his dreadful fangs. . . . But Don Quixote only regarded it with attention, wishing his grim adversary would leap out of his hold . . . that he might cut the monster piecemeal."



DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE PANZA MOUNTED ON CLAVILENO.

"Now, now, you fly aloft! . . . All this Sancho heard, and girding his arms fast about his master's waist, 'Sir,' quoth he, 'why do they say we are so high, since we can hear their voices?' . . . 'Never mind that,' answered Don Quixote, 'for in these extraordinary kind of flights, we must suppose our hearing and seeing will be extraordinary also. . . . But do not hold me so hard, for you will make me tumble off.'"



DON QUIXOTE TURNS A SOMERSAULT, ONE OF HIS "ANTIC POSTURES," AS SANCHE RIDES AWAY ON ROZINANTE.

"Sancho . . . mounted Rozinante . . . His master importuned him to stay and see him do two or three of his antic postures before he went, but he could not prevail with him; however, before he was got out of sight, he considered of it, and rode back: 'Sir,' quoth he, 'I have thought better of it.' . . . 'I had advised thee right,' said Don Quixote . . . With that, slipping off his breeches and stripping himself

naked to the waist, he gave two or three frisks in the air, and then pitching on his hands he fetched his heels over his head twice together; and as he tumbled with his legs aloft . . . Sancho even made haste to turn his horse's head, that he might no longer see them, and rode away full satisfied, that he might swear his master was mad."



## A Painter's Vision from "Don Quixote"; Windmill Giants by Segrelles.

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"THE EXTIRPATION OF THAT CURSED BROOD WILL BE AN ACCEPTABLE SERVICE TO HEAVEN":  
DON QUIXOTE TILTS AT WINDMILLS.

"This said, he clapped spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him, and answered him that they were windmills and no giants . . . 'Stand, cowards,' cried he as loud as he could; 'stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all' At the same time, the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which, when

Don Quixote spied: 'Base miscreants,' cried he, 'though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance.' He most devoutly recommended himself to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so, covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at."



# DIAMONDS: BLACK AND WHITE.

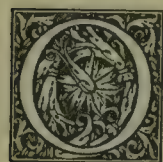
By "AA." (ANTHONY ARMSTRONG),

Author of "Percival at Play," "Patrick, Undergraduate," and "Percival and I," etc.

Illustrated by ILLINGWORTH,



"Well, . . . what about this?" . . . He flung open the kitchen door. . . . and brought in Nada. "Here is the wife I really intend for you. . . . Just say a few words, my dear," he added anxiously to Nada.



ONCE upon a time there was a woman who lived in a cottage near a forest. She had a husband whom she found quite useful to chop logs and fetch water from the well, and to keep the place going by carving little wooden likenesses for sale to travellers. Also she had an elder daughter, named Grummilla, by another husband, and a younger daughter, who was called Nada. She had no sons; but she had a tom-cat called Rumpelstiltskin, after a very distant relative, and there was a girl called Squab, who came in on Monday mornings to oblige with the washing. Oh, and there was a puppy called Joseph, but he doesn't really matter. I think that's all.

The two daughters were very different indeed, both in looks and manners, as half-sisters generally are. Grummilla was tall and raven-haired, and, though she was fairly good-looking in a hard sort of way, she was both lazy and surly. Her father had been, before his death, Keeper of the Royal Wild Boar (there was only one) in the neighbouring forest, and it had gone to his head.

Nada, on the other hand, was very sweet-tempered and kind to animals—even to Rumpelstiltskin, who was about as foul an animal as one could find in a day's march. She was a blonde, with shining hair. Her mother disliked her, and always favoured her elder sister. Ladies prefer brunettes. Anyway, what with that and Grummilla's laziness, Nada always had to do all the dirty work about the home.

At the time when my story begins, this household was in a great state of excitement, for news had just reached them that no less a person than the son of the Vizier of the country would be passing close by them on his return from a visit to a foreign country, whither he had been sent, as everyone knew, to bring back a wife for his young master the Prince. For he was a very sharp fellow, and was reputed to have a good eye for a deal, whether in food or furniture or wives.

"And," said Mushla (for that was the woman's name) to her husband, "he may hear of your wood-carving and come over here to have his head done in teak."

"Mps!" remarked her husband; meaning "And what on earth's the good of that?" He was not much of a fellow for the light chit-chat. I have forgotten what his name was; everyone simply called him "Mushla's husband," for she was that sort.

"He might—er—notice Grummilla," continued Mushla, who was ambitious, and had just recollected that the Vizier's son was unmarried. Her eye took on the far-away look of the woman who perceives a prospective son-in-law of high birth before he perceives himself.

"Well, he might—er—notice Nada," countered her husband, who generally took Nada's side, partly because she was his own daughter, but chiefly because his wife didn't.

"Oh, he might see Squab," retorted Mushla, nettled, and banged the kitchen door. And that was that.

In the kitchen, however, Mushla began to think some very ambitious thoughts. She knew well that people married queerly in those days. It was nothing out of the common for a Vizier's son to fall in love with the daughter of a wood-carver on sight, and even go so far as to marry her; indeed, it was quite usual. Mushla smiled to herself and thought again of Grummilla.

One day, soon after this, a messenger brought the information to Mushla's house that the Vizier's son, as she had hoped, was actually intending to pay them a visit that very evening with the object of having Mushla's husband carve his likeness—or, at any rate, his as-like-as-possible. Mushla's ambition flamed up immediately. All at once, in her mind's eye, she saw Grummilla affianced that very night to the young man, and going back with him to Court. And, much as she liked her elder daughter, she would not be sorry. At Court Grummilla's rather troublesome disinclination for work would have full scope. So instantly she was all bustle.

First she made her husband find his collar, sponge it, and even put it on. Then she broke the news to her daughter. Grummilla didn't seem very interested, till her mother pointed out that Viziers' sons, being rich and aristocratic, were popularly supposed to make good husbands for the lower classes. Then she brightened up and asked what she had better wear. They had a long discussion as to ways and means, and whether they should shorten the skirt of her blue-and-silver, or wear the pink charmeuse just as it was. Mushla took a very serious view of the forthcoming meeting, going so far as to suggest that Grummilla should have a special wash for it, including the ears—even though it was only Thursday. Grummilla demurred at this, her line of argument being, first, that there was no

water, and the well was such a long way off; and secondly, that it didn't seem much good being dark and raven-haired if one had to wash on odd days of the week, even for a Vizier's unmarried son.

Mushla, however, at last induced her daughter to make the effort by promising to send Nada to the well for the water, and by pointing out that, once she was a Vizier's daughter-in-law and a lady, she needn't wash any more, but could use cold cream at night and powder in the day time, and call it Care of the Skin instead. So poor Nada, who had already been set to work by Mushla to clean up the cottage, was sent off to the well with a bucket, and injunctions to be smart about it or she'd get what-for.

She was just hauling the bucket to the top again when the slip-knot she had tied slipped away altogether, and the bucket fell back into the depths. This frightened Nada very much, for it was her mother's favourite bucket; so, after some thought, she climbed down the rope into the well to fetch it up.

All sorts of extraordinary things used to happen in the good old days—in fact, any era in which fairies and magicians and witches, and so on, wandered round at large, was bound to be out of the common. So that Nada was not particularly surprised when, reaching the water's surface, she saw facing her in the side of the well a magic door. It was a swing door, bearing the legend "Pull!" Nada, being feminine, pushed. The door, being magic, opened. She went in. A path lay before her, and she walked curiously along it for some distance, till she met an old crone, with two tired boxes of matches clutched in a grimy paw, seated on a bank. "Spare-a-copper-lidy-for-a-poor-old-woman-what-only-wants tuppence-more-to-get-a-bed-for-the-night," began the old crone, "who, as no doubt you have guessed, was a fairy in disguise, but who occasionally did this sort of thing when she found Fairyland a bit boring. Also, she quite frequently made a trifle out of it. Now Nada hadn't got many coppers, and certainly didn't want to lose them, but since she regularly read her fairy books, and had her suspicions, she took care to give the old thing her blessing instead. A very wise course of procedure, besides being a cheap way of getting out of it. At the words, the old woman suddenly changed back into fairy shape, and Nada, of course, pretended to be terribly surprised, displaying much confusion, and even making a curtsy.





Baran had picked up the diamond near his foot, and was looking at it through a little microscope . . . "Merely glass, Sir," said Mushla again, a trifle anxiously. "Oh—er—quite," returned the Vizier's son carelessly, . . . "But quite a curio!"—and put it disdainfully in his pocket.

"Dear child!" purred the fairy. She loved unsophisticated people. The world, she considered, was getting rather too full of a sharp younger generation, who recognised her through all her disguises, which, as you can well believe, must be dashed annoying. "Can I help you, my pretty girl?" she continued beneficently.

"I dropped my mother's favourite bucket down the well," said Nada, "and I'm looking for it."

"Oh, is that all?" replied the fairy, and waved her wand. "You'll find it at the top when you go back. Now, because you've been so good-hearted, and spoken so kindly to one whom you thought was but an old woman, I shall give you a present."

She thought a minute, waved her wand experimentally, said to herself, "No, that won't do!" washed it out, and waved again. Then she announced with some pride: "For every word you speak when you return to earth, a diamond, a sparkling white diamond to match your shining hair, shall fall from your lips. There, what about that?" She paused to study the effect of this statement on the girl. "Rather a novel idea, don't you think, my dear?" she asked a trifle anxiously.

"Very," agreed Nada, who felt it certainly was a handsome thing to happen to anyone when looking for a bucket, and said good-bye very prettily. When she got back (having found the bucket at the top), her mother at once began to blame her for the delay, till Nada tried to explain, and large white diamonds dropped from her lips. After that it took a very long time to tell the story, because Nada's parents and Grummilla were on their hands and knees scrabbling for her lightest remark, and her father kept saying "What?" in the hopes of getting a bigger one. And then it was discovered that Joseph the puppy—for you know what puppies are—had swallowed quite a long word, and that took up more time still.

When at last Mushla grasped, more or less, what had happened, she hurried Grummilla into an apron, thrust a bucket—an old one—into her hand, and told her to be off to the well as quick-as she could, and do the same. With a true mother's instinct, she had realised that under present circumstances even an ordinary Vizier's son, let alone one so sharp as this one was reputed to be, would not be able to help preferring Nada to Grummilla. And while she didn't mind Grummilla leaving her if she made a good match, Nada was far too useful about the house to be allowed

to go, for she could cook and sew and clean, and even get a fair amount of work out of Squab, who was pretty hopeless at anything except washing stockings.

So Grummilla raced off, reaching the well in something under fifty seconds, and the bucket had barely touched the bottom before she had slid down the rope herself, and was crawling through the magic door (which, by the way, now bore the legend, "Pull and Let Go!" because it was a magic door).

She hurried along the path till she came to the old woman, who promptly asked her for coppers. Now Grummilla was rather high and mighty, and did not read fairy stories, nor, in the excitement, had Nada had time to say much else than that she had met a fairy. Grummilla, therefore, was looking out for something in white chiffon, with a wand and wings. So she snapped angrily: "I've got nothing for you; get out of my way!"

She was naturally a bit startled when the old woman changed into her proper shape; and tried to retrieve her error by remarks about the weather, while she hurriedly fumbled for her purse. The fairy, however, was no fool. "What do you want?" she said crossly.

"Well, to tell you the truth," replied Grummilla, taking this as an offer, "there's nothing I'd like so much as to have—er—something come out of my mouth with each word I speak. Say—er—little shining stones?" she added skilfully, feeling she had better not display too great a knowledge of what had happened to her sister.

The fairy waved her wand with what was, for a fairy, of course, quite a malevolent grin. "Granted," she said, for she had nice manners. But she looked searchingly at Grummilla's raven-dark tresses as she did so, and chuckled once more to herself. Grummilla was off like a shot, forgetting all about the bucket in her haste; but it didn't really matter since it was an old one. Her mother was waiting at the door, and ran to her.

"Well?" she cried.

"All right, mother, I've got it," returned Grummilla. But though half a dozen shining lumps fell from her lips as she spoke, to the surprise of both of them they were black—as black as Grummilla's raven hair.

Mushla looked suspiciously at her. Then she picked up a couple of her daughter's words and examined them. Whatever they were—and Mushla didn't know or care—they were by no means diamonds. "Here, what's this?" she asked angrily.

"Don't ask me!" snapped Grummilla, equally annoyed, and loosed off three more, as black as the others.

The subsequent argument brought out Mushla's husband, who had been indoors listening to his younger daughter more eagerly than ever before in his life, and now had his pockets full. He, too, was surprised, and secretly not a little pleased, that Grummilla hadn't got anything as good as Nada. He didn't like his surly step-daughter.

"They're quite pretty," he said at last, by way of soothing everybody. He picked up one of the black lumps and fingered it carefully. "Now, I would . . ."

"Pretty be hanged!" snarled Mushla. "They're not diamonds."

"No," agreed her husband judicially; "but, on the other hand—"

"Just dirty common stones!"

"Of course, they may—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Mps!" went her husband, and shut up. He retired into the house, leaving the two women wrangling together and already ankle-deep in a litter of the black lumps.

Poor Nada came in for more hard words than before when it was at last discovered that nothing could be done. Her sister taxed her with greed, double-dealing, and selfishness; and Mushla nearly broke a blood-vessel trying to accuse her of taking the better gift for herself, and at the same time endeavouring to point out how much better Grummilla's gift really was, after all. Every time Nada opened her mouth to reply she evoked a fresh tirade by producing more diamonds, and every time her father opened his mouth to defend her he was told to shut up.

At last things settled down a bit. It was agreed that the only thing to do when the Vizier's son came, was for Grummilla not to talk if she could possibly help it. What sounded like a sarcastic laugh at this point was traced to Mushla's husband, who thereupon had great difficulty in persuading his wife he had only been clearing his throat. Then Grummilla got into her prettiest dress, the blue-and-silver, and shortened the skirt so much that she might almost have been mistaken for a society lady already. Nada was kept in her rags and set to the hardest work her mother could find, which, of course, was shovelling out into the courtyard any remarks her sister saw fit to make before the expected visit.

Towards evening the Vizier's son arrived. He was met with many bowings by Mushla's husband and welcomed into the cottage by Mushla herself, resplendent in a fur pelisse she had won ten years before in a raffle. Behind her was Grummilla, looking rather handsome, and determined not to speak. Nada had been sent into the



back kitchen, where she was dealing with Joseph the puppy, who had shown a decided partiality for her sister's conversation, and now had indigestion.

The Vizier's son was tall and dark, with large lips, a larger nose, and keen—very keen—black eyes. As I said, he had the reputation of being a sharp young man, and he looked it. He had, accompanying him and carrying a box, one servant, a fellow with a pleasantly unintelligent face and a humorous look. I don't mean he looked funny; I mean he looked as though he might say and do funny things.

"I have heard of your fame at carving wooden likenesses," began the Vizier's son in kindly fashion. Mushla's husband revolved his hat rapidly in his hands, and mumbled something that was drowned by his wife's effusive answer, as she shooed Rumpelstiltskin—who, being a cat, had, of course, taken the best chair—out into the courtyard.

The Vizier's son—whose name, by the way, was Baran—sat down and began to talk pleasantly about the weather and a dragon they had seen while coming through the wood, and the prevalence of magicians in that part of the country, and other items of local interest. Mushla very carefully placed Grummilla where the light fell on her to best advantage. Grummilla kept her lips tightly closed, but nodded and smiled whenever the Vizier's son made a remark, thus giving him, in the way women do, the impression that she was a brilliant conversationalist. Her mother noticed with satisfaction that Baran appeared at least impressed, if not attracted. She could not help feeling pleased that Nada was safely tucked away in the kitchen and was unable to flaunt her diamonds in front of the Vizier's son. There was a business-like look in the young man's keen eyes, and the nose reminded her of a pedlar who had once sold her husband a so-called magic wand which had turned out to be valueless. He certainly was a sharp young man—the kind of person, Mushla decided, who wouldn't care what sort of wife he had if she could produce diamonds as fast as she could talk.

She was still congratulating herself on her strategy, and her husband had just recovered from his nervous embarrassment sufficiently to be able to handle his knives without cutting himself, when the kitchen door sprang open and Joseph appeared, hotly pursued by Nada.

Mushla was furious, and sprang at her. "Didn't I tell you to stay in the kitchen and clear it up?" she rapped; then, as she saw Baran looking with interest at Nada, she added, with swift recollection: "Don't you dare say a word!"

But it was too late. A few large diamonds rolled from Nada's lips as she began to reply. The Vizier's son jumped and looked a trifle startled—even in those days of magic. But he came up again to it bravely, and tried politely not to notice anything. He was quite clever at not noticing things—in fact, he had recently had a good deal of practice. A friend of his at Court, one of the Equerries, had for some time been suffering from a pair of donkey's ears instead of his own, and no one had been better than Baran at not noticing the disability—even though all his friend's hats had to have two holes cut in the top.

Mushla, however, seeing that it had happened, tried to pass it off. "Poor girl!" she whispered loudly to Baran. "Such a misfortune! Lumps of glass, you know, Sir," she added mendaciously, being determined not to spoil Grummilla's chance. "It's not as if it were anything valuable." She turned swiftly round, caught her amazed husband just about to speak, and drove his explanatory protest deep down into him again with a super-powerful frown worked by both eyebrows at once.

"What a pity!" remarked Baran courteously, but eyeing with curiosity a word which had fallen close to his chair.

Mushla again rounded on Nada, and sent her back into the kitchen, triumphing in her skilful retrieving of an awkward situation. But when she turned round once more, Baran had picked up the diamond near his foot and was looking at it through a little microscope which he had taken from his pocket and fixed in a practised eye.

"Merely glass, Sir," said Mushla again, a trifle anxiously.

"Oh—er—quite," returned the Vizier's son carelessly, and made as if to throw it away with scorn; but checked himself. He then said, even more carelessly, "But quite a curio!"—and put it disdainfully in his pocket instead.

"Here, I say—" began Mushla's husband, but stopped, and plunged into his carving as once again he caught his wife's eye. Mushla's eye would have stopped a charging dragon.

There was a pregnant silence. Then Baran said, looking towards the kitchen, "Charming girl, your daughter. She ought to be at the Court. Great opportunities there for a girl of her—er—gifts."

This, felt Mushla, was dangerous. "Beautiful black hair like hers, Sir, is wasted here," she replied in a loud whisper. She did not intend that there should be any mistake about which daughter she considered the charming one.

"Oh—er—yes," said the Vizier's son in puzzled fashion, and looked vaguely round until his eye fell upon Grummilla. Then he said, "Oh—er—yes" again—but in quite a different tone of voice, and not very



"All right, mother, I've got it," returned Grummilla. But though half a dozen shining lumps fell from her lips as she spoke, to the surprise of both of them they were as black as Grummilla's raven hair.



enthusiastically. Then once more he stared at the kitchen door. "Let me see," he added after a while, to Mushla's annoyance; "lumps of glass, I think you said?"

"Yes," she replied shortly, feeling she had better stick to it.

The Vizier's son smiled at her amiably, but incredulously. He certainly was sharp. Mushla's husband said nothing. He always became very preoccupied with his work as time went on, and at the moment he was concentrating on the problem of whether to incline to truth or flattery in the delineation of his client's remarkably large nose. He decided at last in favour of sheer flattery, because the other would take too long and use such a lot of wood.

"Lumps of glass," the Vizier's son began again, as though he couldn't leave the subject, "have always interested me."

At this moment Mushla, realising that he was distinctly neglecting Grummilla in favour of her sister, felt called upon to invent further.

"Oh, that in itself is nothing, Sir. What makes it all so bad is that my daughter Nada is—er—well, she's really not quite all there, if you know what I mean."

startled, rose and made a low bow. "Your Highness!" he said, and a quick pallor spread all over his lips, and as far down his nose as it could get in the time.

"Ah, Baran! Didn't expect me, did you?" said the other, masterfully. "I rode out to your camp to meet you, and heard you were here." He appeared to notice Mushla and her husband for the first time, and said patronisingly: "Stand at ease, good people! You may carry on." There was no doubt that he was a Prince.

Mushla was too surprised at his sudden arrival to do anything except sink into a chair, for the second time in five minutes. On this occasion, however, Rumpelstiltskin, who believed in learning by experience, just made his get-away in time.

"Now, Baran," said the Prince, sitting down in the best chair, "about this wife you went to get for me. Where is she?"

Baran stammered and stuttered.

"Don't dare tell me you haven't brought one!" snapped the Prince.

Baran hesitated, then began glibly: "Well, you see, your Highness, it's like this—"



But the Prince had recovered, and was obviously becoming interested in the girl, though he completely and politely ignored her conversational concomitants. He engaged Grummilla in talk, and she, feeling the worst was now known, and also having a lot of time to make up, talked till the floor was like a beach.

Baran did appear to know what she meant. The statement, in fact, Mushla was pleased to observe, shook him considerably. "Her sister, now," she continued, rather pleased, "is the apple of my eye."

"Oh, quite—quite," agreed Baran thoughtfully.

"Now, if only," continued Mushla, who was nothing if not bold, "anyone was looking for a wife."

"Well," replied Baran, with rather a sly look, and glancing for the first time at his servant, standing behind him with the box, "to tell you the truth, I am."

Mushla was so amazed at this answer that she sat down heavily on a chair. At which she had to get up very quickly and soothe Rumpelstiltskin, who, sneaking in unnoticed, had again got there first.

"I beg your pardon!" stammered Mushla at last, when she had got her voice. She despatched a look towards Grummilla which meant, if anything did, "Keep your mouth shut and you've got him!"

"I must have a wife, and by to-morrow," continued Baran. "Reasons of state, and so on," he explained. "You see, it's—"

But at that minute there came four heavy bangs from a sword-hilt on the door. There were really five bangs, but Baran's servant, who was very efficient, opened it so quickly that he got the last one himself. Baran at once kicked him dispassionately for being a fool. It wasn't much fun being a servant in those days.

Outside the door was a young man in fine clothes, who strode imperiously into the cottage. To Mushla's surprise, Baran, looking very

At that moment the servant, who had been revengefully rubbing his last point of contact with his master, suddenly handed the Prince the box he held, with a vindictive grin. Baran recoiled and, whispering fiercely: "You're sacked!" went even paler than before.

The Prince opened the box, and a large, purple toad with yellow spots crawled out and gazed up at him. "Hey! What's this?" he gasped, averting his eyes, and reciting rather a good exorcism.

"Well," said Baran, collecting himself. "It was her Royal Highness the Princess of Slovo-Carmania. . . ."

The Prince's mouth fell open, and he gazed in amazement at the animal. The purple toad looked slightly coy.

"She—er—had an accident yesterday," continued the Vizier's son, nervously moistening as much of his large lips as he could. He had been hoping to avoid this unpleasant scene, but had not expected to see his master so soon, nor had he anticipated his servant's treachery. "A magician," he went on, "with cross-eyes, passed by and appeared to amuse her; and . . ."

"What the dickens," thundered the Prince, "do you think you're at?" He shook the toad, who looked very huffy, and then tried to make up for it with a winning smile. It was not a great success. "Are you trying to insinuate that I'm to marry this?" he continued, getting very red about the edges of the face.

As the Prince stood six-foot-two in his hunting-boots, and was supposed to be the best battle-axe expert in the kingdom, the Vizier's son

(Continued on a later page.)





A GLORY OF OUR LADY OF CHARTRES: THE WINDOW "L'HISTOIRE DE ST. JACQUES."





A GLORY OF OUR LADY OF CHARTRES: THE WINDOW "LA MORT DE LA VIERGE."

The Cathedral of Notre Dame is the great glory of Chartres, and the great glory of the Cathedral is the stained glass, which includes not only three world-famous rose-windows, but over one hundred other windows, with stained glass of the thirteenth century, containing figures of some five thousand persons.





A CHRISTMAS GARLAND OF CHILDREN—BY OLD MASTERS.

"THE SACKVILLE CHILDREN" BY HOPPNER.

Readers of "The Illustrated London News" will, no doubt, remember that we reproduced this picture in monochrome in June of this year, with the following note:—"The famous Knole picture of the Sackville children, by John Hoppner, R.A. (1758-1810), which is regarded as the masterpiece of child portraiture in English art, has been sold to a private collector by Messrs. Spink & Son, of London. The picture was lately in the possession of Major-General the Rt. Hon. Lord Sackville, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G. It

was painted in 1797. The boy was George John Frederick Sackville, only son of the third Duke of Dorset, and was born in 1793. He succeeded his father in 1799, and died in 1815 of a fall from his horse, at Killarney. The elder girl, his sister Mary, born in 1792, married first, in 1811, the 6th Earl of Plymouth, and secondly, in 1839, the 1st Earl Amherst. She died in 1864. Her sister Elizabeth (right) was born in 1795, and in 1813 married the 5th Earl de la Warr. In 1864 she was created Baroness Buckhurst."

FROM THE PICTURE BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A. (1758-1810).





A CHRISTMAS GARLAND OF CHILDREN — BY OLD MASTERS.

"LE BÉNÉDICTÉ" BY CHARDIN.

The picture reproduced above has an interest apart from its intrinsic merits as a great work of art. There are in the Louvre, in Paris, two Chardins with the title "Le Bénédicité." The one here given came from the La Caze Collection and was bequeathed to the Gallery; the other has long adorned it. The history of these works was never in doubt, but it occurred to M. J. F. Cellerier, the Director of the Laboratory of

Scientific Research of the Louvre Museum, that it would be interesting to submit them to rays, and thus demonstrate not only their authenticity but the likeness of their treatment. This matter was referred to, and illustrated, by us last April. The tests revealed the master's methods and showed that the two paintings, as well as others by him, had precisely the same characteristics.

REPRODUCED, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, FROM THE PICTURE BY JEAN BAPTISTE SIMÉON CHARDIN (1699-1779) IN THE LOUVRE.





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"FOR WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY CECIL ALDIN.





A CHRISTMAS GARLAND OF CHILDREN—BY OLD MASTERS.  
"THE MADONNA OF THE MAGNIFICAT"; BY BOTTICELLI.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI (c. 1447—1515), IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.



A CHRISTMAS GARLAND OF CHILDREN—BY OLD MASTERS.



"MISS FRANCES CREWE"; BY REYNOLDS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. 1728-1792. AT CREWE HOUSE. REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL BY COURTESY OF THE RIGHT HON. THE MARQUESS OF CREWE, B.G., P.C., F.S.A. ETC.





A CHRISTMAS GARLAND OF CHILDREN—BY OLD MASTERS.  
"THE MOB CAP"; BY REYNOLDS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792), FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF VISCOUNT D'ABERNON;  
AND SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S THIS YEAR FOR 6000 GUINEAS.





WAR-CHARIOTS OF THE MADDING WHEELS: A Pharaoh in Battle; and a Charge in Assyria.

## "Gallant Tin Soldiers" of Fairy-Land: Christmas-Toy Armies.

By JANE RAMSAY-KERR.



A Fighter of the Persia that has Passed.

behind the glorious panoply of war, our hearts still beat faster at the sound of martial music. We let the romance of military pageantry carry us back through the Ages as we sit entranced at Searchlight Tattoos or Tournament and there are few Londoners who do not hurry their steps when the drums and fifes announce that the Guards are marching down the Mall, or when there is a chance of seeing the Household Cavalry come "sounding through the town."

And, when Christmas Day comes, which of us will see young Tom or Dick unpack his inevitable gift of tin soldiers without suggesting that the billiard table will make a superb parade-ground, and that Uncle George may care to show how the Guards drill differs from that of Regiments of the Line? Toy soldiers, with their proud tradition, and superb miniature swagger, their amusing possibilities as obedient

**R**OMANCE and a red coat will ever go hand-in-hand. The poet truthfully recorded the irresistible appeal which "a lightsome eye, a soldier's mien, a feather of the blue" have for the feminine heart, and Victorians tell us that in their young days, when style was justly appreciated and uniforms were worn at all important balls in garrison towns, the young lady who had to accept the arm of a black-coated admirer was little better than a wall-flower!

To-day, though we have experienced the full terror of what lies

exponents of military tactics and ceremonial, and their intrinsic decorative characteristics, are as fascinating to-day as they were two thousand years ago when Roman Matrons bade their lusty offspring pack up the miniature Homeric Warriors tidily in the Trojan Horse which served as their box, and Patrician Papas perfunctorily asked if young Publius knew the date of the raising of the Siege of Troy, and then gave him an extension of his before-bed play-hour in order to set the Legionaries out in battle array. It is small wonder that, in spite of modern ideas and post-war hopes of the efficacy of the League of Nations, we should still keep our love for toy soldiers, as these



A Macedonian Call to War.

mannikins of Mars have been the stock playthings of youngsters since the earliest ages; doughty warriors of fairy-land, Christmas-toy armies of the comrades of that gallant Tin Soldier of our Hans Andersen who was born of a spoon and loved a paper lady.

The miniature fighting-man's first known appearance may have been but as a guard for a master dead and turned to clay, or black with bitumen and in mummy swathings, but he was a toy in Roman times; and in the Middle Ages he was well known in knightly guise. The Cluny Museum contains a thirteenth-century warrior in lead who may be cited as the ancestor of every one of the millions of tin soldiers who have



In the Days of Grandeur: Roman Legionaries.

fought mock battles through the ages—for he has the same flat contour as the modern tin fighting-man.

[Continued overleaf.]



The "Castled" Elephant of War—in Macedonia.



In the Ranks of the Scythians.



The "Castled" Elephant of War—in Nubia.





IN THE DAYS OF THE MARTYRED MAID OF ORLEANS: A Monk in the Field; Jeanne d'Arc, wielder of the Mystic Sword of St. Catherine; La Hire—Etienne Vignoles, "The Growler,"—of the Baying Voice, a "Knave" of the French Pack of Cards; and Xaintrailles, a Defender of Orleans.



IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS XVI.: The Colour and a Grenadier of the Dauphin Regiment; and The Colour and a Grenadier of the Maine Regiment

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD: The Standard-Bearer of the King of a French Cardinal; and the Standard-



IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS XIII.: The Viscount de Turenne, afterwards Marshal-General of the Armies of France; the Prince de Condé; and a Staff Officer of the Duke of Weimar's Army.

Continued.

Mayendage children played chivalrous games, no doubt, whether they came of a knightly race, or were but villeins, for there is more than one old wood-cut to prove that the miniature mounted knights in full armour which are preserved in various museums were actually used to amuse lucky young folk, though the models which remain to us are of so elaborate and rich a description that it is obvious that they can only have been made for Princes. Indeed, there is a woodcut by Hans Burenain which shows the young Kaiser Maximilian I. enjoying the sport of making two model knights tilt at each other by means of an elaborate arrangement of wheels and strings, which allowed them to meet in the shock of battle so that their lances—made of brittle wood—might splinter against each other in a realistic fashion. This delightful picture is reproduced in "Children's Toys of Bygone Days," a charming volume by Karl Gröber, which was published not long ago by Batsford, and the author points out that we have ample proof of Maximilian's enjoyment of the sport of tilting with toy combatants, as it is on record that he presented a couple of jousting Knights on wooden horses to young King Louis II. of Hungary.

Maximilian was the last of the Knights, and so it is only natural that he should have been associated with romantic toys likely to foster the ideals of Chivalry in their young owners.

All these chivalresque playthings date from the sixteenth century, and include Knights cast in bronze, such as the pair preserved in the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna, and such magnificent playthings as the superb specimen in the Bavarian National Museum. This toy Knight is exquisitely made, and both he and his horse wear finely wrought armour which might almost have been considered as a model for tilting armour if we did not know, for a fact, that it was made for the delight of a Royal, or, at least, a Noble, child.

The toy soldier has always been the plaything of Princes, and it is interesting to learn that the little French Dauphins had leaden armies to amuse them. Louis XIII. possessed a set of soldiers which fitted into holes in a flat board, after the manner of the travelling chessmen of to-day; while Louis XIV. had his love for military glory fostered in his youth by a whole army of miniature men, modelled in silver, which cost no less than 50,000 thalers, and his son possessed a still more elaborate war game. The last-named really falls into the class of mechanical toys, as it



THE LAST OF THE VALOIS: A Scottish Archer of the Guard; Henri III., "Le Mignon"; Louise de Lorraine; and the Cardinal of Lorraine.



IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS XIV.: A Drummer of Villeroi's Cavalry; a Grenadier of the Gardes-Françaises; A Soldier of the Champagne Regiment; The Colour of General Dillon's Irish Regiment; The Colour of the Gardes-Françaises; a Sergeant of the Swiss Guards; and a Drummer of the Régiment de la Couronne.



England; the Herald of the King of England; King Henry VIII.; King Francis I.; and the Herald of the King of France.

IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS XVI.: The Colour and a Grenadier of the Queen's Regiment; and the Colour and a Fusilier of the de la Marck German Regiment.

was an example of the clever productions of the Nuremberg craftsman, Hans Hautsch, and of his son, Gottfried, in the year 1672, and was so ingenious that the men could be put through the drill movements of the day.

The real birthday of the tin soldier, however, is in the latter half of the eighteenth century, for Andreas Hilpert, of Coburg, sponsored him in 1760, and mass production soon popularised him and made him a familiar figure in nurseries all the world over. The new toy came to birth at a favourable moment, for the renown of Frederick the Great's exploits filled the world at that period, and the talk in every city and every land was of battles and of military tactics. The tin soldier conquered Europe as rapidly and completely as any invading army since Attila and his hordes had succeeded in doing, and no country was content until its soldiers had been reproduced by the Hilberts, with their correct uniform and accoutrements; while celebrated generals, such as "Old Fritz" himself, enjoyed individual treatment, and were put on the market in miniature.



THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO BY THE SPANIARDS: Aztecs in Combat with Spaniards when Cortez Conquered their Kingdom in Mexico and brought it under Dominion.

With the beginning of the nineteenth century and the thrilling battles of the Napoleonic wars, military toys continued to "loom," and tinsmiths began to turn out armies in every country; while the factories all arranged to work to scale, so that whole campaigns could be played over without any difficulties arising about giants meeting dwarfs! Finally, these tiny works of art designed as children's toys were actually set down to assist the business of real warfare, for young officers and Generals in the making used them to study manoeuvres and to try out attacks and counter-attacks. The tin soldier is thus a toy with a proud pedigree, and the minute warriors who decorate these pages are worthy descendants of eighteenth-century soldiers. They are more than playthings; they are exquisite modern works of art which recall every phase of military history, and they speak with silent yet eloquent voices of the vanished glories of former Empires, the romantic adventures of long-dead warriors, and the pomp and circumstance with which they went into battle.

The metal mannikins which illustrate this article are a few of the model soldiers from the unique collection



THE GREAT THIRTY YEARS' WAR: Wallenstein at Lützen in 1632, when the Swedes defeated the Austrians but lost their King, Gustavus Adolphus; and that General's Mule Chair in the Field.

Continued overleaf.





CAVALRY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: An Officer of the 7th Hussars (1792); an Officer of the 8th Cuirassiers; a General of the Republican Army; an Officer of the 13th Dragoons, Attached to the General Staff; an Officer of the 5th Chasseurs à Cheval; and an Officer of the 4th Hussars (1793).

*Continued.*

of M. Armont, a French specialist who has set himself to record the history of military uniforms and accoutrements by this attractive method. His little soldiers illustrate the chariots of war of Old



Murat.

Napoleon.

Assyria, when the cohorts of Sennacharib were "gleaming with purple and gold"; the fierce Egyptian cars of war, and the Indian warriors behind their fleet horses. They recall faithfully the Roman legionaries, the Scythian and Macedonian soldiers; and continue their pageantry of war through every age and clime down to modern times, so that one can contrast the Zouave of 1870 and the Poilu of 1918 with the Church Militant of the Middle Ages, when the monk who might not shed blood carried a mace to knock sense into the Infidel, and Joan the Maid, in her white armour, rode at the head of her patriots and infused a whole nation with burning courage and high trust in the justice of their Cause.

M. Armont's little soldiers are unique, for he, himself, sees to it that every detail of their accoutrement is correct, and has often had to spend weeks tracing down the uniform for a couple of little figures. Under the Monarchy in France, for instance, the drummers and trumpeters did not wear the uniform of their regiment, but the livery of the Colonel who "owned" it, and, naturally, it often requires considerable research to discover what were the colours of the livery of some illustrious family which no longer enjoys the place and power that its ancestors possessed in past centuries.

Transport, too, is dealt with in these wonderful tin soldiers, many of which are actually painted by M. Armont himself, and the chair drawn by mules and used by Wallenstein in the Thirty Years' War is modelled perfectly; while the Horse Artillery of the Napoleonic Guard at Wagram makes an interesting group.

Great Personages are honoured in this modern review of all the armies of all time by having special portraits of themselves. Henry VIII. and Francis I. are pictured meeting in the bravery of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, our bluff King Hal, a lusty and personable young man with a lean, athletic frame, as indeed he was at that period, and King Francis, the Patron of the Arts, elegant as he must have always been. Condé and Turenne ride proudly on their chargers, and the last of the Valois, though not strictly to be called soldiers, stand in a proud and stately line on our pages; while Napoleon sits on his white charger, his field-glasses in his hand, concentration on his face; with Murat swaggering just behind him.

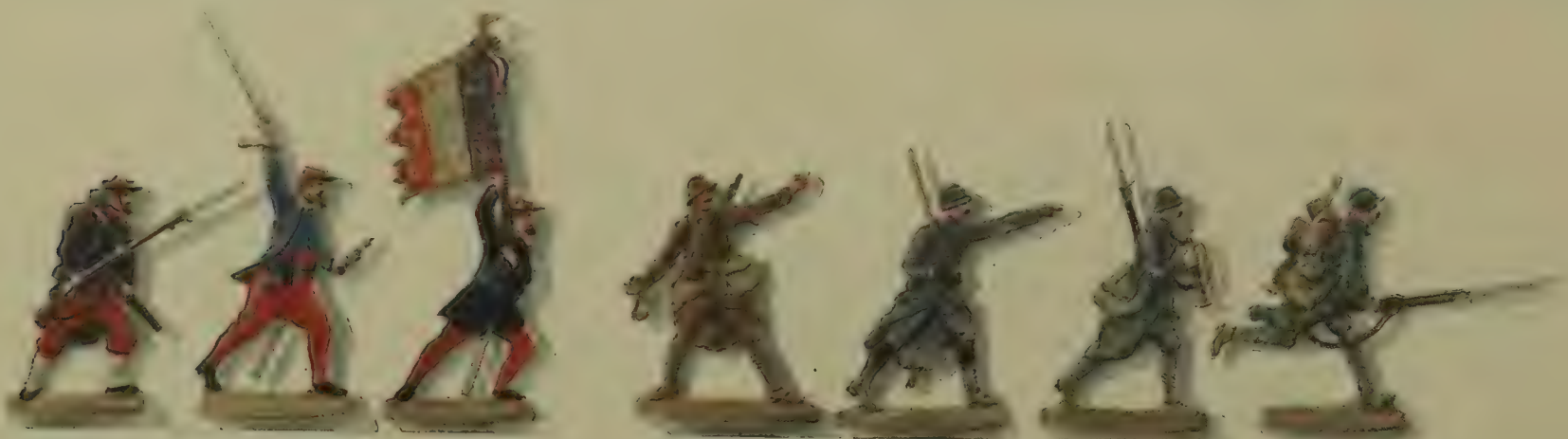
M. Armont is still working at his collection. His Great War section as yet only includes French soldiers, but no doubt all the Allied troops will eventually be represented, and the whole pageantry of military history be arranged for all time, with armoured tanks to balance with the chariots of Egypt, and blue-uniformed Royal Air Force "aces" and their aeroplanes to contrast with the feathered Aztecs who fled from the fierce Spaniards mounted on those horses which struck such terror into the hearts of a civilisation which knew nothing of the equine race.

At the moment, M. Armont's task seems an endless one—and yet, at this season of Peace and Goodwill, we may gaze at his military



Light Cavalry: Polish Lancers of the Imperial Guard.

mannikins with all their swagger, their courage, and their bravery of gold lace, scarlet and blue, and look forward to a day when there may be no fresh types to add; for at long last there may come a time when the toy soldier will be but an interesting and historic memory of picturesque savagery.



THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR AND THE GREAT WAR: A French Infantryman of the Line (1870); A Turco Officer (1870); A Colour of 1870; A Bomb-thrower of the French Colonial Infantry (1916-1918); An Infantry Officer (1916-1918); A Trumpeter (1916-1918); and a Poilu (1916-1918.)





The dwarf followed him, poking and prying into dark recesses among the furniture.

## THE LETTER

By KATHERINE HORTIN.



Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

**T**HE shop was lit by a feeble gas-jet close to the cracked and blackened ceiling, over whose grimy surface an odd assortment of dilapidated candelabra festooned with cobwebs cast gaunt and ghostly wheels of flickering shadow. Broken and worm-eaten furniture of every description lay in confused masses against the mildewed walls. Here and there the fine grain of polished mahogany caught and reflected the faint yellow light. An array of rusty iron bedsteads sprawled drunkenly in ribald disorder across the sombre panels of an oak cupboard. Battered and worm-riddled, yet aloof and austere in its dignity, it had an air of cold resentment at the onslaught, as if shrinking in fastidious distaste from the frousty heap of dirty, half-worn clothes which hung limply from their twisted rails.

Old Rufus shuffled across the dusty floor in his down-at-heel felt slippers. Every evening, punctually at this same hour, year after year, decade after decade, glancing at his watch from long habit, he shuffled out from his inner room to lock up for the night. He opened the shop door and peered out into the gloomy November murk. To-night the street was very quiet. Over the way the soot-blackened wall of a factory frowned down, blotting out the faintly luminous London sky. A jutting lamp on an iron bracket threw a blurred shaft of light through spattered and smeared glass on to the greasy pavement. A pall of icy fog hung over the deserted street, making him gasp and choke as it rushed into his throat. He put up his hand and silenced the shrilling door bell, whose clamour shook his nerves, breaking suddenly into the unearthly stillness of the fog-bound alley. Every night it was his custom to stand for

a moment and strain his ears to listen for the far-away roar of the thoroughfares, the ceaseless stream of traffic that ebbed and flowed all night about the city. Though muted and deadened by distance, the surge of life about him gave him assurance that he was still part of it all, that he and his musty, worm-eaten shop still had a place in the present, had not yet passed out of time into some forgotten niche of unrecorded history. Time played him curious tricks occasionally. His memory was uncertain. Past and present became confused, shifting their places, the future inexplicably impinging on the moment, merging again into the past. Circles and spirals like the shadows of the candelabra on the ceiling. . . . It is always like that with old age, he thought. . . .

Usually he was glad when the time came to close the shop. To-night he felt a curious reluctance to bolt and bar the door, to shut himself away till morning in his solitary dwelling. The muffled silence weighed on him. There was a fantastic unreality in its quality, a sense of suspended animation, as if the heart of life itself had ceased to beat. The misty fog-wreaths which thrust their way into the shop as he opened the door seemed like tangible hostile forces striving to fill the vacuum, swaying and twining, clamouring to possess themselves of the empty, stagnant air. His accustomed serenity seemed to have deserted him to-night; his hitherto placid acceptance of his lonely life seemed somehow fraught with danger. From the shadowy walls the huddled furniture scowled at him. Inarticulate and imprisoned, each piece appeared to be striving for self-expression, as if desirous and eager to convey its history by some subtle means into the crystal-clear receptivity of his tautened mind. He thought he saw the cowed head of a monk peer



for a moment from the recesses of the oak cupboard, a little laugh like a glass splinter of sound echoed on the carved and gilded lips of a winged Cupid supporting a bracket in one obscure corner of the shop. The

merging in the yellow mist. The dwarf was scarcely three feet high. His great head was sunk deep on narrow shoulders. His arms hung limply nearly to the floor. His back was twisted into a cruel hump,

grotesque, unnatural. Out of the tortured body the mournful eyes stared up at him, lustrous, beautiful dark eyes set far apart below a square white forehead. What clothes he wore on his shapeless trunk Old Rufus could not determine. The fog twined and writhed about it. Only the clear, imploring eyes seemed alive and real. . . . Old Rufus stared back at his curious visitor, uncertain of his wisdom in admitting him, but longing with a desperate yearning for a voice to break the unearthly silence.

"You have come a long way?" he stammered . . . just for something to say.

To his own ears his voice sounded harsh and strident, splitting up the heavy atmosphere into waves of echoing sound. The dwarf seemed to shrink and fade a little. Old Rufus had a strange fancy that the tattered red curtain was for a moment visible through the outline of the distorting hump. . . . As if from an immense distance, the dwarf's voice answered him. "A long way. . . . Yes, it was a long journey . . . a long and difficult journey . . . but I had to come . . ."

The old man led the way to the inner room, his feet shuffling noisily over the bare boards. The dwarf followed close behind him, leaving no trail on the dusty floor. He coaxed the dead fire into a fitful flame, and set a plate of food on the table. But the dwarf neither warmed himself nor ate. He sat hunched up and melancholy in his chair, he looked spent and exhausted, as some frail creature might look who, at his body's expense, had made a terrific effort of the will. It was as though he rested in a lethargy of reaction after pain; gathering fresh force, priming himself to yet further effort. . . .

He said: "Don't you remember me, Rossi?" There was a crushed, flat tone about his voice, as if he were hurt beyond measure at the other's indifference and detachment.

Old Rufus never could remember, when he came to think things over afterwards, whether the dwarf had really spoken, whether the words he listened to were objective sounds, or if the story had not floated into his consciousness in a purely subjective way. He was unaware of language. He stared at the other blankly, no sign of recognition in his watery old eyes, but a sudden sense of sympathy and companionship flung a beam of warmth into his lonely heart; the frozen years seemed to be melting. . . . For an instant, music, light, and colour flooded the gloomy room.

"The chest—the Queen's chest . . . where have you put it, Rossi?"

A tiny flame flickered among the blackening ashes; died down again. The ice came back, pressing on the old man's heart. He felt now that he had been foolish to admit this madman to his lonely house. . . . The gas-jet burned dimly still in the deserted shop. He got up nervously from his chair and shuffled out to extinguish it . . . the wheels of shadow still moved slowly over the cracked and grimy ceiling. The dwarf followed him, poking and prying into dark recesses among the furniture, lifting a piece here and there, searching thoughtfully, running his fingers



Old Rufus stared at him amazed. "The King's Fool!" the words leapt to his lips.

illusion of Time slipped from him, the past rippled about him in eddying waves. . . .

Old Rufus shuffled back to his arm-chair in the inner room. He raked together the grey ashes of the exhausted fire and spread out his chilled hands to catch their last lingering warmth. To-night he would lock up a little later than usual. A passing neighbour, aware of the still burning light, might by chance look in. A little human companionship would be very welcome, he felt. . . .

He shivered and dozed by the cheerless grate. It was midnight when he at last got up and shuffled again towards the outer door. He lifted the frayed red curtain that hung over its glass panel and peered out into the foggy street. Through the blur of the dirty glass a face stared up at him, two mournful eyes set in a pallid mask. He thought: "This is what I have been waiting for. A strayed child, a prowling dog in the night. . . . Something to keep me company." He looked down into the eyes of the creature, whose level scarcely reached the handle of the door. They seemed to carry some entreaty. "Let me in! Let me in!" they implored. Old Rufus loosened the shot bolts and opened the door. The fog poured in, icy and penetrating. The little figure drifting in with it seemed strangely part of it, its outline melting and



over the knots and knurs of the scarred, worm-eaten wood. Old Rufus, his hand on the gas-tap, stood and watched him apprehensively, as he beat about from object to object, not aimlessly, but with a definite, sure precision, as if he already knew that what he sought was waiting there for him to find. The old man twisted the tap, the light grew fainter. . . . Then from a sombre corner the dwarf's white face suddenly gleamed out at him. The dark eyes met his, illumined, triumphant, glad as if with an immense relief. . . . Incredibly, he saw him emerge from the obscurity a transformed figure. . . .

He was dressed in a suit of satin, which glistened in the dim light in a chequered pattern of blue and shining gold. On his head he wore a little cap all trimmed with bells, which tinkled gaily as he walked with a mincing, yet arrogant stride across the room. His feet were shod in shoes of scarlet leather whose long, curved toes were strapped below his knees with garters of yellow ribbons. In his hand he held a jester's staff. Old Rufus stared at him amazed.

"The King's Fool!" the words leapt to his lips. A fleeting memory disturbed him. He stood muttering and mumbling, then in sudden terror he turned out the light. Out of the darkness the dwarf's voice came, trailing and melancholy. Was it a voice? Or was it merely an echo? Insistent, clamouring, bridging an immense chasm of time. . . .

"Do you remember me now, Rossi?" the voice seemed to say. "Have you forgotten Pirelli, the King's Fool? And how you hid my body in the chest? Be patient a little, and let me jog your memory. It was in Naples. How many hundred years ago I have forgotten, but time, my friend, is an illusion, self-created. Reality is an eternal now. I loved the Queen with the humble adoration of a faithful slave. She trusted me. I failed her, and paid for it with my life, as I shall tell you presently.

"The King loved her too, but his love was not of the same quality as mine. He loved her with a jealous, hungry passion, but found much time for lesser, lighter loves. The Queen feared him, yet something wild and wayward in her made her in part responsive, but the gentler, nobler part of her heart she had given to Ferrari the sculptor, who loved her to the point of madness. Theirs was a hidden, secret love. I and one other alone were in her confidence. The other was the Lady Giulia, who, professing loyalty, was carrying on an intrigue with the King. Ambitious and unscrupulous, she schemed to take the Queen's place, and drop by drop instilled her subtle poison into the King's ear. Death was swift, and easy in those days, but the Lady Giulia miscalculated her power, and his vengeance fell on Ferrari alone. I learned by chance of the plot to kill the Queen's lover, the place, the day, the hour. The Lady Giulia fostered a counterplot. For her the time was not yet ripe. She counted to catch the two birds in one net. I demanded a private audience of the Queen, laid all the circumstances before her, urged her to write a letter to Ferrari bidding him to remain hidden; on no account

must he be present at the great feast at the Palace the next night. I thought to see the Queen shaken and terrified at my news, but instead some devilment seized her. I could gather from her face that the letter she was writing was foolish. It covered too much space and rambled far from the point. It was only when she came to the end that she looked a little fearful. . . . She pressed it into my hand with a solemn look. 'My honour is in your hands, Pirelli,' she said. 'Swear to deliver this letter in such a way that none but you and he will know it has ever been penned. Watch his face as he reads it, drop it yourself into the flames when he has come to the end. Ferrari was ever too careless about such things.' The Lady Giulia was in the ante-room as I came out. She gave me a scornful glance out of her cruel black eyes as I passed. They seemed to bore through my blue and gold satin jacket to where the letter lay against my heart. Had she dared, she would have transfixed it there



"I lay at the King's feet, my body pressed close against the ground; the letter's sharp edge cut into the flesh about my heart."

with the blade of a knife. All through the night I pondered on that look and what it meant. Up to the present I had only had one thought—to save the man my Queen loved; but gradually it appeared to me that by saving him I was drawing down some worse fate on their heads. I was in a maze, the problem filled me with uncertainty. All the next day the letter still lay hidden on my heart. . . . And all that day the Lady Giulia's eyes mocked me. 'Make haste, make haste, deliver the letter,' they seemed to say.



"Night came; the palace was flooded with light and colour and music. The King and Queen sat side by side at the feast, the nobles grouped about them in gorgeous, glittering clothes. I lay at the King's feet, my body pressed close against the ground; the letter's sharp edge cut into the flesh about my heart. . . . You, Rossi, stood behind her chair handing her food and wine. . . . She helped herself from the dishes . . . but her eyes, staring and strained, never wavered for an instant from the hanging tapestries that hid the outer doors. . . . I watched her from where I lay . . . it seemed in those hours as if I died a thousand deaths. I laughed and jested. . . . my wit was sharp that night. All the time the thought of my betrayal burnt into me like the sear of a branding-iron. My beloved lady would never know why I had failed her.

"As the night wore on, the crowds flocked and thronged about the Palace rooms. I did not dare to watch the doors. I would read the moment when it came in the Queen's tortured eyes. . . . But when the swift happening did come I did not see it, for there was a black mist before my eyes, and when they were clear again I saw the Queen was no longer there. In the excited uproar that followed, her messenger nudged me. . . . I followed him in a dream. . . .

"The Queen was alone in her apartment. Her voice was cold and smooth and even, but I heard no words she said. If they were scornful and cruel they did not wound me. It was as though a shield strong and shining stood between me and that piercing indictment, the love that flowed out warm and gushing from my heart turned aside harmlessly the fiery shaft of fury and hatred she flung at me in her outraged faith. . . . The room seemed to recede, grow dim, fade altogether . . . all my consciousness was centred in this exquisite emotion of love. I thought: 'How beautiful she is. . . . Let me drink my fill of her beauty, for I shall never see her again . . . never look into the depths of those candid eyes, or see the magic of her hair where it lifts like a bird's wing from her white forehead, never again watch that little pulse that beats in her slender throat . . .' In that moment I forgot my hideous dwarf's body.

I smiled at her. My whole soul smiled at her. She stepped back as if I had struck her, shrinking away in horror from my repulsive form. The smile born of my ecstasy was just a smirking grin on the poor fool's face. As if to defend herself from that obscene grin she snatched a long, jewelled pin from her hair and spitted me with it straight through the heart with as little compunction as she might have stabbed her needle through the silk of her embroidery. . . . Before I fell I had no time to warn her . . . but felt a little ease to know that her letter lay fast stitched to my jacket, and that my heart's blood might yet save her honoured name. And then you came, Rossi—her honour was as safe with you as it was with me—do you remember how you hid my body in the chest? But my jacket, my little blue-and-gold jacket . . . with the letter stitched inside . . . had slipped . . . had slipped . . ."

The voice in the darkness trailed to a weak whisper. "I am going, Rossi, help me. . . . I have no more power . . ."

Old Rufus struck a match with shaking fingers, reached up his hand and twisted the bracket tap. The jet of light roared up. The shop was empty. In a far corner a thudding crash of falling furniture suddenly shook the room. Trembling, the old man shuffled to where the chest lay on its side, half hidden in a mass of debris. He lifted the rotting lid, which fell from its hinges as he touched it, and peered into the empty space inside, scabrous with peeling paint. He touched it with his foot; the panels fell apart, crumbling into powder as they touched the floor. He lifted the little blood-stained jacket and carried it reverently to the inner room. Between its shredded folds his fingers felt, groping and palsied, till they grasped what they sought.

Two matches sufficed between the bars of the empty grate. . . . A tiny flame sprang up. . . . The icy room warmed to a rosy glow . . . The tattered shreds danced and twisted in the fire . . . with the curling spiral of blue smoke was mingled the scent of roses. . . . Somewhere out of the void there came a little sobbing sigh of relief.

THE END.



"As if to defend herself from that obscene grin she snatched a long, jewelled pin from her hair and spitted me with it straight through the heart with as little compunction as she might have stabbed her needle through the silk of her embroidery."



## The Year in Sixteenth-Century Art: A Calendar for 1930.

BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



JANUARY: CHOPPING LOGS. SLEDGING.

Sunday	...	5	12	19	26	...
Monday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Tuesday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Wednesday	1	8	15	22	29	...
Thursday	2	9	16	23	30	...
Friday	3	10	17	24	31	...
Saturday	4	11	18	25	...	...



FEBRUARY: A TORCH-DANCE; BOWLING HOOPS.

Sunday	...	2	9	16	23	...
Monday	...	3	10	17	24	...
Tuesday	...	4	11	18	25	...
Wednesday	...	5	12	19	26	...
Thursday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Friday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Saturday	1	8	15	22	...	...



MARCH: GARDENING; TREE-FELLING; A RATTLE GAME.

Sunday	...	2	9	16	23	30
Monday	...	3	10	17	24	31
Tuesday	...	4	11	18	25	...
Wednesday	...	5	12	19	26	...
Thursday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Friday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Saturday	1	8	15	22	29	...



APRIL: LOVERS IN A GARDEN; A GAME OF STOOLBALL.

Sunday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Monday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Tuesday	1	8	15	22	29	...
Wednesday	2	9	16	23	30	...
Thursday	3	10	17	24	...	...
Friday	4	11	18	25	...	...
Saturday	5	12	19	26	...	...

The delightful miniatures reproduced on this and the next two pages come from an early sixteenth-century Flemish Book of Hours, and illustrate pursuits of the period typical of each month in the year. We give them in conjunction with a Calendar for 1930. The whole series of twelve (in two sets of six) entitled "The Months' Occupations," is issued by the British Museum in the form of coloured post-cards—an interesting addition to its well-known publications of that type which make such charming and appropriate Christmas remembrances.



The Year in Early Sixteenth-Century Flemish Art:

BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



MAY: A BOATING PARTY; ARCHERY.

Sunday	...	4	11	18	25	...
Monday	...	5	12	19	26	...
Tuesday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Wednesday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Thursday	1	8	15	22	29	...
Friday	2	9	16	23	30	...
Saturday	3	10	17	24	31	...



JUNE: A TOURNAMENT; HOBBY-HORSES.

Sunday	1	8	15	22	29	...
Monday	2	9	16	23	30	...
Tuesday	3	10	17	24	...	...
Wednesday	4	11	18	25	...	...
Thursday	5	12	19	26	...	...
Friday	6	13	20	27	...	...
Saturday	7	14	21	28	...	...



JULY: FALCONRY; HARVEST; CHASING BUTTERFLIES.

Sunday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Monday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Tuesday	1	8	15	22	29	...
Wednesday	2	9	16	23	30	...
Thursday	3	10	17	24	31	...
Friday	4	11	18	25	...	...
Saturday	5	12	19	26	...	...



AUGUST: CORN HARVEST; COCK-THROWING.

Sunday	...	3	10	17	24	31
Monday	...	4	11	18	25	...
Tuesday	...	5	12	19	26	...
Wednesday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Thursday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Friday	1	8	15	22	29	...
Saturday	2	9	16	23	30	...

The illuminated manuscript, now in the British Museum, from which these illustrations are reproduced, is a fragment of a Book of Hours executed at Bruges, early in the sixteenth century, by the famous miniaturist, Simon Bening, and his pupils. It consists of thirty vellum leaves, measuring 4½ × 3½ inches, now inlaid in paper and bound up as a volume, and includes also a portrait of St. Boniface of Lausanne, whose relics are

*(Continued opposite.)*



# A Calendar for 1930—"The Months' Occupations."

BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



SEPTEMBER: PLOUGHING, SOWING, MARBLES; STILTS.

Sunday	..	7	14	21	28	...
Monday	1	8	15	22	29	...
Tuesday	2	9	16	23	30	...
Wednesday	3	10	17	24	...	...
Thursday	4	11	18	25	...	...
Friday	5	12	19	26	...	...
Saturday	6	13	20	27	...	...



OCTOBER: VINTAGE; SKITTLES WITH KNUCKLE-BONES.

Sunday	...	5	12	19	26	...
Monday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Tuesday	...	7	14	...	...	...
Wednesday	1	8	...	...	...	...
Thursday	2	9	...	...	...	...
Friday	3	10	...	...	...	...
Saturday	4	11	...	...	...	...



NOVEMBER: RETURNING FROM THE CHASE; BOWLS.

Sunday	...	2	9	16	23	30
Monday	...	3	10	17	24	...
Tuesday	...	4	11	18	25	...
Wednesday	...	5	12	19	26	...
Thursday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Friday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Saturday	1	8	15	22	29	...



DECEMBER: PIG-KILLING; A TUG-OF-WAR ON SLEDGES.

Sunday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Monday	1	8	15	22	29	...
Tuesday	2	9	16	23	30	...
Wednesday	3	10	17	24	31	...
Thursday	4	11	18	25	...	...
Friday	5	12	19	26	...	...
Saturday	6	13	20	27	...	...

*Continued.* preserved at Bruges, and scenes from the Passion. We give the miniatures for the first four months of the year on the preceding page. The text pages of the calendar in the manuscript, with drawings of Zodiacal signs and seasonal pastimes, are issued among the British Museum's numerous series of pictorial postcards, in monochrome.





## A HAPPY THOUGHT

*He could not have divined her wishes or expressed his thoughts better than by asking: "How would you like some '4711'?"*

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# THE CURE.

By ALAN THOMAS,  
Author of

"THE DEATH OF LAURENCE VINING."

Illustrated by  
WALLIS MILLS.

"But look what I cost you!" said Pamela, holding up her necklace.



PAMELA gave a little gasp of delight. "My dear Ronny!" she exclaimed. "How perfectly wonderful of you! . . . And they're the real thing, too. I can see that, dearest." A little note of hesitation wavered in her voice, and she added: "Aren't they?"

"The real thing," echoed Ronny quietly. Pamela held up the necklace for them both to admire, and over her pale face there crept a look of intense joy, such as Ronny had not seen for a long time. Somehow for the past few months they had both of them got out of the way of being glad about anything. After all, it isn't very cheering for a young husband to have an invalid for a wife. And it isn't very cheering for the young wife either. For two months now Pamela had been in bed, and there didn't seem to be much sign of improvement. Doctors had come, shaken their heads wisely, and then gone away. But none of them had been able to say exactly what it was that was wrong with her. "A nervous breakdown," had been mentioned. So had "general *malaise*." And there were other equally vague terms. But even if the diagnosis were correct, the cure seemed hard to seek. A great deal of time had gone by without any progress being made; and certainly a great deal of money had been spent—much more than they could afford. And yet there was no visible result. And Ronny was absolutely fed up.

Here they were, he reflected; been married scarcely two years, and there was this! He was as sorry as anyone could be for Pam. But what made him angry was the fact that no one seemed capable of doing anything to improve the state of affairs.

He was not well enough off to take her away to the South of France. Besides, he had a job to keep down. And meantime the days and weeks were slipping by. . . . It seemed such a waste of life, young life too! For Pam was only twenty-three, and she was always so full of zest for everything. It wasn't as if she deserved that this should happen to her. She hadn't led a fast life or indulged herself in any excess. In fact, she had only one passion (besides Ronny, of course), and that was for jewellery. Jewellery in general, and pearls in particular. Pearls were her favourite. And, anyway, a passion for jewellery could hardly cause illness—even if it were indulged to excess, which was very far from being the case with Pam. As a matter of fact, she possessed very little jewellery, in spite of her fondness for it. But then she could only be content with the real thing, and the real thing—well, Ronny was a long way from being a millionaire. Imitation stuff she abhorred; she seemed to hate it as much as she loved the genuine. It was a curious passion, but understandable. She knew that Ronny couldn't afford to buy her what she wanted, and she was not the sort to urge him to extravagance. She was content to go without, but at times she couldn't help being a little wistful about it.

And now, what had Ronny done. He had given her her heart's desire—a real pearl necklace! He had come into her room that evening as usual after his return from the City, and just flung the thing carelessly on the bed—as if it had been the evening paper! "My dear!" she exclaimed, after her first excitement was over, "how naughty of you to have spent all this money! It must have ruined you!"

"If it pleases you—" Ronny began, but did not finish his sentence. "Oh, Ronny," she murmured, holding his hand in hers, "I don't know what to say. It's wonderful of you to have thought of doing this. And, after all, that's what really matters—that you should have thought of doing it. I value that more than anything. Why did you do it?"

"Thought you'd like it," grunted Ronny.

"I'm a very extravagant wife, aren't I, Ronny?" she asked.

"No, you're not extravagant."

"But look what I cost you!" said Pamela, holding up her necklace.

Ronny shrugged his shoulders, and made a little grimace. "Do you like them?" he asked.

"I do," she replied simply; but the two words were full of meaning. "Why *did* you get them for me, Ronny?"

"Because I love you," he replied, equally simply.

There was no doubt that the next few weeks saw a decided improvement in Pamela. Whether to put it down to the pearls or not, Ronny couldn't be sure, but it certainly dated from the day he had given them to her. The charm was acting as he had meant it to act. Whereas, before, her mind had been a kind of blank and nothing had seemed worth while, now, on the other hand, she had something to think about, something to look forward to. She longed to be able to go out with Ronny, and wear her pearls. It was a simple, straightforward, almost crude,

desire; and yet it got hold of her as nothing else had seemed to. The desire imparted something of its strength to her weak body, and slowly but surely she began to get better. Ronny was delighted. He thought how clever he had been, when everybody else had failed. But then, he knew her, as no one else could know her.

One day during her convalescence Pamela asked Ronny how much he had paid for the necklace. It was a question that had been on the tip of her tongue for some time, but one that she had always hesitated to ask. Ronny smiled and said nothing. "Tell me, Ronny," persisted Pam. "Not much," replied Ronny.

"It must have been a great deal more than you can afford. They're real pearls. How much was it, Ronny?"

Again he smiled. "You just enjoy them, old thing," he said. "And if they've helped to make you well again, they're worth all they cost and a dashed sight more." And there the conversation ended.

Whether by reason of the pearl necklace which she was looking forward to wearing, or of the spring which seemed to have crept into her blood, within a month Pamela was up and about, quite her old self again.

## II.

Two months later, the blow fell. Their house in Kensington was burgled, and the necklace taken. Pamela was plunged into gloom. The one thing that of all her possessions was the most precious! And now it was gone. She knew well enough that there was no hope of ever getting it back again. Pearls were easy things for any thief to get rid of. She would never see that necklace again.

And to think what it had meant to her! How proud she had been every time she had worn it! How much her friends had admired it! She remembered her Aunt Fanny saying what a lucky girl she was (and Aunt Fanny had wondered vaguely where the money had come from). Even Julia Marsh had admired it, and Julia wasn't one to admire such things usually. Yes, it had been a lovely necklace. And now it was gone! Pamela sobbed whenever she thought of it, and, as she could hardly get it out of her mind, her days were being spoilt and Ronny thought she was going to be ill again. One evening, about a week after the burglary, Ronny got back rather later than usual from the City. Pamela greeted him sadly, and heaved a sigh. "The man from the insurance company came here this afternoon," she said.

"Yes?" said Ronny quickly. "Well?"

"I gave him particulars of all the things that were taken, except the necklace," she replied. "I couldn't do that, because you didn't tell me—"

"No, all right!" snapped Ronny, rather angrily. "We can't do anything about that, anyway: it wasn't specially insured."

"But, Ronny," exclaimed Pamela, "do you mean to say that we're going to lose all that money! It's—it's unthinkable!"



"I don't know," he said curtly. "I didn't keep the receipt. Besides, I don't propose to claim."



"Thinkable or not, old thing," replied Ronny, "it's gone and we can't get it back. So it's no good crying about it. Perhaps I'll get another necklace for you—"

"Why, I wouldn't dream of letting you get me another like that, Ronny. Besides, I'm sure the company will allow us something, at any rate, if it's only a hundred pounds. I'm going to talk to the man again, if you won't—"

At that moment, there came a knock on the door and the maid entered: "A gentleman to see you, Sir, from the Central Insurance Company." "Show him in," said Pamela quickly, and the maid retired.

"But I say—" began Ronny.

"It's all right, dear," explained Pamela. "I told him to come again this evening, when you were in, so that he could take particulars of the necklace. I thought—"

"How ridiculous of you!" frowned Ronny. "Why on earth didn't you consult me before doing a thing like that?"

"But, dearest, what possible harm—"

But at that moment the door opened and Mr. Denyer, of the Central Insurance Company, walked in.

"Good evening, Madam. Good evening, Sir. Mrs. Gaymer said something about a pearl necklace—"

"It wasn't specially insured," cut in Ronny, "and therefore I can't claim for it."

"I see," said the man. "In that case—"

"But surely," interrupted Pamela, "your firm will do something, Mr. Denyer? . . ."

"Tell me—then," sobbed Pamela through her tears. Ronny said nothing.

"You don't love me," went on Pamela. "You *can't*, otherwise you'd tell me."

Ronny bit his lip. Pamela continued to sob. At length he could stand it no longer. "All right," he said quietly, "I'll tell you, if you'll stop crying."

Pamela immediately dried her tears and sat up. There was a pause. "Well?" she said. "I'm waiting."

"Well," said Ronny, "you've asked for it, you know. That necklace cost me exactly three pounds!"

"Three pounds!" gasped Pamela.

"Three pounds," repeated Ronny firmly.

"But how on earth . . . could they be genuine pearls for . . ."

"They weren't genuine," said Ronny coolly. "They were artificial. The man in the shop said no one but an expert would be able to tell the difference, and no one has."

Pamela became very pale, and sank down once more on the chesterfield. "Artificial!" she repeated in a low voice. "Then it's been only a—a sham!"

"I don't know what you mean by that," said Ronny, in the same steady and rather steely voice.

"I mean," went on Pamela, almost tonelessly, "that you've deceived me, and made me deceive everybody else . . ."

"You can put it that way if you like," replied Ronny. "But listen to me, Pam, and I'll tell you something. When I got you



The door burst open and the maid came running in. "Oh, Madam, here are your pearls! The burglar didn't get 'em after all."

"They can't do anything!" snapped Ronny.

"But we could get something on it, couldn't we, Mr. Denyer?" persisted Pamela. "You see, it was the most valuable thing we had."

"What was it worth?" asked Denyer. Pamela looked at Ronny.

"I don't know," he said curtly. "I didn't keep the receipt. Besides, I don't propose to claim."

"But—" began Pamela again. But Ronny was not prepared to stand any more.

"If that's all, I'll bid you good evening, Mr. Denyer," he said, and held the door open. With a slight bow, and an inward feeling of considerable surprise, Mr. Denyer left the room. As soon as he had gone, Pamela faced her husband squarely.

"Now perhaps you'll explain," she exclaimed.

"There's nothing to explain," replied Ronny calmly. "I've forgotten how much the necklace cost, and I happen to have lost the receipt. And in any event, as I said before, the thing wasn't specially insured, and we couldn't get anything for it. What further explanation do you want?"

"I want much more explanation than that," answered Pamela quietly. "I want to know what's behind your whole attitude. I want to know why you're making such a secret of where this necklace came from. It must have cost you a great deal of money, and I don't see how you can possibly have forgotten what you gave for it. Where did you get it?" "Hickory's."

"How much did you give for it?" "I shan't tell you!"

"Ronny," continued Pamela, eyeing him very steadily. "I'm serious. I want you to tell me how much you gave for that necklace."

"And I'm serious too," retorted her husband. "I refuse to tell you." For a moment they faced each other in silence. Then Pamela gave way. She burst into tears, and, subsiding on to the chesterfield, she half lay there, sobbing. If there was one thing Ronny was not proof against, it was Pamela's tears.

"Come, Pam," he urged, touching her on the shoulder. "Don't cry like that. It isn't worth it."

those pearls, my object was not to deceive you—it was to please you. . . ." She was about to interrupt him, but he held up his hand.

"I wanted to please you," he continued, "because I saw that you wanted pleasing. I saw that you wanted dragging out of yourself. I thought a pearl necklace would do the trick, and it did. In a sense, that necklace cured you. The joy that you felt was genuine joy: the pleasure that necklace gave you was real. And now, by a bit of bad luck, you've found out that the pearls were not. Well, that can't make the joy that you've experienced any less genuine, the pleasure any less real. . . . Do you remember saying to me one day that what you valued most was my thought in buying you the necklace? . . . Does the value of the gift make any difference to the thought?"

Pamela looked up at him, but said nothing. "Pam," he said, stretching out his hands to her, "suppose you suddenly found that I wasn't the genuine article, would you drop me?"

"No, Ronny," answered Pamela simply, "I don't think I could, now."

"And yet I'm only what you think I am—what I appear to be in your eyes."

"But you don't understand—" began Pamela, when suddenly the door burst open and the maid came running in.

"Oh, Madam, here are your pearls! The burglar didn't get 'em, after all. It struck me sudden-like that they might have slipped behind the little drawer in the dressing-table. So I went up to look and there they were!" She held the necklace up.

Pamela gave a little gasp of joy and seized the necklace.

When they were alone again, Ronny grinned at Pamela. "Well, Pam," he said, "going to chuck 'em away?"

"Of course not, Ronny!" retorted Pam. "How absurd of you! It's impossible to tell the difference. Besides, if I say they're real pearls—they *are*—so there!"

[THE END.]





## A Porcelain Guinevere.

*The Story of  
Clementina  
Sobieski.*

*Retold from Original Sources  
by Dorothy Margaret Stuart*

**B**ETWEEN Arthur, King of Britain, and James Francis Edward, the "King over the water," the points of resemblance were few. James never wore a large golden beard; he never defeated his foes in battle, nor did he ever enjoy the friendship of a *pukka* wizard like Merlin; and, though a certain amount of mystery surrounded his birth, his death was unmarked by marvels, and the place of his sepulture was well known. Yet when he had found a far-off bride he imitated Arthur in this—that he sent one of his most attractive liegemen to "fetch her hame." Here the parallel ends—luckily for James! The Irish Lancelot, instead of hanging round the wedded Guinevere to her undoing and his own, took leave of her on her marriage and never looked upon her face again. And so Clementina Sobieski fulfilled a guil less if distressful destiny as the wife of the Old Pretender and the mother of Bonnie Prince Charlie.

In 1718, when he was thirty years of age, James decided to look for a wife. This news was received with alarm in England, where the uncouth form of the Elector of Hanover had been planted for only four years upon the throne, and where even the fiasco of the Scottish rising in 1715 had not quenched the last sparks of Jacobite feeling. While James remained an ineffectual bachelor these sparks glowed fitfully enough; but, if once he were to marry and beget a legitimist Prince of Wales, George I. and his Whig Ministers feared that there might be a conflagration. Their relief was proportionately great when they heard that his efforts to secure the hand of a Russian Princess had proved vain. Then, early in

1719, came tidings that Prince James Sobieski, son of the heroic John Sobieski, King of Poland, had been persuaded to sanction the betrothal of his youngest daughter, Clementina, to the melancholic exile then leading a shabby and dejected life under pontifical patronage in Rome.

James's agent in these successful negotiations had been Charles Wogan, an Irish soldier of fortune, formerly an officer in Dillon's famous regiment. The English Government had already been made conscious of Wogan's existence. After the Jacobite disaster at Preston

in 1715 he had been one of the fifteen prisoners who escaped from Newgate, and—which was worse—one of the seven who had eluded recapture. In the proper fairy-tale tradition he had chosen the third of three possible Princesses; but there he broke away from the rules of the old game, since he chose her not for himself, but for another. It was an excellent alliance from the Jacobite point of view. Clementina was related through her mother to the head of the Holy Roman Empire, and she brought with her as a dowry not only the very acceptable sum of twenty-five thousand pounds, but also three

historic rubies and the magnificent bed presented to John Sobieski by the grandees of the Empire, with its curtains of Smyrna brocade embroidered in turquoise and pearl.

George I. was furious. And so faithfully did the English Ambassador at Vienna convey his master's sentiments to his Imperial Majesty, that orders were given to the effect that the two Sobieski Princesses should be arrested at Innsbruck and held captive in the castle there till further notice. These commands were duly obeyed, but the captivity of the ladies was not excessively rigorous. They were even allowed to give audience to a French chapman who had arrived in the Tyrol laden with such wares as ladies love. Meanwhile, the perturbed James had betaken himself to Spain, whence a naval attack was to be launched against England by that incorrigible fisher in troubled waters, Cardinal Alberoni.

The "French chapman" was none other than Charles Wogan, who had embarked upon the hazardous undertaking of rescuing the young Princess and carrying her off to Italy. After a preliminary

talk with the Sobieski ladies, he proceeded to the execution of his plan. To aid him he enlisted three kinsmen of his own, Major Gaydon, Captain Misset, and Captain O'Toole, all officers in Dillon's regiment. Misset's young wife, though in a condition which made travelling peculiarly arduous, agreed to accompany them in order to chaperon Clementina; and she took with her Jeanneton, her maid, the gigantic daughter of a grenadier and a *vivandière*. Armed with Papal passports made out in false names, the little troop reached the



THE WIFE OF THE OLD PRETENDER AND THE MOTHER OF "BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE":  
A portrait entitled "Mary Clementina, Queen of England (consort of King James III.) b. 1702 d. 1735,"  
by Nicolas de Largillière (1656-1746).



vicinity of Innsbruck on April 23, 1719, O'Toole riding ahead in disguise with letters for Châteaudoux, the *maître d'hôtel* of the elder Princess. These letters gave Wogan's final instructions to Clementina. She was to feign indisposition and retire to bed. Jeanneton, wearing a heavy riding-hood, was to be smuggled into the castle at midnight. Then the Princess was to don the riding-hood and steal out into the darkness, where Wogan would await her, while Jeanneton would replace her between the closely drawn curtains of the bed. It all sounded charmingly simple.

Châteaudoux's reply was brought by a Polish page called Konski, and contained the disquieting news that the Princess of Baden had arrived with her son, who was George the First's candidate for Clementina's hand. All the more reason for prompt action, argued Wogan. Therefore, at half-past eleven on a snowy night, he and Jeanneton crept out of the inn together. It required all his native tact to keep the damsel in a good humour. She had strongly objected to exchanging her favourite high-heeled shoes for the flat slippers necessary to reduce her height to something approaching Clementina's, and the chance sound of the word "Princess" had made her suspect that the lady whom she was to impersonate was not, as she had been assured, a German heiress betrothed to Captain O'Toole. As she struggled through the blizzard on Wogan's arm the exasperated daughter of the grenadier and the *vivandière* muttered imprecations borrowed from the vocabularies of both her parents.

The sentry posted before the castle at Innsbruck had taken refuge from the storm in a tavern hard by. The door yielded to Wogan's hand, and within all was darkness, the staircase showing vaguely by the pallid reflection of the snow outside. Then Jeanneton was swallowed up by the shadows, and Wogan, with a wildly beating heart, made his way to the spot where he had sent word to "the German lady" that he would await her. The moon had set; the snow was still falling. Every minute seemed an eternity. Had the sentry returned? Had Jeanneton been unmasked? Was all lost? Wogan started violently as a hand was slipped through his arm. It was the hand of Clementina Sobieski.

Twenty-four years later the memory of their walk through the snow was vivid in Wogan's memory. He remembered how she had graciously pitied his bedraggled state, and how he had been too perturbed to thank her. No doubt he remembered—though he left it to another to record it—how in his confusion he had led her into a puddle of slush and straw, mistaking the clotted patches of snow for stepping-stones. He remembered how, when they reached the inn, she threw back her hood, and the faithful Jacobites gathered there fell on their knees before her. Of that little company only Wogan had seen her already. He had not exaggerated much when he had told the others that she was beautiful. Fresh-tinted, diminutive, delicate, she was like a pretty image in porcelain. Her hair fell in long ringlets over her shoulders, her eyes were eloquent, the curve of her full red mouth was both merry and kind. And she had the threefold charm of youth, courage, and helplessness.

Before daybreak they set off for the Brenner, where Misset was to meet them. With him was an Italian *valet de chambre*, Michele Vezzosi, who had aided Lord Nithsdale to escape from the Tower four years earlier—a very appropriate auxiliary! O'Toole was obliged to run back to the inn and retrieve Clementina's jewels, which Konski had flung down in a corner, and which the Herculean Irishman, with a prowess worthy of Porthos, reached only by heaving the inn door off its hinges.

And then began that interminable and perilous journey through the Trentino into Venetian territory, that journey which Wogan remembered all his life, and which one feels somehow that Clementina did not soon forget. There was the stage when Misset and O'Toole

were left behind, armed with ropes and pistols, to intercept the inevitable messenger bearing orders to the Governors of Trent and Reveredo to stop the fugitives, and when they found that their simplest plan was to make the pestilent fellow dead drunk. There were the stages—more than two or three—when broken axles hampered their flight, and when plough-horses had to be harnessed to the lumbering coach because the discomfited Princess of Baden, travelling a little ahead, had seized every post-horse available. There was the narrowly averted collision with a recklessly driven wagon on a precipice high above the Adige. There was the long halt at Trent where the Princess, fearing recognition, sat huddled in a corner of the horseless carriage while her friends ranged the city in quest of a fresh team. There was the time when Clementina fell asleep with her head against Wogan's knee.

The frontier between Imperial and Venetian territory was crossed not in a coach-and-four, but in a lumbering two-wheeled cart, large enough to hold only Clementina and Mrs. Misset. Wogan walked beside them, trying to steady the ramshackle conveyance with his hand. And so from the snow-smitten heights of the Brenner the Princess descended to the flowery plain where spring awaited her.

Spring—but no James! The bridegroom was still far away in Spain. Though the Spanish fleet, upon which so much depended, had been scattered by a storm, and the projected attack upon Hanoverian England was "off," James lingered on Spanish territory in his characteristic pig-headed, dismal, fatalistic way. The Earl of Dunbar had to act as proxy for his master when the formal betrothal took place at Bologna on May 9. Wogan was one of the witnesses; and when James at last appeared, and the marriage was solemnised on September 1, at Montefiascone, Wogan was among those who signed the certificate. Thereafter he turned his back resolutely upon Italy. The Pope made him a Senator of Rome; the Pretender made him—or did what he could to make him—a baronet of the United Kingdom; but he preferred to take service in the French Army again.

Did the porcelain Guinevere ever regret that Irish Lancelot of hers who was made of stuff so much sterner than

porcelain? It was not until after her death in 1735 that James began to wonder whether, perhaps, his bride had not been quite as heart-whole when that perilous springtime journey ended as she was when it began. But then he was suspicious and self-distrustful, as all melancholy men are, and the last years of Clementina's life had been clouded by ill-health, by instability of mind, and by a somewhat hectic and hysterical piety.

Ten years later—indeed, in that very '45 so fateful for Clementina's son, Charles Edward—the Chevalier Wogan drew up an account of the now famous transit of the Polish Princess from Innsbruck to Bologna in 1719. The document was addressed to Marie Leczinska, Queen of Louis XV., herself a Pole, and therefore naturally inclined to sympathise with the Sobieskis.

The Irish adventurer seems to find it bitter-sweet to re-live those strange hours of terror and hardship, laughter and tears, and to evoke from the distant shadows the girlish figure for whose sake he had dared and done so much. No later impression blurred that charming image. He never saw what disillusionment and hope deferred did to mar that mobile face. He says that he hears that the Sacred College is engaged upon the preliminaries for her beatification, and that one may therefore hope to see her picture some day upon the altars of the Church. The activities of their Eminences soon languished, however, and at last lapsed for good. No counterfeit presentment of Blessed Clementina Sobieski has ever been set up for the veneration of the faithful. But she had her shrine in the heart of one unforgetting Irishman; and it seems unlikely that votive candles were ever lacking there.

THE END.



The faithful Jacobites gathered there fell on their knees before her.

From the Water-colour by E. Wallcousins.



THE CHRISTMAS



BIRD'S

CUSTARD





IN THE CELESTIAL DOMINIONS OF GOLBASTO MOMAREN EVLAME GURDILO  
SHEFIN MULLY ULLY GUE, MOST MIGHTY EMPEROR:

LEMUEL GULLIVER, THE "GREAT MAN-MOUNTAIN," IN MILDENDO, THE METROPOLIS OF LILLIPUT.





Brother Gregory was like a centaur, even to the point of being large, strong & hairy.

No one disliked the Centaur, and yet he was always unfortunate. He was wise, yet simple; pious, yet an animal; strong, yet frustrated.  
Brother Gregory was like a Centaur, even to the point of being large, strong, and hairy.

## REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

By H. F. M. PRESCOTT

(Author of "The Unhurrying Chase" and "The Lost Fight").

Illustrated by E. OSMOND.



CENTAUR was a noble beast. He combined, as everybody knows, the strength and swiftness of a horse with the kindliness and counsel of a man. No one disliked the Centaur, and yet he was always unfortunate. He was wise, yet simple; pious, yet an animal; strong, yet frustrated. Brother Gregory was like a Centaur, even to the point of being large, strong, and hairy. He had a broad, healthily red face, with wide nostrils, and a big happy smile. He took his sins, such as they were, very seriously.

One evening in June, at the time of the hay harvest, when evenings are sweetest, he came striding down the pebbly path from Burnt Ash Wood to the Abbey, walking so fiercely that the pebbles flew out from under his feet. He had a scythe on his shoulder, the blade like a clean clear curve of water falling from a spring, and he carried it as though it were a reed.

There is one place in that path from which a man sees below him, quite suddenly, the Abbey, which before has been hidden by a line of ragged, top-heavy elms. When Brother Gregory reached it he stopped, and stood, frowning. When he had stared at it for a minute, he looked round as though he wanted help or counsel, but there was only an old white horse grazing near. It was useless to try to explain to that what he was suffering from. The old horse switched his tail and grazed without lifting his head. Brother Gregory sighed and strode on.

Joseph, the porter of the Abbey, a little blunt-nosed man with fiery hair just fading to silver, sat in front of the mud and wattle gate-house. He was ready to pass the time of day with anyone, but Gregory went by him without a word or look, and with such a thrust that it seemed as though he feared the gate was not wide enough for him.

Joseph looked after him, and spat on the ground. "That Brother Gregory!" he said. "That's what comes of knights turned monk. Hollo, Brother Clement! How are the chicks? Have the rats got any more?"

Brother Clement, who was shrivelled and dry outside, but as young as a baby within, stopped in the gateway and set down his basket of

eggs. "Only two gone to-day," he said, and crinkled up his eyes in a smile.

The porter nodded, then went back to his grievance, jerking a curved and stubby thumb over his shoulder. "It's a pity they aren't all like you," he said. "I like a man who will give a civil word. I've been here thirty years; the Abbot he always says, 'Joseph, you're a good servant and a good fellow. I like to see you at the gate.' He's a gentleman, and so are you; but that Brother Gregory!"

Brother Clement picked up his basket again, and swept his hand softly over the piled eggs as though he were blessing them. He shook his head gently. "Oh, no!" he said. "Oh, no! . . . Joseph, I have often wondered how he ever got into this little Abbey: he's so big." The twinkle changed to a little laugh, as though he laughed at himself for a silly old man. He paused still, swinging the basket.

"It must be very, very hard for a man like Brother Gregory," he said after a minute. "I can remember how it is, very well. It's well enough at first, but after you are used to it—and before you're so used to it that you don't notice it (do you understand, Joseph?)—it's very hard then. I remember how it was, and I was never like Brother Gregory"—again the same shy smile—"he's so big, and strong, and—and like a horse galloping."

He went away, scurrying, as though he feared that Joseph would laugh at him, and Joseph had to shout after him a piece of news, hoarded, and then forgotten in the talk about Brother Gregory. "Brother Clement," cried Joseph, "the new Precentor is come from York, and a Brother with him. They say he's a wonder with his painting."

"Oh, good! Good!" said Brother Clement vaguely, and toddled on again. Joseph looked after him with a compassionate shrug. "Funny old devil!" he said.

Brother Gregory, meanwhile, having stacked his scythe with an angry clatter in the cellarer's office, swung out, on his way to the cloister to wash his hands. In the low doorway he all but ran into a monk—a stranger. . . . No, by the Mass, not a stranger! Both stood for a moment, staring.



It was Richard of Easingwold. A wisp of his pale hair showed under his cowl, his nose was as long and pointed as ever, and his mouth as prim. "Gregory!" he said.

Gregory moved back a step, then suddenly came on. Richard did the only thing possible, and stepped aside, while Gregory plunged by him like a bull through a gate.

In the cloister Gregory kept up a pretence of industry, but in reality he did little good. His place was near the corner of the cloister, at the north end of the western walk, and right beside one of the arches. If he leaned out over the parapet ever so little, and looked across the corner of the cloister garth, he could see, above a clump of borage, blue as the blue of heaven in a missal-picture, Richard of Easingwold framed in the further archway like a saint. They had set him to work at a miniature in a service book, and he stooped over it, his pale hair like a thin straw thatch, the tip of his tongue peeping out of the corner of his mouth as he caught it between his teeth.

Every now and then, and oftener and oftener as the hours passed, Gregory must lean aside to look, and every time he looked the old, newly-awakened dislike grew. It was worse now than dislike. It was an angry, helpless scorn, that filled all his mind with a sort of mental itch. He forgot, for the moment, how yesterday he had hated the Abbey. It had been a place of peace till Richard came. Why had he come? Curse him! Curses bubbled up in Gregory's mind as though it were a pot, and Richard the fire below it.

Gregory leaned and looked again, and ground his teeth together. Richard had always been intolerable, and here he was. . . . In the disorder of Gregory's mind something loomed up, a huge discomfort that grew to a fear; he knew no more than that when the bell interrupted him.

It was time for Vespers. Everyone in the cloister got up and began to be busy setting things to rights—siding away books and benches and water-pots. Gregory, when he had done his part, watched Richard's head among all the heads that bobbed up and down like fishermen's floats.

After Vespers, and while they waited for supper, Gregory turned his back on everyone, and, leaning against the parapet, stared into the myriad little dark polished leaves of a rosemary bush in the cloister garden. There was something in his mind which he must understand.

In the next archway Brother Clement and Brother Jocelin were talking, both old men and fast friends. Brother Clement said, leaning out into the sunshine: "That box-hedge has grown. Look how well it shades the sage. Do you remember how Brother Jude and Brother James quarrelled over it? Jude, he would have it there for the sage, and James said it would spoil the rosemary."

"It didn't, anyway," put in Brother Jocelin. "Look at it!"

Brother Clement leaned further out to look at the flourishing bushes. He smiled encouragement at them, then sighed. "Brother Jude died first," he said, "and then James. They never saw the box-hedge anything but a little one. Jude would be pleased with it now."

Gregory, who had been staring at the box-hedge as though it were more terribly portentous than the burning bush, started away suddenly from where he stood. Two dead Brothers and a box-hedge which one of them had planted, and which had outlived both! That was all, but he knew now what the fear was which had grown in his mind, darkening it like a thunderstorm.

Yesterday he had hated the Abbey. To-day he had hated Richard. Now he knew that Richard and the Abbey were the claws of a pair of pincers that held and squeezed him. He was caught in the Abbey which he hated, with Brother Richard whom he hated, and so it would continue till one or other of them died.

Next morning, as the rule went, the monks filed into the little square chapter-house and took their places on the raised benches round the walls. It was dark here, and cool, after the sunshine in the cloister garden, but the scents of thyme and sweet basil and mint crept in, mingling, on little wayward drifts of air, and when all the monks were still, they could hear the bees busy among the lavender-bushes.

The Abbot came in and took his seat, the novices outside crowded across both doorways, and the daily business began. Brother Gregory, his hood well over his eyes, watched, like a beast in ambush, the face of Richard of Easingwold, who was set down, with the new Precentor, at the Abbot's right hand. He heard nothing of the reading or of the business, and saw nothing but that face, so that when Richard moved from his place he started in his seat, and stared to left and right as if to ask what was afoot.

He soon knew. Down the line of monks opposite moved the two new Brothers—first, the new Precentor, then Richard. From each monk the newcomers received the welcome of a brother and the kiss of peace. Brother Gregory's eyes followed Richard, and never left him.

He came closer, closer still up the line, kissed the monk next to Gregory, and now they were facing each other. Richard leaned forward, laying his hands on Gregory's shoulders. Gregory jerked his head aside as Richard's face came close. "Not if I were damned for it!" he muttered into Richard's cowl.

Brother Gregory thought that he was honest when he acknowledged to himself that his was a life sentence, but he was not. For days an impossible, irrational hope, that was more like a desperate rebellion than any theological virtue, struggled for life against a final surrender. Its struggles were very painful; so was its death by strangulation; and so, too, was the state of despair that succeeded it.

He was most wretched at night. Lying sleepless in the dormitory he would prop himself up on his elbow to stare at the sharp dividing line

of light and shade that the moonlight cut across the floor. He could not free his eye from running up and down that line, just as he could not free his mind from travelling painfully up and down the narrow, fixed way of the years to come—himself and Richard for ever in the Abbey.

Lying there wakeful, he would long for the sound of Brother John shuffling into his night-boots, before he went off to ring the bell for Prime. Yet, when they all trooped down, a silent troop of cowls and shrouding gowns, Brother Gregory had to drive his nails into the palms of his hands. It was so slow, so dark, so suffocating, that silent march. Down in the cloister, where two cressets shone like red eyes, and the line of cowls in front, barely visible, went up and down like dark water moving under a dark sky, he felt that he was being swept away, drowning and choking in a black river. And even in church it was no better, since he could not pray.

Some of the Brothers wondered why, when it was not Lent or any other fast, Brother Gregory should live on half his pittance. Brother John, who had a sharp tongue, said that he wished there were a little less holiness in the Abbey, if fasting made such ill-tempered saints.

Brother Gregory never heard himself discussed, because, whenever he was free, he escaped to the church or to the fields. In the church he tried to wring out, from his sore soul, prayers for charity and brotherly love; in the fields he cut down the swathes of hay as if they were the hosts of the Enemy. But wherever he went, and whatever he did, Brother Richard grew more utterly hateful than ever.

One afternoon, going off to the fields for his regular work, Gregory halted at the gate-house, turning to stare over his shoulder at Brother Richard, who stood, his head bowed, talking to the fussy old cellarer. Gregory dragged his eyes away at last, and turned to meet those of Joseph. Joseph forgot that he disliked Brother Gregory. "We didn't want these outsiders in the Abbey," he said, tipping his head back towards Richard. His eyes said a good deal more.

Gregory nodded, and watched Richard turn his back and go off towards the brew-house. Then he came closer to Joseph, in his distress snatching at something, which till this minute he had not known that he longed for—the opportunity of talking of his trouble.

He plunged right into the midst of it. "I've known him since we were lads," he said in an urgent whisper, his mouth close to Joseph's ear, as if he spoke of a murder to be done. "He's younger than I; I've thrashed him often. But when we were grown there were troubles. He claimed a village. My father had it. They went to law, and Richard of Easingwold claimed the duel. You see? I had broke my leg; my father was an old man; they fought. Richard won. And after, I would have fought him, but he wouldn't take a challenge. I'd have struck him in the Market Place so that he'd have to have fought, but his fellows were all about, and they mauled me. I never got a chance of getting at him. Then another time I was waiting for him, but his horse fell and hurt him, so I couldn't then. You see how it was. Always he was like a fish—right through my fingers. And now—now he's come after me here."

[Continued overleaf.]



Joseph was sitting on his stool. . . . Gregory caught him by the shoulder. . . .

"Joseph," he said, "can you get me two swords?"



# GIFTS



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He stopped and drew back, breathing hard, and stared at Joseph, finding no words to explain all that that meant. Joseph's head had been nodding solemnly throughout Gregory's story. He looked up now. "I know which of you would win if you *were* to fight," he said with a grin.

Gregory's mouth slowly opened, but for a minute he only gazed at Joseph, as though he had never seen him before. "If?" he said in a strange, small voice. "If? . . . We're monks. And that's his doing, too. . . . If? . . ."

He turned his head and looked about vaguely, his eyes straying over the familiar place. Then he raised his hand and struck himself suddenly on the breast. "I'm a monk," he cried, and broke away without another word. Joseph watched him striding off up the hill as though all the devils were after him.

"The Abbey," said Joseph to himself after long consideration, "the Abbey won't hold those two long." He lost himself in gloomy forebodings which he thoroughly enjoyed. He was interrupted by Brother Clement, very ready for a gossip. He had just been talking to Brother Richard in the brew-house yard, and he was troubled and needed comfort. Joseph

He hated, had always hated, Richard, and now they were Brothers, tied to a vow of obedience and a little abbey in a narrow valley. But Joseph had said: "If!"

The sun was hot on his head as he lay; the scent of the meadowsweet heavy and cloying; the myriad grass stalks seemed myriad enemies. He leapt up suddenly, and stood, staring about him like a startled horse. He took two steps, checked, then on again at a furious pace, down the hill towards the Abbey.

Joseph was sitting on his stool in the shade of the gatehouse. Gregory caught him by the shoulder. "Joseph," he said, and at the sound of his voice and the look on his face, Joseph leapt up. Gregory put his mouth close to his ear. "Joseph," he said, "can you get me two swords?"

Next morning Brother Richard left the monastery behind him just as the sun rose beyond the hills. It was so early that Joseph had to be brought out to unlock the gate, and he did it slowly, with many yawns and a very bad grace.

Outside, the whole world seemed to be freshly made, and empty of mankind. The hills were a clear green against the clear blue of the sky;



Even in Church it was no better, since he could not pray. ■■■■■

And even in church it was no better, since he could not pray. . . . In the church he tried to wring out, from his sore soul, prayers for charity and brotherly love; . . . But wherever he went, and whatever he did, Brother Richard grew more utterly hateful than ever.

was a sensible man, a practical man, always in touch with the outside world. Brother Clement therefore appealed to him.

He spoke first of Brother Richard. "Poor lad," he called him, and went on to explain to Joseph that Richard's wife had died of the plague two years back, and his little son too. "'Such a lovely boy,' he told me," said Brother Clement, and sighed. Then he came closer, and laid a thin wrinkled hand on Joseph's hairy wrist.

"And listen!" he said, almost whispering. "There's another thing he told me. Brother Gregory hates him, and won't let him alone. Brother Richard says he's always following, and watching, and lurking. Brother Richard," his voice sank lower still, "Brother Richard, he's afraid!—Joseph, Brother Gregory couldn't do anything, could he? Nothing will happen, will it?"

That was his appeal for help, and Joseph was equal to meeting it. "Happen?" he said, loudly and heartily. "Of course not."

Brother Clement, comforted, drifted on a few steps, then came back. "Brother Richard says Brother Gregory hates him for marrying the woman he wanted. That's why Brother Gregory is a monk. Poor things! Poor things!" He left Joseph more full of meditation than ever.

Gregory should have gone down to the hayfield, but instead he climbed the hill, and finding a dry ditch, flung himself down, screened by the meadowsweet and valerian. He lay there on his face, not still for long, but rolling to and fro, plucking and tearing at the grass-roots with his fingers, and digging his nails into the raw soil, everything that he had repressed freed beyond hope of control by those few words with Joseph.

the dew was thick everywhere, even the larks were hardly awake yet, and no winds were astir. The ripening corn stood steady, and no ripple of movement touched the lightly poised heads of the meadow grasses.

Richard carried on his arm a big open basket. This time of day, before the dew was gone, was the best for gathering flowers for the making of pigments. He walked slowly, glancing this way and that, so as not to miss anything which might be useful. What he chiefly needed was ivy for the red of the Magdalen's robe; then King David must have a yellow curtain behind his throne—ragwort for that; and up in Burnt Ash Wood he would find dog's mercury in plenty for King Solomon's blue gown.

He climbed the stile into the wood, and stood still a minute, listening to the silence, and seeing the peace of it. A stoat slid across the path, a woodpecker worked away, monotonously insistent, but otherwise everything was still; and overhead the beech leaves made a pattern of delicate green mosaic on the blue roof above. He went down on his knees among the dog's mercury, and began to gather it diligently.

He had not been at it for five minutes when another man came hastily over the stile. His monk's frock was girt up to the knee, and he carried a scythe over his shoulder, and two swords under his arm. He came up close, and stood over Brother Richard. Richard got to his feet slowly, and for a minute they stood silent, looking at each other.

Then Brother Gregory jerked out one sword from under his arm and flung it down at Richard's feet. The fresh green leaves swallowed it like water. "Take it up," said Gregory, and ran the other out of its sheath.

[Continued on page xi.]



Richard stepped back, but he did not obey. "Why? Why?" he cried. "I will not. I am vowed. You, too."

Gregory rested the point of his sword on the ground, and laid his hands upon the quillons of the hilt. "Truss up your frock and take the sword," he ordered in a matter-of-fact voice. Then he suddenly shouted: "Take it up or I'll strike without mercy."

Richard of Easingwold had put his clenched hands behind him, as if to keep them from the sword, but he was not brave enough to face unarmed the sudden and monstrous fury of that cry. He stooped, snatched up the sword, and drew. Next moment they were at it, scaring all the wild things in the quiet wood.

Gregory shouted once, and did not know he shouted, as, like a smith, he struck and struck again on Richard's guard. The swords jarred and tiny sparks leapt. Gregory felt the life of the blade in his hand, and the tingle of each stroke as it ran up his arm. He laughed deep in his chest. This was good. He was alive again after six years. He fainted, and struck again, smiling into Richard's eyes.

Six years in an abbey spoils a man's eye and hand. Richard had the advantage since he had worn and used a sword till eighteen months ago. He parried, and struck. The sword edge fell on Gregory's shoulder where the cowl lay in thick folds, shore through them, and ground on the bone. The blood leapt out to meet it.

Gregory, thinking to raise his sword, felt it drop from his hand. He stood for a moment staring, while something black came down, blotting out the trees, and filling his eyes. It was a noisy, strange darkness, that weighed heavier than lead. His knees gave way, and he fell sprawling among the leaves beside his sword.

After two days of fever Brother Gregory lay on his back in the cool infirmary and looked from under his eyelids at the little slim pillars bearing up the vaulted roof. If he turned his head he saw the arched window framing the brave green leaves of a briar rose bush.

He turned back again, because his slashed shoulder pained him when he moved it aside, and he shut his eyes, and so lay, smiling a little. A big bee came swinging through the window, bringing all summer with it; it bustled about, then out again. For a second its buzzing could be heard faint and fainter, then it ceased. Brother Gregory meanwhile, still smiling, had slipped off to sleep.

When he awoke it was evening—lovely, golden, translucent evening. He opened his eyes, sighed, then frowned. But the frown faded, the smile returned. He lay now, thinking of that morning, two days ago; and his smile grew wider as he remembered Joseph's blank face when the porter had seen him come in, leaning on Brother Richard's shoulder, his gown and cowl all bloody, and a bloody bandage about his neck. A good fellow, Joseph! Gregory hoped he would find the swords all right. Richard had hidden them in the ditch. Good swords they were. He could feel even now the lovely balance of the one he had used, and his fingers closed on an imaginary hilt.

He sighed, then put the regret aside. Everything was good since they had fought, and since the fever and delirium had tossed him up on a new shore, to begin life again, quite fresh and clean and happy. He thought of Richard: how Richard had tied up his shoulder, and hidden the swords, and helped him back to the Abbey, carrying the scythe, and told most amusing lies about having seen Gregory trip and fall over the stile into Burnt Ash Wood, and gash his shoulder with the blade. Richard was a good fellow, and his friend. Bed was a good place, so was the infirmary, and so, too, the Abbey. He went to sleep again.

The peace of those days was like the quiet of a walled and fruitful garden. There was nothing which was not beautiful to him. The Mass sung in the little chapel made him weep for sheer joy at the beauty and mercy of it; the smell of incense, the tinkling bell, the priest's voice chanting—all these were beautiful. Then, one day, there was rain to listen to, steady, hushing rain; and after that, the sunshine on the new-washed leaves, and the big, trembling, winking, jewel-drops that glowed like stars, and fell. Brother Gregory was happy, and whenever he thought of Richard, and how they were now friends, his happiness warmed to a glow.

About ten days after the fight he came back to the cloister. It was a wet day with a gusty wind that drove the rain into the cloister walks. Brother Gregory, taking his place and his work again, felt a chill. He put it down to the cold, but the chill was in his mind. The bench was hard, it tired him to sit up, and his work seemed useless and remote. He raised his head to look about, and remembered that he had not yet seen Richard. He was cheered suddenly, and leaned aside, craning his neck to see.

There, just as on the day of his arrival, sat Richard, his pale hair sleek upon his head, his back bowed, his long nose almost touching the page. And as before, Gregory could see the little pink tip of his tongue twisted and caught in his teeth. Gregory started back, and panic caught him. That—that was Richard! Till the bell rang for High Mass, Gregory sat, gripping one hand over the other and sweating with fear, while his mind reeled in a dark and noisome place. The dreadful days before the fight in the wood had come back; the peace of the infirmary was a delusion.

The monks rose as the bell rang, and formed their procession. With them went Gregory. In the line of cowls in front of him he could see Richard's, and could not take his eyes from it. Yet, when the file at the church door turned to go up the steps, and Richard looked back, Gregory hastily dropped his eyes. In church, while he knelt and stood and sat, and while his mouth sang, his soul was flat on the pavement before the



The peace of those days was like the quiet of a walled and fruitful garden. There was nothing which was not beautiful to him.

altar, crying and clamouring for help. There was no answer, no ease nor enlightenment, yet still his soul cried because it dare not cease.

Back once more in the cloister, Gregory hid himself away in a corner, afraid for his life, lest in this recreation time Richard of Easingwold should hunt him down. He was thankful when Brother John and Brother Stephen came up and stood in front of him. He was not afraid that Brother John, whose sharp and witty tongue everyone but Brother Stephen feared, would pester him with conversation. They nodded to him, asked him how he did, then left him alone, but Gregory was glad that they did not move away, since he felt safer with them to hide behind.

Besides shelter, they gave him something to look at, while he tried to drive the panic fear of Richard from his mind. He stared at the back of Brother John's head as though it were new to him, at the short, bristled hair, just going grey, and, as Brother John turned to speak to Stephen, at the sour laughter lines that ran down beside his mouth.

As Gregory looked he saw something which made him draw back, flattening himself against the wall. Brother Richard was going by, walking slowly, stooping and thoughtful. As he passed, Gregory could see him blink and twitch the end of his nose, but he did not look round. When he was gone, Gregory stayed still, gazing in a kind of passive despair at the back of Brother John, too hopeless even to move his eyes.

Brother John watched Richard out of sight. Then he pulled at Stephen's arm, and as Stephen turned to look at him, he let his head droop, the end of his nose twitched, and he blinked his eyes. When he had done, he lifted his head and winked at Brother Stephen.

Gregory sat for a minute longer, staring at them, his mouth open in sheer amaze. They laughed—they laughed at Richard of Easingwold. His mind wavered like a kite in the wind, then dived suddenly and came down tumbling, to land with a shock that actually took his breath away, on the solid earth of common sense.

Next moment he was out of the cloister; he passed Joseph with an incoherent word, and, once out of sight among the hazel bushes beside the river, he took to his heels and ran—ran for the joy of it, like an unbroken colt. The rain had left pools of water standing in the hollows of the flat river banks. They shone now in the afternoon sun, and Brother Gregory, charging through them, laughed at the splash that went up, and at the flick of the wet gown against his legs.

When he was out of breath he stopped, panting, but even then he could not be still. He stamped his feet, he drove his heels into the soft, squelching turf, and clapped his hands together.

But, because he was, after all, not merely an animal, this was not enough. He must find words, but for a long time could find none. At last: "He doesn't matter!" he said in a loud whisper, and seemed to be speaking to the clear blue of the sky, and the driven shreds of light cloud that raced before the wind: "He doesn't matter!"

Then, picking up his gown in both hands, with a solemn gaiety, he began, as David did, to dance before the Lord.

THE END.



## HINDU GODS AND NATURE MYTH IN INDIAN ART.

(Continued from Page 7.)

THESE objective and esoteric elements in mediæval Hindu painting have passed on into the modern revival, and they give to Indian art the double allurements of emotional intimacy and intellectual profundity. A whole philosophy is frequently limned in a single little picture, but with such pictorial charm that those to whom significance in painting is anathema can have ample joy without so much as a tremor of the inner eye. To the Hindu painter, Radha, the consort of Sri Krishna, is the inner, receptive, conserving aspect, not only of the cosmic soul, but of the individual soul. She is depicted, as in an eighteenth-century Rajput painting, with a blend of celestial aloofness and human charm, each tempering the other.

Not all Hindu pictures, mediæval or modern, are of this order. Some are entirely human, such as "The Garden," an illustration from a manuscript book of travel in North India in the eighteenth century, with its quaint formalism that manages to glow with a delightful life. Another example, "A Royal Salute," probably dating from the late eighteenth century, depicts the ceremonial life at the Court of a Hindu Chief, in a State which is now part of the northern end of the Madras Presidency. This picture is an example of the liberties that the Indian artist has always felt free to take with the supposed normal record of the eye. Its perspective is inside-out, so to speak. The figures in the foreground are painted on the smallest scale; those in the background on the largest. The inversion gives visual gradations of emphasis to the psychological constituents of the picture. Socially the Maharaja, on the State elephant, as may be seen every autumn in Mysore and other Indian States, is the cause and centre of the picture; but in the grammar of the pictorial sentence, royalty is only adjectival to the substantive of the salute. The same psychological perspective is seen in Chinese and Japanese painting.

The modern Indian painters in the Hindu tradition, while not ignoring the more obvious aspects of their art, remain faithful to their fundamental mysticism by infusing significance into their depictions of the external forms and appearances, which at once veil and disclose the Cosmic Life. This significance is sometimes expressed through accepted traditional symbolism, sometimes through a general and obvious code, sometimes through both. These three methods are exemplified in the group of reproductions on the preceding pages, editorially selected to accompany this article.

"Saraswati," by Ranoda Ukil, the youngest of three highly gifted brothers who are working vigorously in Delhi, is an exquisitely

wrought presentation of the consort of Brahma, who is the Hindu personification of the creative Power in the universe. As the *shakti*, or power-producing medium, through which the Creator works, Saraswati is *par excellence* the Culture Goddess. Like other cosmic beings in Hindu art, she has her appropriate *vahana*, or vehicle, the swan, on which she is seated in the picture, which symbolises the creative intuition. Her typical expressional instrument is the *vina*, a stringed instrument of lovely quality; but in her annual festival all implements and records are ceremonially consecrated as hands and feet of the Deity.

"Krishna's Flute," by the same painter, and "The Divine Cowherd," by Ananda Mohan Sastri, a pupil of Promode Chatterjee and Ramendranath Chakravarty, and now working under K. Venkatappa at Mysore, depict two separate aspects of the lore that has gathered about the conception of Sri Krishna as a rebirth of the cosmic god, Vishnu the Preserver. As the celestial flute-player, Krishna animates, allures, and makes joyous all forms of life, as did Orpheus with his lute; as the "Shepherd of Souls" he nourishes and guides them. And in all his activities, as a prankish child or as the teacher of angels and men, his consort Radha is never far away.

In "Lightning and Rain," Sarada Ukil of Delhi gives expression to the largeness and slowness of the lightning and the copiousness of the rain in the Indian monsoon; but he adds the sense of personality in nature which is a perpetual element in the mind of India. Promode Chatterjee, one of the most virile of the Bengal painters, does the same in "Ushas and Varuna"; but his presentation of the God of the Sea, Varuna, making obeisance to the Goddess of the Dawn, Ushas, as she takes over the rulership of the world from departing Night, goes back to early Vedic legend. The symbolism of the picture is therefore both canonical and natural. A natural phenomenon is depicted with a beauty of colour and disposition which at a distance can be enjoyed for its own sake. But behind the common phase of morning move the Powers which arise out of the interaction of the One Life of the Universe with its multitudinous forms and relationships; and deeper still are significances as to rhythms of darkness and light over the depths of the soul of humanity. An Indian canonical picture is therefore simultaneously theological, philosophical, and æsthetical; and since, in the Hindu conception, there is nothing that is merely secular, some proportion of these elements is recognisable to opened eyes in every work of art in which the pure Indian genius expresses itself without intimidation.

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(Continued overleaf.)

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juxtaposition of colours, its apparently naïve but subtly expert composition, its articulate line, its particularity of detail which does not disturb the general effect, its postures and gestures which voice some inner liturgical reality, its delight in folded draperies, its fineness of surface texture; these being but the externals of an art which seeks, through purity of emotion, significance of thought, and consecration of spirit, to fulfil the age-long ideal of Indian art—the providing of objects which will aid the individual the better to do his duty in life through the contemplation of noble beauty, and find liberation from the tyrannies of the lower degrees of life through the evoking, and making dynamic, of his own inherent nobility and beauty.

## MURDER DE LUXE.

(Continued from Page viii.)

I thought furiously for a moment. Then I asked: "He wasn't stabbed, was he?"

"I tell you he was run over by a goods-train."

"But mightn't he have been stabbed first and then run over?"

"I daresay, though it seems to be overdoing it," replied Harvey cheerfully. "Anyhow, it says the trunk of the body was terribly mutilated, so it's quite impossible to tell."

Again I remained silent. I was trying to put several things together. The story that Harvey had read out of the newspaper made me regard that strange vision I had had in the middle of the night in a new light altogether. In fact, I didn't any longer regard it as a vision. I believed that I had actually seen the man lying there stabbed to death, with his beard and the bed-clothes spattered with blood. And as for the peculiarity of my own sensations, I believed that it wasn't merely bad whisky I had drunk that night, but drugged whisky. Nothing else could have explained my inability to act. I began then to see a cold, premeditated murder with at least two accomplices, the sleeping-car attendant and the man, Joannides' double, who had impersonated him the following day. But how to explain the rest of the story?

As I groped in the dark, two other incidents came back to my mind. One was the moment when I had dropped my keys, and the false Joannides had so officiously picked them up. I gathered from that that he didn't want me to go groping about under the bunk. The other incident was an occasion on the way up to Assouan when I had seen the car attendant making the beds. In these cars the lower bunk is reversible. When night comes, the attendant merely gives it a pull and then a jerk, and the whole thing turns over on a pivot, revealing on what had been the

underside a valise strapped up with the sheets and blankets inside. In the light of this knowledge, I could well imagine it possible for a body to be strapped up together with the bed-clothes, and then, with a heave and a jerk, all the attendant had to do was to reverse the bed, and lay fresh sheets and blankets on the other side. Supposing this possible, the whole story became as plain as daylight. Joannides is murdered on the way down to Cairo, his double takes his place; and the body is left where no one will find it, strapped up in the valise on the under-side of the bunk. The false Joannides, having forged the necessary documents, returns to Assouan the same evening in the same compartment. And in the middle of the night, with the assistance of the attendant, he takes out the body and throws it on to the line, where further accomplices, who are not difficult to obtain in a country like Egypt, put it in the way of a down-coming train. The story seemed to be complete. It only remained for the false Joannides to shave off his beard and step out at the first station.

All this thought occupied me some time, and Harvey at last commented on my silence. "You seem to be quite depressed about it."

I looked at him for a moment. "There's a reason," I said, and began to explain at length what the reason was. I told him the whole story from beginning to end and my explanation of it. When I had finished, he gave a significant whistle.

"Do you think I'm right?" I asked.

He waited a moment. "I think you're absolutely right," he said. "I don't think there's a shadow of doubt that it all happened exactly as you suggest; and I think that if you go to the police they'll probably run down several of the people implicated. . . . And yet—"

"And yet what?" I asked.

He glanced at the paper. "And yet I think the other story appeals more to my sense of what life ought to be. A life of unspeakable selfishness, repentance, and then suddenly death. It's rather a good story really. Besides, you must remember that, if you go to the police, not only will you cause yourself an immense amount of inconvenience, but you will also be robbing the memory of a dead man of his one good action. Justice, after all, is largely a matter of opinion. Personally, I think that justice in this case has already been done."

That is the story, and that is where it ends. The sleeping-car attendant and the false Joannides are still at large; the charities have been paid the cheques which the latter signed, and the mortgaged peasants are still cultivating their own land. But I don't suppose any of them know to whom they are really indebted for all these mercies.

THE END.

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ROMANCE.—(Continued from page 14.)

The rain was coming down in sheets, and there was a bitter wind. I ran round the side of the house as best I could, with the wind blowing my hair and veil into my eyes, and there was poor Edward, with the rain dripping from his hat-brim and running in streams down his light overcoat.

"'Elizabeth!' he said. 'How could you keep me waiting all this time?'"

"Now, a moment before I had been full of remorse and self-reproach at the thought of poor Edward waiting there in the rain while I slept. But when he spoke like that, almost crossly, my feeling quite changed. When I had thought of eloping I had imagined a clear moonlight night and a romantic meeting under the trees, with myself looking my best in my new bonnet and mantle and Edward overjoyed to see me. My disappointment got the upper hand at once, when Edward greeted me so, and I answered him as crossly as if the rain had been his fault.

"'I'm sorry, but I couldn't help it,' I replied quite shortly. 'Haven't you got an umbrella?'"

"'No, I forgot to bring one,' he replied. And then, taking my arm, he said gently: 'I'm so sorry. But the cab's waiting only a little way down the road, and we shall be inside it in a moment. Hurry, dearest, or you'll get wet.'"

"I was wet already. My bonnet was ruined, and my veil was sticking to my face like wet seaweed. But I clung to his arm and we made our way round the house. Oh, how different it all was from my imaginings! There was a great puddle of water across the path, and Edward stepped in it and splashed me up to the waist.

"'Edward!' I cried. 'Just see what you've done!' For when one is wet and cold, you know, my dear, the slightest thing puts one out of temper.

"'What?' he asked. 'I can't see anything in this cursed rain. I can't keep my eyes open.'"

"'You've ruined my dress!'"

"'I'm sorry,' he said patiently. And at the same moment he tripped against the edge of the rockery. 'Oh, Elizabeth!' he said, and he was in such pain through having struck his toe against a stone that he sounded quite cross with me. 'Confound these silly rockeries!'"

"'I didn't make the rockery,' I said, nearly crying. 'And I can't help the rain.'"

"And suddenly it seemed so dreadful that we should be embarking on our married life in such a way that I stopped and said: 'It's no use, Edward. Don't let's go.'"

"He didn't see that I was crying, and he replied abruptly: 'Oh, nonsense, darling! You can't change your mind now.'"

"But I had changed my mind. 'I'm not coming,' I said, and stood there feeling the wet soaking through my stockings and skirts. He put his arm round my shoulder and said coaxingly, 'Come, Elizabeth; there'll be a nice fire at Lettie's, and you'll forget this horrible journey in no time.'"

"Poor Edward! He meant to cheer me, but in my wretched state it seemed too dreadful that he should call our elopement 'this horrible journey.' I just stood there and cried. He kissed me and tried to comfort me, but his face was so cold, and the rain poured off the brim of his hat on to my neck, and I felt more miserable than ever. And suddenly, above the noise of the rain and wind, we heard a loud knocking on the front door. And that was the end of our elopement."

"Why? Who was it?"

"Why, my dear, it was the cabby. Edward had left him a little way down the street, telling him he would be back in a minute. And when he had waited half-an-hour he naturally became impatient. But not so impatient as my uncle was, called out of bed at that hour in the morning to answer the door. And the cabby became quite abusive, and it was a long time before Edward could persuade him to go away. Then I went up to bed, and Edward went into my uncle's study to have a hot drink. Thank goodness, my aunt had not woken up."

"But, Grandma, wasn't your uncle furious?"

"He was very annoyed, my dear. For, as I discovered, Edward had told him of our plan to elope, and he had sanctioned it, glad to avoid the fuss and expense of a wedding. However, I had had enough of eloping. I wasn't going to attempt it again, even to please my uncle. I went up to bed and cried myself to sleep. But when I woke up in the morning I was able to see the humorous side of the affair. I lay in bed and laughed till I cried. Though, indeed, there was nothing to laugh about, for my poor Edward had caught a chill on the liver that kept him in bed for over a week."

"Well, of course," said Viola thoughtfully, balancing herself on the edge of the fender, "one wouldn't elope in the middle of the night nowadays. One would just stroll out one morning and meet one's love at the Registrar's. But I quite see there wouldn't be any of the old-time thrill about that."

"The fact is," said Grandma, rolling up her crochet-work, "there can't be a proper elopement without disapproving parents. And Reggie is a very eligible young man. My dear, would you mind not standing on the fender? It fidgets me."

THE END.

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## DIAMONDS.—[Continued from page 22.]

hurriedly said he wasn't trying to do anything of the sort—in fact, nothing had been further from his mind; in fact, he. . .

"That's all right, then," returned his Highness, mollified, and handed the simpering toad back to the underling, who was now keeping well out of range of his late master. "Now, what's it all about?"

"I can explain easily," said Baran, looking wildly round for an explanation. "You see, I. . ."

It was at this point that his eye fell on Grummilla. "It's like this," he said more easily, "it's all a slight mistake. *This* is your Highness's future wife." And he indicated Grummilla, who instantly smiled and nodded hopefully.

Mushla drew a deep breath, and so far forgot herself as to pat Rumpelstiltskin, who had, during the conversation, attained the chair once more. Her husband was too astonished to do more than cut a large slice off the forehead of his carving, which suddenly gave it a singularly unprepossessing, not to say sinister, appearance.

"Well, well, well," said the Prince, standing back and surveying Grummilla with great interest. "*That's* more like it." He appeared attracted. "What is your name, my dear?"

Grummilla incautiously replied, and a lump of black stone leapt out on to the floor. "Great battle-axes!" cried the Prince, while Baran this time was quite unable to conceal his amazement. He had covered his surprise at Nada's conversational adjuncts fairly well, but now it began to look rather like an epidemic. He passed his hand apprehensively over his own lips to see if he had caught it too.

"Slight indisposition," murmured Mushla, much overcome, trying to smile at the Prince and frown at Grummilla and stare down her husband (who was still absently carving bits off his work with his mouth open), all at the same time.

But the Prince had recovered, and was obviously becoming interested in the girl, though he completely and politely ignored her conversational concomitants. He engaged Grummilla in talk, and she, feeling the worst was now known, and also having a lot of time to make up, talked till the floor was like a beach. Baran, however, who had picked up one or two words (including one which had fallen on his foot, and, as it was the word "incomprehensibilities," had rather hurt), was studying them closely, looking narrowly at Mushla as he did so.

"Of course," said the Prince at last, trying to stem the output of which he was now rather tired. "I quite see your idea, Baran, but you must admit I—I mean, it'd be awfully inconvenient at Court. Think of the carpets! It's neither ornamental nor useful. I'm sorry," he added to Mushla, "but there it is."

Baran, who you have realised by now was a sharp young man, agreed,

and added swiftly: "Of course, that's only to show your Highness the idea."

"What idea?"

"Well," cried Baran, as one working up to his big scene, "what about this?" He flung open the kitchen door, to Mushla's dismay, and brought in Nada. "*Here* is the wife I really intend for you: She possesses the same—er—trait, but in both a useful and ornamental fashion. Just say a few words, my dear," he added anxiously to Nada.

Nada complied, and at her first remark, the Prince, as he afterwards put it, fell in love. Within a few minutes everything was arranged—I said they were quick in those days—and the Royal visitor prepared to depart, having graciously inspected what was left of Mushla's husband's carving, and remarked, somewhat tactlessly, that he had often longed to carve gargoyles himself.

Mushla, however, seemed far from pleased at losing Nada, and her help in the house, and being left with Grummilla. "What about Grummilla?" she said anxiously to Baran. "Didn't you say *you* were looking for a wife?"

"So I was," agreed the young man carelessly, "but not for *myself*."

"But—but . . ."

"Look here, my good woman," whispered Baran, still in the careless take-it-or-leave-it manner of the true business man, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you like to give me a good dowry with this girl, I'll marry her myself. There!"

Mushla thought it over. If Nada was going she was quite anxious to get rid of Grummilla, who would make work in the house and not do it. "All right," she said.

"What about the dowry?"

"Get a bag," replied Mushla, quite smartly for her, "and I'll ask Nada to recite 'The Wreck of the Hesperus' to you before she goes. . ."

"No. Something with longer words in it," countered the Vizier's son swiftly.

And that was the end of it. But, as I said, Baran was a very sharp young man. He had realised that diamonds soon ceased to be valuable if they could be made in large sentences. While *coal* was always coal—a fact Mushla and her husband had not realised, for coal was both scarce and valuable in that kingdom, and practically unknown among the lower classes.

So he married Grummilla as soon as possible, and founded the "Baran Fuel Supply Company, Limited," and did very well. Indeed, in hard winters he used to stay out late at nights so as to get told off at length by his wife when he returned, and thus always had large supplies on hand to cope with the increased demand, at favourable prices. [THE END.]

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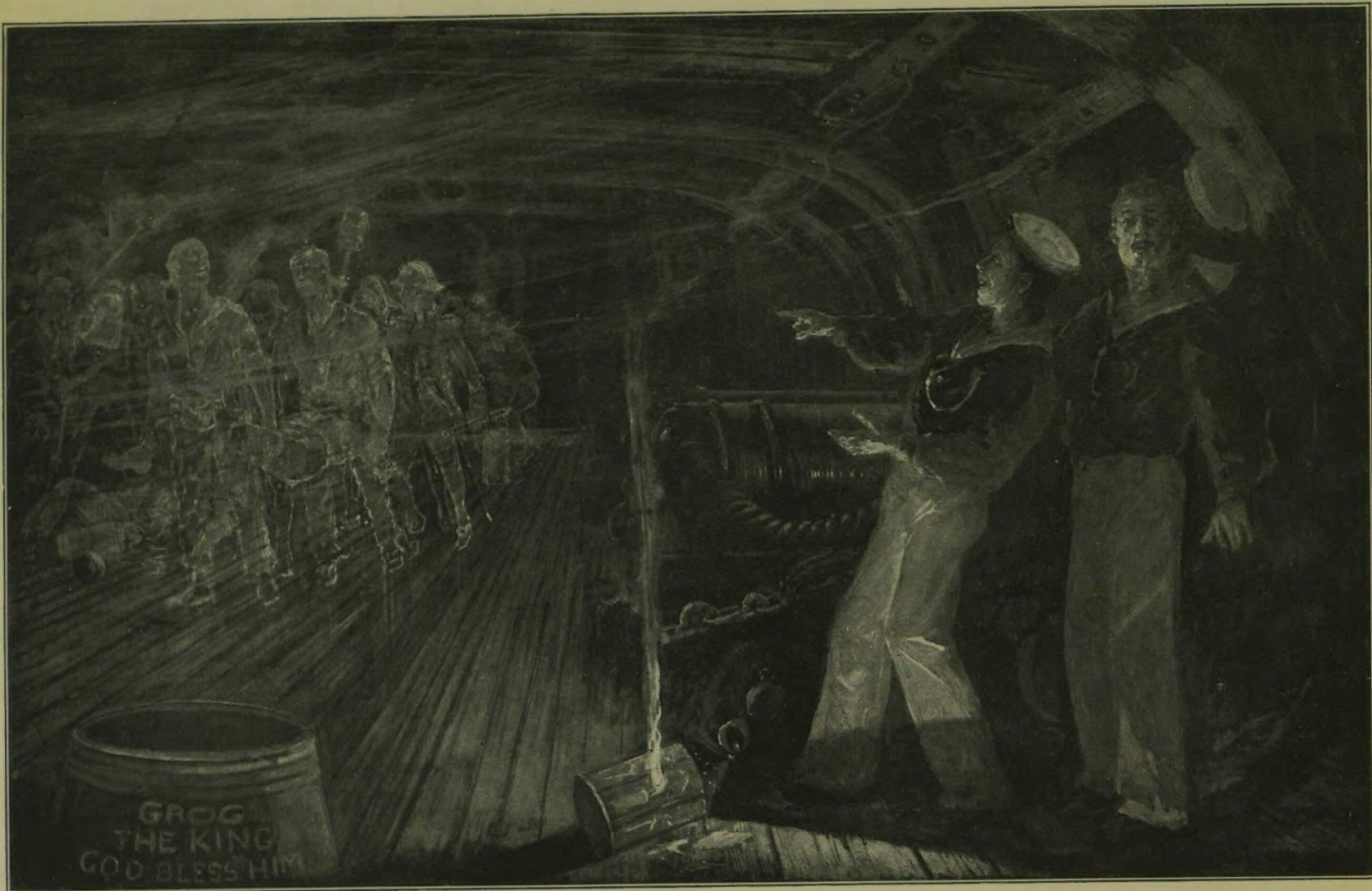
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